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THE FACTS CONCERNING THE RECENT CARNIVAL OF CRIME IN CONNECTICUT.

I WAS feeling blithe, almost jocund. I put a match to my cigar, and just then the morning's mail was handed in. The first superscription I glanced at was in a handwriting that sent a thrill of pleasure through and through me. It was aunt Mary's; and she was the person I loved and honored most in all the world, outside of my own household. She had been my boyhood's idol; maturity, which is fatal to so many enchantments, had not been able to dislodge her from her pedestal; no, it had only justified her right to be there, and placed her dethronement permanently among the impossibilities. To show how strong her influence over me was, I will observe that long after everybody else's "*do*-stop-smoking" had ceased to affect me in the slightest degree, aunt Mary could still stir my torpid conscience into faint signs of life when she touched upon the matter. But all things have their limit, in this world. A happy day came at last, when even aunt Mary's words could no longer move me. I was not merely glad to see that day arrive; I was more than glad — I was grateful; for when its sun had set, the one alloy that was able to mar my enjoyment of my aunt's society was gone. The remainder of her stay with us that winter was in every way a delight. Of course she pleaded with me just as earnestly as ever, after that blessed day, to quit my pernicious habit, but to no purpose whatever; the moment she opened the subject I at once became calmly, peacefully, contentedly indifferent — absolutely, adamantinely indifferent. Consequently the closing weeks of that memorable visit melted away as pleasantly as a dream, they were so freighted, for me, with tranquil satisfaction. I could not have enjoyed my pet vice more if my gentle tormentor had been a smoker herself, and an advocate of the practice. Well, the sight of her handwriting reminded me that I was getting very hungry to see her again. I easily guessed what I should find in her letter. I opened it. Good! just as I expected; she was coming! Coming this very day, too, and by the morning train; I might expect her any moment.

I said to myself, "I am thoroughly happy and content, now. If my most pitiless enemy could appear before me at this moment, I would freely right any wrong I may have done him."

Straightway the door opened, and a shriveled, shabby dwarf entered. He was not more than two feet high. He seemed to be about forty years old. Every feature and every inch of him was a trifle out of shape; and so, while one

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could not put his finger upon any particular part and say, "This is a conspicuous deformity," the spectator perceived that this little person was a deformity as a whole — a vague, general, evenly-blended, nicely-adjusted deformity. There was a fox-like cunning in the face and the sharp little eyes, and also alertness and malice. And yet, this vile bit of human rubbish seemed to bear a sort of remote and ill-defined resemblance to me! It was dully perceptible in the mean form, the countenance, and even the clothes, gestures, manner, and attitudes of the creature. He was a far-fetched, dim suggestion of a burlesque upon me, a caricature of me in little. One thing about him struck me forcibly, and most unpleasantly: he was covered all over with a fuzzy, greenish mold, such as one sometimes sees upon mildewed bread. The sight of it was nauseating.

He stepped along with a chipper air, and flung himself into a doll's chair in a very free and easy way, without waiting to be asked. He tossed his hat into the waste basket. He picked up my old chalk pipe from the floor, gave the stem a wipe or two on his knee, filled the bowl from the tobacco-box at his side, and said to me in a tone of pert command, —

"Gimme a match!"

I blushed to the roots of my hair; partly with indignation, but mainly because it somehow seemed to me that this whole performance was very like an exaggeration of conduct which I myself had sometimes been guilty of in my intercourse with familiar friends, — but never, never with strangers, I observed to myself. I wanted to kick the pygmy into the fire, but some incomprehensible sense of being legally and legitimately under his authority forced me to obey his order. He applied the match to the pipe, took a contemplative whiff or two, and remarked, in an irritatingly familiar way, —

"Seems to me it 's devilish odd weather for this time of year."

I flushed again, and in anger and humiliation as before; for the language was hardly an exaggeration of some that I have uttered in my day, and moreover was delivered in a tone of voice and with an exasperating drawl that had the seeming of a deliberate travesty of my style. Now there is nothing I am quite so sensitive about as a mocking imitation of my drawling infirmity of speech. I spoke up sharply and said, —

"Look here, you miserable ash-cat! you will have to give a little more attention to your manners, or I will throw you out of the window!"

The manikin smiled a smile of malicious content and security, puffed a whiff of smoke contemptuously toward me, and said, with a still more elaborate drawl, —

"Come — go gently, now; don't put on *too* many airs with your betters."

This cool snub rasped me all over, but it seemed to subjugate me, too, for a moment. The pygmy contemplated me a while with his weasel eyes, and then said, in a peculiarly sneering way, —

"You turned a tramp away from your door this morning."

I said crustily, —

"Perhaps I did, perhaps I did n't. How do *you* know?"

"Well, I know. It is n't any matter *how* I know."

"Very well. Suppose I *did* turn a tramp away from the door — what of it?"

"Oh, nothing; nothing in particular. Only you lied to him."

"I *did n't!* That is, I" —

"Yes, but you did; you lied to him."

I felt a guilty pang, — in truth I had felt it forty times before that tramp had traveled a block from my door, — but still I resolved to make a show of feeling slandered; so I said, —

"This is a baseless impertinence. I said to the tramp" —

"There — wait. You were about to lie again. *I* know what you said to him. You said the cook was gone down town and there was nothing left from breakfast. Two lies. You knew the cook was behind the door, and plenty of provisions behind *her*."

This astonishing accuracy silenced me;

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and it filled me with wondering speculations, too, as to how this cub could have got his information. Of course he could have culled the conversation from the tramp, but by what sort of magic had he contrived to find out about the concealed cook? Now the dwarf spoke again: —

"It was rather pitiful, rather small, in you to refuse to read that poor young woman's manuscript the other day, and give her an opinion as to its literary value; and she had come so far, too, and *so* hopefully. Now *was n't* it?"

I felt like a cur! And I had felt so every time the thing had recurred to my mind, I may as well confess. I flushed hotly and said, —

"Look here, have you nothing better to do than prowl around prying into other people's business? Did that girl tell you that?"

"Never mind whether she did or not. The main thing is, you did that contemptible thing. And you felt ashamed of it afterwards. Aha! you feel ashamed of it *now!*"

This with a sort of devilish glee. With fiery earnestness I responded, —

"I told that girl, in the kindest, gentlest way, that I could not consent to deliver judgment upon *any* one's manuscript, because an individual's verdict was worthless. It might underrate a work of high merit and lose it to the world, or it might overrate a trashy production and so open the way for its infliction upon the world. I said that the great public was the only tribunal competent to sit in judgment upon a literary effort, and therefore it must be best to lay it before that tribunal in the outset, since in the end it must stand or fall by that mighty court's decision any way."

"Yes, you said all that. So you did, you juggling, small-souled shuffler! And yet when the happy hopefulness faded out of that poor girl's face, when you saw her furtively slip beneath her shawl the scroll she had so patiently and honestly scribbled at, — so ashamed of her darling now, so proud of it before, — when you saw the gladness go out of her eyes and the tears come there, when she crept away so humbly who had come so" —

"Oh, peace! peace! peace! Blister your merciless tongue, have n't all these thoughts tortured me enough, without *your* coming here to fetch them back again?"

Remorse! remorse! It seemed to me that it would eat the very heart out of me! And yet that small fiend only sat there leering at me with joy and contempt, and placidly chuckling. Presently he began to speak again. Every sentence was an accusation, and every accusation a truth. Every clause was freighted with sarcasm and derision, every slow-dropping word burned like vitriol. The dwarf reminded me of times when I had flown at my children in anger and punished them for faults which a little inquiry would have taught me that others, and not they, had committed. He reminded me of how I had disloyally allowed old friends to be traduced in my hearing, and been too craven to utter a word in their defense. He reminded me of many dishonest things which I had done; of many which I had procured to be done by children and other irresponsible persons; of some which I had planned, thought upon, and longed to do, and been kept from the performance by fear of consequences only. With exquisite cruelty he recalled to my mind, item by item, wrongs and unkindnesses I had inflicted and humiliations I had put upon friends since dead, "who died thinking of those injuries, maybe, and grieving over them," he added, by way of poison to the stab.

"For instance," said he, "take the case of your younger brother, when you two were boys together, many a long year ago. He always lovingly trusted in you with a fidelity that your manifold treacheries were not able to shake. He followed you about like a dog, content to suffer wrong and abuse if he might only be with you; patient under these injuries so long as it was your hand that inflicted them. The latest picture you have of him in health and strength must be such a comfort to you! You pledged your honor that if he would let you blindfold

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him no harm should come to him; and then, giggling and choking over the rare fun of the joke, you led him to a brook thinly glazed with ice, and pushed him in; and how you did laugh! Man, you will never forget the gentle, reproachful look he gave you as he struggled shivering out, if you live a thousand years! Oho! you see it now, you see it *now!*"

"Beast, I have seen it a million times, and shall see it a million more! and may you rot away piecemeal, and suffer till doomsday what I suffer now, for bringing it back to me again!"

The dwarf chuckled contentedly, and went on with his accusing history of my career. I dropped into a moody, vengeful state, and suffered in silence under the merciless lash. At last this remark of his gave me a sudden rouse: —

"Two months ago, on a Tuesday, you woke up, away in the night, and fell to thinking, with shame, about a peculiarly mean and pitiful act of yours toward a poor ignorant Indian in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains in the winter of eighteen hundred and" —

"Stop a moment, devil! Stop! Do you mean to tell me that even my very *thoughts* are not hidden from you?"

"It seems to look like that. Did n't you think the thoughts I have just mentioned?"

"If I did n't, I wish I may never breathe again! Look here, friend — look me in the eye. Who *are* you?"

"Well, who do you think?"

"I think you are Satan himself. I think you are the devil."

"No."

"No? Then who *can* you be?"

"Would you really like to know?"

"*Indeed* I would."

"Well, I am your *Conscience!*"

In an instant I was in a blaze of joy and exultation. I sprang at the creature, roaring, —

"Curse you, I have wished a hundred million times that you were tangible, and that I could get my hands on your throat once! Oh, but I will wreak a deadly vengeance on" —

Folly! Lightning does not move more quickly than my Conscience did! He darted aloft so suddenly that in the moment my fingers clutched the empty air he was already perched on the top of the high book-case, with his thumb at his nose in token of derision. I flung the poker at him, and missed. I fired the boot-jack. In a blind rage I flew from place to place, and snatched and hurled any missile that came handy; the storm of books, inkstands, and chunks of coal gloomed the air and beat about the manikin's perch relentlessly, but all to no purpose; the nimble figure dodged every shot; and not only that, but burst into a cackle of sarcastic and triumphant laughter as I sat down exhausted. While I puffed and gasped with fatigue and excitement, my Conscience talked to this effect: —

"My good slave, you are curiously witless — no, I mean characteristically so. In truth, you are always consistent, always yourself, always an ass. Otherwise it must have occurred to you that if you attempted this murder with a sad heart and a heavy conscience, I would droop under the burdening influence instantly. Fool, I should have weighed a ton, and could not have budged from the floor; but instead, you are so cheerfully anxious to kill me that your conscience is as light as a feather; hence I am away up here out of your reach. I can almost respect a mere ordinary sort of fool; but *you* — pah!"

I would have given anything, then, to be heavy-hearted, so that I could get this person down from there and take his life, but I could no more be heavy-hearted over such a desire than I could have sorrowed over its accomplishment. So I could only look longingly up at my master, and rave at the ill-luck that denied me a heavy conscience the one only time that I had ever wanted such a thing in my life. By and by I got to musing over the hour's strange adventure, and of course my human curiosity began to work. I set myself to framing in my mind some questions for this fiend to answer. Just then one of my boys entered, leaving the door open behind him, and exclaimed, —

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"My! what *has* been going on, here! The book-case is all one riddle of" —

I sprang up in consternation, and shouted, —

"Out of this! Hurry! Jump! Fly! Shut the door! Quick, or my Conscience will get away!"

The door slammed to, and I locked it. I glanced up and was grateful, to the bottom of my heart, to see that my owner was still my prisoner. I said, —

"Hang you, I might have lost you! Children are the heedlessest creatures. But look here, friend, the boy did not seem to notice you at all; how is that?"

"For a very good reason. I am invisible to all but you."

I made mental note of that piece of information with a good deal of satisfaction. I could kill this miscreant now, if I got a chance, and no one would know it. But this very reflection made me so light-hearted that my Conscience could hardly keep his seat, but was like to float aloft toward the ceiling like a toy balloon. I said, presently, —

"Come, my Conscience, let us be friendly. Let us fly a flag of truce for a while. I am suffering to ask you some questions."

"Very well. Begin."

"Well, then, in the first place, why were you never visible to me before?"

"Because you never asked to see me before; that is, you never asked in the right spirit and the proper form before. You were just in the right spirit this time, and when you called for your most pitiless enemy I was that person by a very large majority, though you did not suspect it."

"Well, did that remark of mine turn you into flesh and blood?"

"No. It only made me visible to you. I am unsubstantial, just as other spirits are."

This remark prodded me with a sharp misgiving. If he was unsubstantial, how was I going to kill him? But I dissembled, and said persuasively, —

"Conscience, it is n't sociable of you to keep at such a distance. Come down and take another smoke."

This was answered with a look that was full of derision, and with this observation added: —

"Come where you can get at me and kill me? The invitation is declined with thanks."

"All right," said I to myself; "so it seems a spirit *can* be killed, after all; there will be one spirit lacking in this world, presently, or I lose my guess." Then I said aloud, —

"Friend" —

"There; wait a bit. I am not your friend, I am your enemy; I am not your equal, I am your master. Call me 'my lord,' if you please. You are too familiar."

"I don't like such titles. I am willing to call you *sir*. That is as far as" —

"We will have no argument about this. Just obey; that is all. Go on with your chatter."

"Very well, my lord, — since nothing but my lord will suit you, — I was going to ask you how long you will be visible to me?"

"Always!"

I broke out with strong indignation: "This is simply an outrage. That is what I think of it. You have dogged, and dogged, and *dogged* me, all the days of my life, invisible. That was misery enough; now to have such a looking thing as you tagging after me like another shadow all the rest of my days is an intolerable prospect. You have my opinion, my lord; make the most of it."

"My lad, there was never so pleased a conscience in this world as I was when you made me visible. It gives me an inconceivable advantage. *Now*, I can look you straight in the eye, and call you names, and leer at you, jeer at you, sneer at you; and *you* know what eloquence there is in visible gesture and expression, more especially when the effect is heightened by audible speech. I shall always address you henceforth in your o-w-n s-n-i-v-e-l-i-n-g d-r-a-w-l — baby!"

I let fly with the coal-hod. No result. My lord said, —

"Come, come! Remember the flag of truce!"

"Ah, I forgot that. I will try to

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be civil; and *you* try it, too, for a novelty. The idea of a *civil* conscience! It is a good joke; an excellent joke. All the consciences *I* have ever heard of were nagging, badgering, fault-finding, execrable savages! Yes; and always in a sweat about some poor little insignificant trifle or other — destruction catch the lot of them, *I* say! I would trade mine for the small-pox and seven kinds of consumption, and be glad of the chance. Now tell me, why *is* it that a conscience can't haul a man over the coals once, for an offense, and then let him alone? Why is it that it wants to keep on pegging at him, day and night and night and day, week in and week out, forever and ever, about the same old thing? There is no sense in that, and no reason in it. I think a conscience that will act like that is meaner than the very dirt itself."

"Well, *we* like it; that suffices."

"Do you do it with the honest intent to improve a man?"

That question produced a sarcastic smile, and this reply: —

"No, sir. Excuse me. We do it simply because it is 'business.' It is our trade. The *purpose* of it *is* to improve the man, but *we* are merely disinterested agents. We are appointed by authority, and have n't anything to say in the matter. We obey orders and leave the consequences where they belong. But I am willing to admit this much: we *do* crowd the orders a trifle when we get a chance, which is most of the time. We enjoy it. We are instructed to remind a man a few times of an error; and I don't mind acknowledging that we try to give pretty good measure. And when we get hold of a man of a peculiarly sensitive nature, oh, but we do haze him! I have known consciences to come all the way from China and Russia to see a person of that kind put through his paces, on a special occasion. Why, I knew a man of that sort who had accidentally crippled a mulatto baby; the news went abroad, and I wish you may never commit another sin if the consciences did n't flock from all over the earth to enjoy the fun and help his master exercise him. That man walked the floor in torture for forty-eight hours, without eating or sleeping, and then blew his brains out. The child was perfectly well again in three weeks."

"Well, you are a precious crew, not to put it too strong. I think I begin to see, now, why you have always been a trifle inconsistent with me. In your anxiety to get all the juice you can out of a sin, you make a man repent of it in three or four different ways. For instance, you found fault with me for lying to that tramp, and I suffered over that. But it was only yesterday that I told a tramp the square truth, to wit, that, it being regarded as bad citizenship to encourage vagrancy, I would give him nothing. What did you do *then?* Why, you made me say to myself, 'Ah, it would have been so much kinder and more blameless to ease him off with a little white lie, and send him away feeling that if he could not have bread, the gentle treatment was at least something to be grateful for!' Well, I suffered all day about *that.* Three days before, I had fed a tramp, and fed him freely, supposing it a virtuous act. Straight off you said, 'O false citizen, to have fed a tramp!' and I suffered as usual. I gave a tramp work; you objected to it, — *after* the contract was made, of course; you never speak up beforehand. Next, I *refused* a tramp work; you objected to *that.* Next, I proposed to kill a tramp; you kept me awake all night, oozing remorse at every pore. Sure I was going to be right *this* time, I sent the next tramp away with my benediction; and I wish you may live as long as I do, if you did n't make me smart all night again because I did n't kill him. Is there *any* way of satisfying that malignant invention which is called a conscience?"

"Ha, ha! this is luxury! Go on!"

"But come, now, answer me that question. *Is* there any way?"

"Well, none that I propose to tell *you*, my son. Ass! I don't care *what* act you may turn your hand to, I can straightway whisper a word in your ear

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and make you think you have committed a dreadful meanness. It is my *business* — and my joy — to make you repent of *every*thing you do. If I have fooled away any opportunities it was not intentional; I beg to assure you it was not intentional."

"Don't worry; you have n't missed a trick that *I* know of. I never did a thing in all my life, virtuous or otherwise, that I did n't repent of within twenty-four hours. In church last Sunday I listened to a charity sermon. My first impulse was to give three hundred and fifty dollars; I repented of that and reduced it a hundred; repented of that and reduced it another hundred; repented of that and reduced it another hundred; repented of that and reduced the remaining fifty to twenty-five; repented of that and came down to fifteen; repented of that and dropped to two dollars and a half; when the plate came around at last, I repented once more and contributed ten cents. Well, when I got home, I did wish to goodness I had that ten cents back again! You never *did* let me get through a charity sermon without having something to sweat about."

"Oh, and I never shall, I never shall. You can always depend on me."

"I think so. Many and many 's the restless night I 've wanted to take you by the neck. If I could only get hold of you now!"

"Yes, no doubt. But I am not an ass; I am only the saddle of an ass. But go on, go on. You entertain me more than I like to confess."

"I am glad of that. (You will not mind my lying a little, to keep in practice.) Look here; not to be too personal, I think you are about the shabbiest and most contemptible little shriveled-up reptile that can be imagined. I am grateful enough that you are invisible to other people, for I should die with shame to be seen with such a mildewed monkey of a conscience as *you* are. Now if you were five or six feet high, and" —

"Oh, come! who is to blame?"

"*I* don't know."

"Why, you are; nobody else."

"Confound you, I was n't consulted about your personal appearance."

"I don't care, you had a good deal to do with it, nevertheless. When you were eight or nine years old, I was seven feet high and as pretty as a picture."

"I wish you had died young! So you have grown the wrong way, have you?"

"Some of us grow one way and some the other. You had a large conscience once; if you 've a small conscience now, I reckon there are reasons for it. However, both of us are to blame, you and I. You see, you used to be conscientious about a great many things; morbidly so, I may say. It was a great many years ago. You probably do not remember it, now. Well, I took a great interest in my work, and I so enjoyed the anguish which certain pet sins of yours afflicted you with, that I kept pelting at you until I rather overdid the matter. You began to rebel. Of course I began to lose ground, then, and shrivel a little, — diminish in stature, get moldy, and grow deformed. The more I weakened, the more stubbornly you fastened on to those particular sins; till at last the places on my person that represent those vices became as callous as shark skin. Take smoking, for instance. I played that card a little too long, and I lost. When people plead with you at this late day to quit that vice, that old callous place seems to enlarge and cover me all over like a shirt of mail. It exerts a mysterious, smothering effect; and presently I, your faithful hater, your devoted Conscience, go sound asleep! Sound? It is no name for it. I could n't hear it thunder at such a time. You have some few other vices — perhaps eighty, or maybe ninety — that affect me in much the same way."

"This is flattering; you must be asleep a good part of your time."

"Yes, of late years. I should be asleep *all* the time, but for the help I get."

"Who helps you?"

"Other consciences. Whenever a person whose conscience I am acquainted with tries to plead with you about

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the vices you are callous to, I get my friend to give his client a pang concerning some villainy of his own, and that shuts off his meddling and starts him off to hunt personal consolation. My field of usefulness is about trimmed down to tramps, budding authoresses, and that line of goods, now; but don't you worry —I'll harry you on *them* while they last! Just you put your trust in me."

"I think I can. But if you had only been good enough to mention these facts some thirty years ago, I should have turned my particular attention to sin, and I think that by this time I should not only have had you pretty permanently asleep on the entire list of human vices, but reduced to the size of a homœopathic pill, at that. That is about the style of conscience *I* am pining for. If I only had you shrunk down to a homœopathic pill, and could get my hands on you, would I put you in a glass case for a keepsake? No, sir. I would give you to a yellow dog! That is where *you* ought to be — you and all your tribe. You are not fit to be in society, in my opinion. Now another question. Do you know a good many consciences in this section?"

"Plenty of them."

"I would give anything to see some of them! Could you bring them here? And would they be visible to me?"

"Certainly not."

"I suppose I ought to have known that, without asking. But no matter, you can describe them. Tell me about my neighbor Thompson's conscience, please."

"Very well. I know him intimately; have known him many years. I knew him when he was eleven feet high and of a faultless figure. But he is very rusty and tough and misshapen, now, and hardly ever interests himself about anything. As to his present size — well, he sleeps in a cigar box."

"Likely enough. There are few smaller, meaner men in this region than Hugh Thompson. Do you know Robinson's conscience?"

"Yes. He is a shade under four and a half feet high; used to be a blonde; is a brunette, now, but still shapely and comely."

"Well, Robinson is a good fellow. Do you know Tom Smith's conscience?"

"I have known him from childhood. He was thirteen inches high, and rather sluggish, when he was two years old — as nearly all of us are, at that age. He is thirty-seven feet high, now, and the stateliest figure in America. His legs are still racked with growing-pains, but he has a good time, nevertheless. Never sleeps. He is the most active and energetic member of the New England Conscience Club; is president of it. Night and day you can find him pegging away at Smith, panting with his labor, sleeves rolled up, countenance all alive with enjoyment. He has got his victim splendidly dragooned, now. He can make poor Smith imagine that the most innocent little thing he does is an odious sin; and then he sets to work and almost tortures the soul out of him about it."

"Smith is the noblest man in all this section, and the purest; and yet is always breaking his heart because he cannot be good! Only a conscience *could* find pleasure in heaping agony upon a spirit like that. Do you know my aunt Mary's conscience?"

"I have seen her at a distance, but am not acquainted with her. She lives in the open air altogether, because no door is large enough to admit her."

"I can believe that. Let me see. Do you know the conscience of that publisher who once stole some sketches of mine for a 'series' of his, and then left me to pay the law expenses I had to incur in order to choke him off?"

"Yes. He has a wide fame. He was exhibited, a month ago, with some other antiquities, for the benefit of a recent Member of the Cabinet's conscience, that was starving in exile. Tickets and fares were high, but I traveled for nothing by pretending to be the conscience of an editor, and got in for half price by representing myself to be the conscience of a clergyman. However, the publisher's conscience, which was to have been the main feature of the entertainment, was a failure — as an exhibition.

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He was there, but what of that? The management had provided a microscope with a magnifying power of only thirty thousand diameters, and so nobody got to see him, after all. There was great and general dissatisfaction, of course, but" —

Just here there was an eager footstep on the stair; I opened the door, and my aunt Mary burst into the room. It was a joyful meeting, and a cheery bombardment of questions and answers concerning family matters ensued. By and by my aunt said, —

"But I am going to abuse you a little now. You promised me, the day I saw you last, that you would look after the needs of the poor family around the corner as faithfully as I had done it myself. Well, I found out by accident that you failed of your promise. *Was* that right?"

In simple truth, I never had thought of that family a second time! And now such a splintering pang of guilt shot through me! I glanced up at my Conscience. Plainly, my heavy heart was affecting him. His body was drooping forward; he seemed about to fall from the bookcase. My aunt continued: —

"And think how you have neglected my poor *protégée* at the almshouse, you dear, hard-hearted promise-breaker!" I blushed scarlet, and my tongue was tied. As the sense of my guilty negligence waxed sharper and stronger, my Conscience began to sway heavily back and forth; and when my aunt, after a little pause, said in a grieved tone, "Since you never once went to see her, maybe it will not distress you now to know that that poor child died, months ago, utterly friendless and forsaken!" my Conscience could no longer bear up under the weight of my sufferings, but tumbled headlong from his high perch and struck the floor with a dull, leaden thump. He lay there writhing with pain and quaking with apprehension, but straining every muscle in frantic efforts to get up. In a fever of expectancy I sprang to the door, locked it, placed my back against it, and bent a watchful gaze upon my struggling master. Already my fingers were itching to begin their murderous work.

"Oh, what *can* be the matter!" exclaimed my aunt, shrinking from me, and following with her frightened eyes the direction of mine. My breath was coming in short, quick gasps now, and my excitement was almost uncontrollable. My aunt cried out, —

"Oh, do not look so! You appall me! Oh, what can the matter be? What is it you see? Why do you stare so? Why do you work your fingers like that?"

"Peace, woman!" I said, in a hoarse whisper. "Look elsewhere; pay no attention to me; it is nothing — nothing. I am often this way. It will pass in a moment. It comes from smoking too much."

My injured lord was up, wild-eyed with terror, and trying to hobble toward the door. I could hardly breathe, I was so wrought up. My aunt wrung her hands, and said, —

"Oh, I knew how it would be; I knew it would come to this at last! Oh, I implore you to crush out that fatal habit while it may yet be time! You must not, you shall not be deaf to my supplications longer!" My struggling Conscience showed sudden signs of weariness! "Oh, promise me you will throw off this hateful slavery of tobacco!" My Conscience began to reel drowsily, and grope with his hands — enchanting spectacle! "I beg you, I beseech you, I implore you! Your reason is deserting you! There is madness in your eye! It flames with frenzy! Oh, hear me, hear me, and be saved! See, I plead with you on my very knees!" As she sank before me my Conscience reeled again, and then drooped languidly to the floor, blinking toward me a last supplication for mercy, with heavy eyes. "Oh, promise, or you are lost! Promise, and be redeemed! Promise! Promise and live!" With a long-drawn sigh my conquered Conscience closed his eyes and fell fast asleep!

With an exultant shout I sprang past my aunt, and in an instant I had my life-long foe by the throat. After so many years of waiting and longing, he

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was mine at last. I tore him to shreds and fragments. I rent the fragments to bits. I cast the bleeding rubbish into the fire, and drew into my nostrils the grateful incense of my burnt-offering. At last, and forever, my Conscience was dead!

I was a free man! I turned upon my poor aunt, who was almost petrified with terror, and shouted, —

"Out of this with your paupers, your charities, your reforms, your pestilent morals! You behold before you a man whose life-conflict is done, whose soul is at peace; a man whose heart is dead to sorrow, dead to suffering, dead to remorse; a man WITHOUT A CONSCIENCE! In my joy I spare you, though I could throttle you and never feel a pang! Fly!"

She fled. Since that day my life is all bliss. Bliss, unalloyed bliss. Nothing in all the world could persuade me to have a conscience again. I settled all my old outstanding scores, and began the world anew. I killed thirty-eight persons during the first two weeks — all of them on account of ancient grudges. I burned a dwelling that interrupted my view. I swindled a widow and some orphans out of their last cow, which is a very good one, though not thoroughbred, I believe. I have also committed scores of crimes, of various kinds, and have enjoyed my work exceedingly, whereas it would formerly have broken my heart and turned my hair gray, I have no doubt.

In conclusion I wish to state, by way of advertisement, that medical colleges desiring assorted tramps for scientific purposes, either by the gross, by cord measurement, or per ton, will do well to examine the lot in my cellar before purchasing elsewhere, as these were all selected and prepared by myself, and can be had at a low rate, because I wish to clear out my stock and get ready for the spring trade.

Mark Twain.

SONNET.

DAY follows day; years perish; still mine eyes
Are opened on the self-same round of space;
Yon fadeless forests in their Titan grace,
And the large splendors of those opulent skies.
I watch, unwearied, the miraculous dyes
Of dawn or sunset; the soft boughs which lace
Round some coy dryad in a lonely place,
Thrilled with low whispering and strange sylvan sighs:
Weary? The poet's mind is fresh as dew,
And oft re-filled as fountains of the light.
His clear child's soul finds something sweet and new
Even in a weed's heart, the carved leaves of corn,
The spear-like grass, the silvery rime of morn,
A cloud rose-edged, and fleeting stars at night!

Paul H. Hayne.

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THE AMERICAN.

I.

On a brilliant day in May, in the year 1868, a gentleman was reclining at his ease on the great circular divan which at that period occupied the centre of the Salon Carré, in the Museum of the Louvre. This commodious ottoman has since been removed, to the extreme regret of all weak-kneed lovers of the fine arts; but the gentleman in question had taken serene possession of its softest spot, and, with his head thrown back and his legs outstretched, he was staring at Murillo's beautiful moon-borne Madonna, in profound enjoyment of his posture. He had removed his hat, and flung down beside him a little red guide-book and an opera-glass. The day was warm, he was heated with walking, and he repeatedly passed his handkerchief over his forehead, with a somewhat wearied gesture. And yet he was evidently not a man to whom fatigue was familiar; long, lean, and muscular, he suggested the sort of vigor that is commonly known as "toughness." But his exertions on this particular day had been of an unwonted sort, and he had often performed great physical feats which left him less jaded than his tranquil stroll through the Louvre. He had looked out all the pictures to which an asterisk was affixed in those formidable pages of fine print in his Bädeker; his attention had been strained and his eyes dazzled, and he had sat down with an æsthetic headache. He had looked, moreover, not only at all the pictures, but at all the copies that were going forward around them, in the hands of those innumerable young women in irreproachable toilets who devote themselves, in France, to the propagation of masterpieces; and if the truth must be told, he had often admired the copy much more than the original. His physiognomy would have sufficiently indicated that he was a shrewd and capable fellow, and in truth he had often sat up all night over a bristling bundle of accounts, and heard the cock crow without a yawn. But Raphael and Titian and Rubens were a new kind of arithmetic, and they inspired our friend, for the first time in his life, with a vague self-mistrust.

An observer with anything of an eye for national types would have had no difficulty in determining the local origin of this undeveloped connoisseur, and indeed such an observer might have felt a certain humorous relish of the almost ideal completeness with which he filled out the national mold. The gentleman on the divan was a powerful specimen of an American. But he was not only a fine American; he was in the first place, physically, a fine man. He appeared to possess that kind of health and strength which, when found in perfection, is the most impressive — the physical capital which the owner does nothing to "keep up." If he was a muscular Christian, it was quite without knowing it. If it was necessary to walk to a remote spot, he walked, but he had never known himself to "exercise." He had no theory with regard to cold bathing or the use of Indian clubs; he was neither an oarsman, a rifleman, nor a fencer, — he had never had time for these amusements, — and he was quite unaware that the saddle is recommended for certain forms of indigestion. He was by inclination a temperate man; but he had supped the night before his visit to the Louvre at the Café Anglais, — some one had told him it was an experience not to be omitted, — and he had slept none the less the sleep of the just. His usual attitude and carriage were of a rather relaxed and lounging kind, but when, under a special inspiration, he straightened himself, he looked like a grenadier on parade. He never smoked. He had been assured — such things are said — that cigars were excellent for the health, and he was quite capable of believing it; but he

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knew as little about tobacco as about homœopathy. He had a very well-formed head, with a shapely, symmetrical balance of the frontal and the occipital development, and a good deal of straight, rather dry brown hair. His complexion was brown, and his nose had a bold, well-marked arch. His eye was of a clear, cold gray, and save for a rather abundant mustache he was clean-shaved. He had the flat jaw and sinewy neck which are frequent in the American type; but the traces of national origin are a matter of expression even more than of feature, and it was in this respect that our friend's countenance was supremely eloquent. The discriminating observer we have been supposing might, however, perfectly have measured its expressiveness, and yet have been at a loss to describe it. It had that typical vagueness which is not vacuity, that blankness which is not simplicity, that look of being committed to nothing in particular, of standing in an attitude of general hospitality to the chances of life, of being very much at one's own disposal, so characteristic of many American faces. It was our friend's eye that chiefly told his story; an eye in which innocence and experience were singularly blended. It was full of contradictory suggestions, and though it was by no means the glowing orb of a hero of romance, you could find in it almost anything you looked for. Frigid and yet friendly, frank yet cautious, shrewd yet credulous, positive yet skeptical, confident yet shy, extremely intelligent and extremely good-humored, there was something vaguely defiant in its concessions, and something profoundly reassuring in its reserve. The cut of this gentleman's mustache, with the two premature wrinkles in the cheek above it, and the fashion of his garments, in which an exposed shirt-front and a cerulean cravat played perhaps an obtrusive part, completed the conditions of his identity. We have approached him, perhaps, at a not especially favorable moment; he is by no means sitting for his portrait. But listless as he lounges there, rather baffled on the æsthetic question, and guilty of the damning fault (as we have lately discovered it to be) of confounding the merit of the artist with that of his work (for he admires the squinting Madonna of the young lady with the boyish coiffure, because he thinks the young lady herself uncommonly taking), he is a sufficiently promising acquaintance. Decision, salubrity, jocosity, prosperity, seem to hover within his call; he is evidently a practical man, but the idea, in his case, has undefined and mysterious boundaries, which invite the imagination to bestir itself on his behalf.

As the little copyist proceeded with her work, she sent every now and then a responsive glance toward her admirer. The cultivation of the fine arts appeared to necessitate, to her mind, a great deal of by-play, a great standing off with folded arms and head drooping from side to side, stroking of a dimpled chin with a dimpled hand, sighing and frowning and patting of the foot, fumbling in disordered tresses for wandering hairpins. These performances were accompanied by a restless glance, which lingered longer than elsewhere upon the gentleman we have described. At last he rose abruptly, put on his hat, and approached the young lady. He placed himself before her picture and looked at it for some moments, during which she pretended to be quite unconscious of his inspection. Then, addressing her with the single word which constituted the strength of his French vocabulary, and holding up one finger in a manner which appeared to him to illuminate his meaning, "*Combien?*" he abruptly demanded.

The artist stared a moment, gave a little pout, shrugged her shoulders, put down her palette and brushes, and stood rubbing her hands.

"How much?" said our friend, in English. "Combien?"

"Monsieur wishes to buy it?" asked the young lady in French.

"Very pretty, *splendide*. Combien?" repeated the American.

"It pleases monsieur, my little picture? It's a very beautiful subject," said the young lady.

"The Madonna, yes; I am not a

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Catholic, but I want to buy it. Combien? Write it here." And he took a pencil from his pocket and showed her the fly-leaf of his guide-book. She stood looking at him and scratching her chin with the pencil. "Is it not for sale?" he asked. And as she still stood reflecting, and looking at him with an eye which, in spite of her desire to treat this avidity of patronage as a very old story, betrayed an almost touching incredulity, he was afraid he had offended her. She was simply trying to look indifferent, and wondering how far she might go. "I have n't made a mistake—*pas insulté*, no?" her interlocutor continued. "Don't you understand a little English?"

The young lady's aptitude for playing a part at short notice was remarkable. She fixed him with her conscious perceptive eye and asked him if he spoke no French. Then, "*Donnez!*" she said briefly, and took the open guide-book. In the upper corner of the fly-leaf she traced a number, in a minute and extremely neat hand. Then she handed back the book and took up her palette again.

Our friend read the number: "2000 francs." He said nothing for a time, but stood looking at the picture, while the copyist began actively to dabble with her paint. "For a copy, is n't that a good deal?" he asked at last. "*Pas beaucoup?*"

The young lady raised her eyes from her palette, scanned him from head to foot, and alighted with admirable sagacity upon exactly the right answer. "Yes, it 's a good deal. But my copy has certain qualities; it is worth nothing less."

The gentleman in whom we are interested understood no French, but I have said he was intelligent, and here is a good chance to prove it. He apprehended, by a natural instinct, the meaning of the young woman's phrase, and it gratified him to think that she was so honest. Beauty, talent, virtue; she combined everything! "But you must finish it," he said. "*Finish*, you know;" and he pointed to the unpainted hand of the figure.

"Oh, it shall be finished in perfection; in the perfection of perfections!" cried mademoiselle; and, to confirm her promise, she deposited a rosy blotch in the middle of the Madonna's cheek.

But the American frowned. "Ah, too red, too red!" he rejoined. "Her complexion," pointing to the Murillo, "is more delicate."

"Delicate? Oh, it shall be delicate, monsieur; delicate as Sèvres *biscuit*. I am going to tone that down; I know all the secrets of the art. And where will you allow us to send it to you? Your address?"

"My address? Oh, yes!" And the gentleman drew a card from his pocket-book and wrote something upon it. Then hesitating a moment he said, "If I don't like it when it is finished, you know, I shall not be obliged to take it."

The young lady seemed as good a guesser as himself. "Oh, I am very sure that monsieur is not capricious," she said with a roguish smile.

"Capricious?" And at this monsieur began to laugh. "Oh no, I 'm not capricious. I am very faithful. I am very constant. *Comprenez?*"

"Monsieur is constant; I understand perfectly. It 's a rare virtue. To recompense you, you shall have your picture on the first possible day; next week—as soon as it is dry. I will take the card of monsieur." And she took it and read his name: "Christopher Newman." Then she tried to repeat it aloud, and laughed at her bad accent. "Your English names are so droll!"

"Droll?" said Mr. Newman, laughing too. "Did you ever hear of Christopher Columbus?"

"*Bien sûr!* He invented America; a very great man. And is he your patron?"

"My patron?"

"Your patron-saint, in the calendar."

"Oh, exactly; my parents named me for him."

"Monsieur is American?"

"Don't you see it?" monsieur inquired.

"And you mean to carry my little

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picture away over there?" and she explained her phrase with a gesture.

"Oh, I mean to buy a great many pictures — *beaucoup*, *beaucoup*," said Christopher Newman.

"The honor is not less for me," the young lady answered, "for I am sure monsieur has a great deal of taste."

"But you must give me your card," Newman said; "your card, you know."

The young lady looked severe for an instant, and then said, "My father will wait upon you."

But this time Mr. Newman's powers of divination were at fault. "Your card, your address," he simply repeated.

"My address?" said mademoiselle. Then, with a little shrug, "Happily for you, you are an American! It is the first time I ever gave my card to a gentleman." And, taking from her pocket a rather greasy *porte-monnaie*, she extracted from it a small glazed visiting card and presented the latter to her patron. It was neatly inscribed in pencil, with a great many flourishes, "Mlle. Noémie Nioche." But Mr. Newman, unlike his companion, read the name with perfect gravity; all French names to him were equally droll.

"And precisely, here is my father, who has come to escort me home," said Mademoiselle Noémie. "He speaks English. He will arrange with you." And she turned to welcome a little old gentleman who came shuffling up, peering over his spectacles at Newman.

M. Nioche wore a glossy wig, of an unnatural color, which overhung his little meek, white, vacant face and left it hardly more expressive than the unfeatured block upon which these articles are displayed in the barber's window. He was an exquisite image of shabby gentility. His little, ill-made coat, desperately brushed, his darned gloves, his highly polished boots, his rusty, shapely hat, told the story of a person who had "had losses," and who clung to the spirit of nice habits, though the letter had been hopelessly effaced. Among other things M. Nioche had lost courage. Adversity had not only ruined him, it had frightened him, and he was evidently going through his remnant of life on tiptoe, for fear of waking up the hostile fate. If this strange gentleman was saying anything improper to his daughter, M. Nioche would entreat him huskily, as a particular favor, to forbear; but he would admit at the same time that he was very presumptuous to ask for particular favors.

"Monsieur has bought my picture," said Mademoiselle Noémie. "When it is finished you will carry it to him in a cab."

"In a cab!" cried M. Nioche; and he stared, in a bewildered way, as if he had seen the sun rising at midnight.

"Are you the young lady's father?" said Newman. "I think she said you speak English."

"Speak English — yes," said the old man, slowly rubbing his hands. "I will bring it in a cab."

"Say something, then," cried his daughter. "Thank him a little — not too much."

"A little, my daughter, a little," said M. Nioche, perplexed. "How much?"

"Two thousand!" said Mademoiselle Noémie. "Don't make a fuss, or he will take back his word."

"Two thousand!" cried the old man; and he began to fumble for his snuff-box. He looked at Newman, from head to foot, at his daughter, and then at the picture. "Take care you don't spoil it!" he cried, almost sublimely.

"We must go home," said Mademoiselle Noémie. "This is a good day's work. Take care how you carry it." And she began to put up her painting materials.

"How can I thank you?" said M. Nioche. "My English does not suffice."

"I wish I spoke French as well," said Newman, good-naturedly. "Your daughter is very clever."

"Oh, sir!" and M. Nioche looked over his spectacles with tearful eyes and nodded several times with a world of sadness. "She has had an education — *très-supérieure!* Nothing was spared. Lessons in pastel at ten francs the les-

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son, lessons in oil at twelve francs. I did n't look at the francs, then. She 's an *artiste*, ah!"

"Do I understand you to say that you have had reverses?" asked Newman.

"Reverses? Oh, sir, misfortunes — terrible!"

"Unsuccessful in business, eh?"

"Very unsuccessful, sir."

"Oh, never fear, you 'll get on your legs again," said Newman cheerily.

The old man drooped his head on one side and looked at him with an expression of pain, as if this were an unfeeling jest.

"What does he say?" demanded Mademoiselle Noémie.

M. Nioche took a pinch of snuff. "He says I will make my fortunes again."

"Perhaps he will help you. And what else?"

"He says thou art very clever."

"It is very possible. You believe it yourself, my father?"

"Believe it, my daughter? With this evidence!" And the old man turned afresh, with a staring, wondering homage, to the audacious daub on the easel.

"Ask him, then, if he would not like to learn French."

"To learn French?"

"To take lessons."

"To take lessons, my daughter? From you?"

"From you!"

"From me, my child? How should I give lessons?"

"*Pas de raisons!* Ask him immediately!" said Mademoiselle Noémie, with soft brevity.

M. Nioche stood aghast, but under his daughter's eye he collected his wits, and, doing his best to assume an agreeable smile, he executed her commands. "Would it please you to receive instruction in our beautiful language?" he inquired, with an appealing quaver.

"To study French?" asked Newman, staring.

M. Nioche pressed his finger-tips together and slowly raised his shoulders. "A little conversation!"

"Conversation — that 's it!" murmured Mademoiselle Noémie, who had caught the word. "The conversation of the best society."

"Our French conversation is famous, you know," M. Nioche ventured to continue. "It 's a great talent."

"But is n't it awfully difficult?" asked Newman, very simply.

"Not to a man of *esprit*, like monsieur, an admirer of beauty in every form!" and M. Nioche cast a significant glance at his daughter's Madonna.

"I can't fancy myself chattering French!" said Newman with a laugh. "And yet, I suppose that the more a man knows the better."

"Monsieur expresses that very happily. *Hélas, oui!*"

"I suppose it would help me a great deal, knocking about Paris, to know the language."

"Ah, there are so many things monsieur must want to say; difficult things!"

"Everything I want to say is difficult. But you give lessons?"

Poor M. Nioche was embarrassed; he smiled more appealingly. "I am not a regular professor," he admitted. "I can't nevertheless tell him that I 'm a professor," he said to his daughter.

"Tell him it 's a very exceptional chance," answered Mademoiselle Noémie, "an *homme du monde* — one gentleman conversing with another! Remember what you are — what you have been!"

"A teacher of languages in neither case! much more in the one and much less in the other! And if he asks the price of the lessons?"

"He won't ask it," said Mademoiselle Noémie.

"What he pleases, I may say."

"Never! That 's bad style."

"If he asks, then?"

Mademoiselle Noémie had put on her bonnet and was tying the ribbons. She smoothed them out, with her soft little chin thrust forward. "Ten francs," she said quickly.

"Oh, my daughter! I shall never dare."

"Don't dare, then! He won't ask till the end of the lessons, and then I will make out the bill."

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M. Nioche turned to the confiding foreigner again, and stood rubbing his hands, with an air of seeming to plead guilty which was not intenser only because it was habitually so striking. It never occurred to Newman to ask him for a guarantee of his skill in imparting instruction; he supposed of course M. Nioche knew his own language, and his appealing forlornness was quite the perfection of what the American, for vague reasons, had always associated with all elderly foreigners of the lesson-giving class. Newman had never reflected upon philological processes. His chief impression with regard to ascertaining those mysterious correlatives of his familiar English vocables which were current in this extraordinary city of Paris was, that it was simply a matter of a good deal of unwonted and rather ridiculous muscular effort on his own part. "How did you learn English?" he asked of the old man.

"When I was young, before my miseries. Oh, I was wide awake, then. My father was a great *commerçant;* he placed me for a year in a counting-house in England. Some of it stuck to me; but I have forgotten!"

"How much French can I learn in a month?"

"What does he say?" asked Mademoiselle Noémie.

M. Nioche explained.

"He will speak like an angel," said his daughter.

But the native integrity which had been vainly exerted to secure M. Nioche's commercial prosperity flickered up again. "*Dame*, monsieur!" he answered. "All I can teach you!" And then, recovering himself at a sign from his daughter, "I will wait upon you at your hotel."

"Oh, yes, I should like to learn French," Newman went on, with democratic confidingness. "Hang me if I should ever have thought of it! I took for granted it was impossible. But if you learned my language, why should n't I learn yours?" and his frank, friendly laugh drew the sting from the jest. "Only, if we are going to converse, you know, you must think of something cheerful to converse about."

"You are very good, sir; I am overcome!" said M. Nioche, throwing out his hands. "But you have cheerfulness and happiness for two!"

"Oh, no," said Newman, more seriously. "You must be bright and lively; that 's part of the bargain."

M. Nioche bowed, with his hand on his heart. "Very well, sir; you have already made me lively."

"Come and bring me my picture then; I will pay you for it, and we will talk about that. That will be a cheerful subject!"

Mademoiselle Noémie had collected her accessories, and she gave the precious Madonna in charge to her father, who retreated backwards out of sight, holding it at arms-length and reiterating his obeisances. The young lady gathered her shawl about her like a perfect Parisienne, and it was with the smile of a Parisienne that she took leave of her patron.

II.

He wandered back to the divan and seated himself on the other side, in view of the great canvas on which Paul Veronese has depicted the marriage-feast of Cana. Wearied as he was he found the picture entertaining; it had an illusion for him, and satisfied his conception, which was ambitious, of what a splendid banquet should be. In the left-hand corner of the picture is a young woman with yellow tresses confined in a golden head-dress; she is bending forward and listening, with the smile of a charming woman at a dinner-party, to her neighbor. Newman detected her in the crowd, admired her, and perceived that she too had her votive copyist — a young man with his hair parted in the middle. Suddenly he became conscious of the germ of the mania of the "collector;" he had taken the first step; why should he not go on? It was only twenty minutes before that he had bought the first picture of his life, and now he was already thinking of art-patronage as a fas-

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cinating pursuit. His reflections quickened his good-humor, and he was on the point of approaching the young man with another "Combien?" Two or three facts in this relation are noticeable, although the logical chain which connects them may seem imperfect. He knew Mademoiselle Nioche had asked too much; he bore her no grudge for doing so, and he was determined to pay the young man exactly the proper sum. At this moment, however, his attention was attracted by a gentleman who had come from another part of the room and whose manner was that of a stranger to the gallery, although he was equipped with neither guide-book nor opera-glass. He carried a white sun-umbrella, lined with blue silk, and he strolled in front of the Paul Veronese, vaguely looking at it, but much too near to see anything but the grain of the canvas. Opposite to Christopher Newman he paused and turned, and then our friend, who had been observing him, had a chance to verify a suspicion aroused by an imperfect view of his face. The result of this freer scrutiny was that he presently sprang to his feet, strode across the room, and, with an outstretched hand, arrested the gentleman with the blue-lined umbrella. The latter stared, but put out his hand at a venture. He was corpulent and rosy, and though his countenance, which was ornamented with a beautiful flaxen beard, carefully divided in the middle and brushed outward at the sides, was not remarkable for intensity of expression, he looked like a person who would willingly shake hands with any one. I know not what Newman thought of his face, but he found a want of response in his grasp.

"Oh, come, come," he said, laughing; "don't say, now, you don't know me — if I have *not* got a white parasol!"

The sound of his voice quickened the other's memory, his face expanded to its fullest capacity, and he also broke into a laugh. "Why, Newman — I'll be blowed! Where in the world — I declare — who would have thought? You know you have changed."

"You have n't!" said Newman.

"Not for the better, no doubt. When did you get here?"

"Three days ago."

"Why did n't you let me know?"

"I had no idea *you* were here."

"I have been here these six years."

"It must be eight or nine since we met."

"Something of that sort. We were very young."

"It was in St. Louis, during the war. You were in the army."

"Oh, no, not I! But you were."

"I believe I was."

"You came out all right?"

"I came out with my legs and arms — and with satisfaction. All that seems very far away."

"And how long have you been in Europe?"

"Seventeen days."

"First time?"

"Yes, very much so."

"Made your everlasting fortune?"

Christopher Newman was silent a moment, and then with a tranquil smile he answered, "Yes."

"And come to Paris to spend it, eh?"

"Well, we shall see. So they carry those parasols here — the men-folk?"

"Of course they do. They 're great things. They understand comfort out here."

"Where do you buy them?"

"Anywhere, everywhere."

"Well, Tristram, I 'm glad to get hold of you. You can show me the ropes. I suppose you know Paris, inside out."

Mr. Tristram gave a mellow smile of self-gratulation. "Well, I guess there are not many men that can show me much. I 'll take care of you."

"It 's a pity you were not here a few minutes ago. I have just bought a picture. You might have put the thing through for me."

"Bought a picture?" said Mr. Tristram, looking vaguely round at the walls. "Why, do they sell them?"

"I mean a copy."

"Oh, I see. These," said Mr. Tristram, nodding at the Titians and Vandykes, "these, I suppose, are originals."

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"I hope so," cried Newman. "I don't want a copy of a copy."

"Ah," said Mr. Tristram, mysteriously, "you can never tell. They imitate, you know, so deucedly well. It 's like the jewelers, with their false stones. Go into the Palais Royal, there; you see 'Imitation' on half the windows. The law obliges them to stick it on, you know; but you can't tell the things apart. To tell the truth," Mr. Tristram continued, with a wry face, "I don't do much in pictures. I leave that to my wife."

"Ah, you have got a wife?"

"Did n't I mention it? She 's a very nice woman; you must know her. She 's up there in the Avenue d'Eylau."

"So you are regularly fixed — house and children and all."

"Yes, a tip-top house and a couple of youngsters."

"Well," said Christopher Newman, stretching his arms a little, with a sigh, "I envy you."

"Oh, no you don't!" answered Mr. Tristram, giving him a little poke with his parasol.

"I beg your pardon; I do!'

"Well, you won't, then, when — when" —

"You don't certainly mean when I have seen your establishment?"

"When you have seen Paris, my boy. You want to be your own master here."

"Oh, I have been my own master all my life, and I 'm tired of it."

"Well, try Paris. How old are you?"

"Thirty-six."

"C'est le bel âge, as they say here."

"What does that mean?"

"It means that a man should n't send away his plate till he has eaten his fill."

"All that? I have just made arrangements to take French lessons."

"Oh, you don't want any lessons. You 'll pick it up. I never took any."

"I suppose you speak French as well as English."

"Better!" said Mr. Tristram, soundly. "It 's a splendid language. You can say all sorts of bright things in it."

"But I suppose," said Christopher Newman, with an earnest desire for information, "that you must be bright to begin with."

"Not a bit; that 's just the beauty of it."

The two friends, as they exchanged these remarks, had remained standing where they met, and leaning against the rail which protected the pictures. Mr. Tristram at last declared that he was overcome with fatigue, and would be happy to sit down. Newman recommended in the highest terms the great divan on which he had been lounging, and they prepared to seat themselves. "This is a great place; is n't it?" said Newman, with ardor.

"Great place, great place. Finest thing in the world." And then, suddenly, Mr. Tristram hesitated and looked about him. "I suppose they won't let you smoke here."

Newman stared. "Smoke? I 'm sure I don't know. You know the regulations better than I."

"I? I never was here before!"

"Never! in six years?"

"I believe my wife dragged me here once when we first came to Paris, but I never found my way back."

"But you say you know Paris so well!"

"I don't call this Paris!" cried Mr. Tristram, with assurance. "Come; let 's go over to the Palais Royal and have a smoke."

"I don't smoke," said Newman.

"A drink, then."

And Mr. Tristram led his companion away. They passed through the glorious halls of the Louvre, down the staircases, along the cool, dim galleries of sculpture, and out into the enormous court. Newman looked about him as he went, but he made no comments, and it was only when they at last emerged into the open air that he said to his friend, "It seems to me that in your place I would have come here once a week."

"Oh, no you would n't!" said Mr. Tristram. "You think so, but you would n't. You would n't have had time. You would always mean to go, but you never would go. There 's better fun than that, here in Paris. Italy 's the

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place to see pictures; wait till you get there. There you have to go; you can't do anything else. It's an awful country; you can't get a decent cigar. I don't know why I went in there, to-day; I was strolling along, rather hard up for amusement. I sort of noticed the Louvre as I passed, and I thought I would go in and see what was going on. But if I had n't found you there I should have felt rather sold. Hang it, I don't care for pictures; I prefer the reality!" And Mr. Tristram tossed off this happy formula with an assurance which the numerous class of persons suffering from an overdose of "culture" might have envied him.

The two gentlemen proceeded along the Rue de Rivoli and into the Palais Royal, where they seated themselves at one of the little tables stationed at the door of the café which projects into the great open quadrangle. The place was filled with people, the fountains were spouting, a band was playing, clusters of chairs were gathered beneath all the lime-trees, and buxom, white-capped nurses, seated along the benches, were offering to their infant charges the amplest facilities for nutrition. There was an easy, homely gayety in the whole scene, and Christopher Newman felt that it was most characteristically Parisian.

"And now," began Mr. Tristram, when they had tested the decoction which he had caused to be served to them, "now just give an account of yourself. What are your ideas, what are your plans, where have you come from and where are you going? In the first place, where are you staying?"

"At the Grand Hotel," said Newman.

Mr. Tristram puckered his plump visage. "That won't do! You must change."

"Change?" demanded Newman. "Why, it's the finest hotel I ever was in."

"You don't want a 'fine' hotel; you want something small and quiet and elegant, where your bell is answered and your — your person is recognized."

"They keep running to see if I have rung before I have touched the bell," said Newman, "and as for my person, they are always bowing and scraping to it."

"I suppose you are always tipping them. That's very bad style."

"Always? By no means. A man brought me something yesterday, and then stood loafing about in a beggarly manner. I offered him a chair and asked him if he would n't sit down. Was that bad style?"

"Very!"

"But he bolted, instantly. At any rate, the place amuses me. Hang your elegance, if it bores me. I sat in the court of the Grand Hotel last night until two o'clock in the morning, watching the coming and going, and the people knocking about."

"You're easily pleased. But you can do as you choose — a man in your shoes. You have made a pile of money, eh?"

"I have made enough."

"Happy the man who can say that! Enough for what?"

"Enough to rest awhile, to forget the confounded thing, to look about me, to see the world, to have a good time, to improve my mind, and, if the fancy takes me, to marry a wife." Newman spoke slowly, with a certain dryness of accent and with frequent pauses. This was his habitual mode of utterance, but it was especially marked in the words I have just quoted.

"Jupiter! There's a programme!" cried Mr. Tristram. "Certainly, all that takes money, especially the wife; unless indeed she gives it, as mine did. And what's the story? How have you done it?"

Newman had pushed his hat back from his forehead, folded his arms, and stretched his legs. He listened to the music, he looked about him at the bustling crowd, at the plashing fountains, at the nurses and the babies. "I have worked!" he answered at last.

Tristram looked at him for some moments, and allowed his placid eyes to measure his friend's generous longitude and rest upon his comfortably contem-

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plative face. "What have you worked at?" he asked.

"Oh, at several things."

"I suppose you're a smart fellow, eh?"

Newman continued to look at the nurses and babies; they imparted to the scene a kind of primordial, pastoral simplicity. "Yes," he said at last, "I suppose I am." And then, in answer to his companion's inquiries, he related briefly his history since their last meeting. It was an intensely Western story, and it dealt with enterprises which it will be needless to introduce to the reader in detail. Newman had come out of the war with a brevet of brigadier-general, an honor which in this case — without invidious comparisons — had lighted upon shoulders amply competent to bear it. But though he could manage a fight, when need was, Newman heartily disliked the business; his four years in the army had left him with an angry, bitter sense of the waste of precious things — life and time and money and "smartness" and the early freshness of purpose; and he had addressed himself to the pursuits of peace with passionate zest and energy. He was of course as penniless when he plucked off his shoulder-straps as when he put them on, and the only capital at his disposal was his dogged resolution and his lively perception of ends and means. Exertion and action were as natural to him as respiration; a more completely healthy mortal had never trod the elastic soil of the West. His experience, moreover, was as wide as his capacity; when he was fourteen years old, necessity had taken him by his slim young shoulders and pushed him into the street, to earn that night's supper. He had not earned it, but he had earned the next night's, and afterwards, whenever he had had none, it was because he had gone without it to use the money for something else, a keener pleasure or a finer profit. He had turned his hand, with his brain in it, to many things; he had been enterprising, in an eminent sense of the term; he had been adventurous and even reckless, and he had known bitter failure as well as brilliant success; but he was a born experimentalist, and he had always found something to enjoy in the pressure of necessity, even when it was as irritating as the haircloth shirt of the mediæval monk. At one time failure seemed inexorably his portion; ill-luck became his bed-fellow, and whatever he touched he turned, not to gold, but to ashes. His most vivid conception of a supernatural element in the world's affairs had come to him once when this pertinacity of misfortune was at its climax; there seemed to him something stronger in life than his own will. But the mysterious something could only be the devil, and he was accordingly seized with an intense personal enmity to this impertinent force. He had known what it was to have utterly exhausted his credit, to be unable to raise a dollar, and to find himself at nightfall in a strange city, without a penny to mitigate its strangeness. It was under these circumstances that he made his entrance into San Francisco, the scene, subsequently, of his happiest strokes of fortune. If he did not, like Dr. Franklin in Philadelphia, march along the street munching a penny-loaf, it was only because he had not the penny-loaf necessary to the performance. In his darkest days he had had but one simple, practical impulse — the desire, as he would have phrased it, to see the thing through. He did so at last, buffeted his way into smooth waters, and made money largely. It must be admitted, rather nakedly, that Christopher Newman's sole aim in life had been to make money; what he had been placed in the world for was, to his own perception, simply to wrest a fortune, the bigger the better, from defiant opportunity. This idea completely filled his horizon and satisfied his imagination. Upon the uses of money, upon what one might do with a life into which one had succeeded in injecting the golden stream, he had up to his thirty-fifth year very scantily reflected. Life had been for him an open game, and he had played for high stakes. He had won at last and carried off his winnings; and now what was he to do with them? He was a man to

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whom, sooner or later, the question was sure to present itself, and the answer to it belongs to our story. A vague sense that more answers were possible than his philosophy had hitherto dreamt of had already taken possession of him, and it seemed softly and agreeably to deepen as he lounged in this brilliant corner of Paris with his friend.

"I must confess," he presently went on, "that here I don't feel at all smart. My remarkable talents seem of no use. I feel as simple as a little child, and a little child might take me by the hand and lead me about."

"Oh, I 'll be your little child," said Tristram, jovially; "I 'll take you by the hand. Trust yourself to me."

"I am a good worker," Newman continued, "but I rather think I am a poor loafer. I have come abroad to amuse myself, but I doubt whether I know how."

"Oh, that 's easily learned."

"Well, I may perhaps learn it, but I am afraid I shall never do it but by rote. I have the best will in the world about it, but my genius does n't lie in that direction. As a loafer I shall never be original, as I take it that you are."

"Yes," said Tristram, "I suppose I am original; like all those improper pictures in the Louvre."

"Besides," Newman continued, "I don't want to work at pleasure, any more than I played at work. I want to take it easily. I feel deliciously lazy, and I should like to spend six months as I am now, sitting under a tree and listening to a band. There 's only one thing, I want to hear some good music."

"Music and pictures! Lord, what refined tastes! You are what my wife calls intellectual. I an't, a bit. But we can find something better for you to do than to sit under a tree. To begin with, you must come to the club."

"What club?"

"The Occidental. You will see all the Americans there; all the best of them, at least. Of course you play poker?"

"Oh, I say," cried Newman, with energy, "you are not going to lock me up in a club and stick me down at a card-table! I have n't come all this way for that."

"What the deuce *have* you come for? You were glad enough to play poker in St. Louis, I recollect, when you cleaned me out."

"Oh, I have come to see Europe, to get the best out of it I can. I want to see all the great things, and do what the clever people do."

"The clever people? Much obliged. You set me down as a blockhead, then?"

Newman was sitting sidewise in his chair, with his elbow on the back and his head leaning on his hand. Without moving he looked a while at his companion, with his dry, guarded, half-inscrutable, and yet altogether good-natured smile. "Introduce me to your wife!" he said at last.

Tristram bounced about in his chair. "Upon my word, I won't. She does n't want any help to turn up her nose at me, nor do you, either!"

"I don't turn up my nose at you, my dear fellow; nor at any one, or anything. I 'm not proud, I assure you I 'm not proud. That 's why I am willing to take example by the clever people."

"Well, if I 'm not the rose, as they say here, I have lived near it. I can show you some clever people, too. Do you know General Packard? Do you know C. P. Hatch? Do you know Miss Kitty Upjohn?"

"I shall be happy to make their acquaintance; I want to cultivate society."

Tristram seemed restless and suspicious; he eyed his friend askance, and then, "What are you up to, any way?" he demanded. "Are you going to write a book?"

Christopher Newman twisted one end of his mustache a while, in silence, and at last he made answer. "One day, a couple of months ago, something very curious happened to me. I had come on to New York on some important business; it was rather a long story, — a question of getting ahead of another party, in a certain particular way, in the stock-market. This other party had once played me a very mean trick. I owed him a grudge, I felt awfully sav-

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age at the time, and I vowed that, when I got a chance, I would — figuratively speaking — smash his nose in. There was a matter of some sixty thousand dollars at stake. If I put it out of his way, it was a blow the fellow would feel, and he really deserved no quarter. I jumped into a hack and went about my business, and it was in this hack — this immortal, historical hack — that the curious thing I speak of occurred. It was a hack like any other, only a trifle dirtier, with a greasy line along the top of the drab cushions, as if it had been used for a great many Irish funerals. It is possible I took a nap; I had been traveling all night, and though I was excited with my errand, I felt the want of sleep. At all events I woke up suddenly, from a sleep or from a kind of a reverie, with the most extraordinary feeling in the world, a mortal disgust for the thing I was going to do. It came upon me like *that!*" — and he snapped his fingers, — "as abruptly as an old wound that begins to ache. I could n't tell the meaning of it; I only felt that I loathed the whole business and wanted to wash my hands of it. The idea of losing that sixty thousand dollars, of letting it utterly slide and scuttle and never hearing of it again, seemed the sweetest thing in the world. And all this took place quite independently of my will, and I sat watching it as if it were a play at the theatre. I could feel it going on inside of me. You may depend upon it that there are things going on inside of us that we understand mighty little about."

"Jupiter! you make my flesh creep!" cried Tristram. "And while you sat in your hack, watching the play, as you call it, the other man marched in and bagged your sixty thousand dollars?"

"I have not the least idea. I hope so, poor devil! but I never found out. We pulled up in front of the place I was going to in Wall Street, but I sat still in the carriage, and at last the driver scrambled down off his seat to see whether his carriage had not turned into a hearse. I could n't have got out, any more than if I had been a corpse. What was the matter with me? Momentary idiocy, you 'll say. What I wanted to get out of was Wall Street. I told the man to drive down to the Brooklyn ferry and to cross over. When we were over, I told him to drive me out into the country. As I had told him originally to drive for dear life down town, I suppose he thought me insane. Perhaps I was, but in that case I am insane still. I spent the morning looking at the first green leaves on Long Island. I was sick of business; I wanted to throw it all up and break off short; I had money enough, or if I had n't I ought to have. I seemed to feel a new man inside my old skin, and I longed for a new world. When you want a thing so very badly you had better treat yourself to it. I did n't understand the matter, not in the least; but I gave the old horse the bridle and let him find his way. As soon as I could get out of the game I sailed for Europe. That is how I come to be sitting here."

"You ought to have bought up that hack," said Tristram; "it is n't a safe vehicle to have about. And you have really sold out, then; you have retired from business?"

"I have made over my hand to a friend; when I feel disposed, I can take up the cards again. I dare say that a twelvemonth hence the operation will be reversed. The pendulum will swing back again. I shall be sitting in a gondola or on a dromedary, and all of a sudden I shall want to clear out. But for the present I am perfectly free. I have even bargained that I am to receive no business letters."

"Oh, it 's a real *caprice de prince*," said Tristram. "I back out; a poor devil like me can't help you to spend such very magnificent leisure as that. You should get introduced to the crowned heads."

Newman looked at him a moment, and then, with his easy smile, "How does one do it?" he asked.

"Come, I like that!" cried Tristram. "It shows you are in earnest."

"Of course I am in earnest. Did n't I say I wanted the best? I know the best can't be had for mere money, but I

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rather think money will do a good deal. In addition, I am willing to take a good deal of trouble."

"You are not bashful, eh?"

"I have n't the least idea. I want the biggest kind of entertainment a man can get. People, places, art, nature, everything! I want to see the tallest mountains, and the bluest lakes, and the finest pictures, and the handsomest churches, and the most celebrated men, and the most beautiful women."

"Settle down in Paris, then. There are no mountains that I know of, and the only lake is in the Bois de Boulogne, and not particularly blue. But there is everything else: plenty of pictures and churches, no end of celebrated men, and several beautiful women."

"But I can't settle down in Paris at this season, just as summer is coming on."

"Oh, for the summer go up to Trouville."

"What is Trouville?"

"The French Newport. Half the Americans go."

"Is it anywhere near the Alps?"

"About as near as Newport is to the Rocky Mountains."

"Oh, I want to see Mont Blanc," said Newman, "and Amsterdam, and the Rhine, and a lot of places. Venice in particular. I have great ideas about Venice."

"Ah," said Mr. Tristram, rising, "I see I shall have to introduce you to my wife."

III.

He performed this ceremony on the following day, when, by appointment, Christopher Newman went to dine with him. Mr. and Mrs. Tristram lived behind one of those chalk-colored façades which decorate with their pompous sameness the broad avenues manufactured by Baron Haussmann in the neighborhood of the Arc de Triomphe. Their apartment was rich in the modern conveniences, and Tristram lost no time in calling his visitor's attention to their principal household treasures, the gas-lamps and the furnace-holes. "Whenever you feel homesick," he said, "you must come up here. We 'll stick you down before a register, under a good big burner, and" —

"And you will soon get over your homesickness," said Mrs. Tristram.

Her husband stared; his wife often had a tone which he found inscrutable; he could not tell for his life whether she was in jest or in earnest. The truth is that circumstances had done much to cultivate in Mrs. Tristram a marked tendency to irony. Her taste on many points differed from that of her husband, and though she made frequent concessions it must be confessed that her concessions were not always graceful. They were founded upon a vague project she had of some day doing something very positive, something a trifle passionate. What she meant to do she could by no means have told you; but meanwhile, nevertheless, she was buying a good conscience, by installments.

It should be added, without delay, to anticipate misconception, that her little scheme of independence did not definitely involve the assistance of another person, of the opposite sex; she was not saving up virtue to cover the expenses of a flirtation. For this there were various reasons. To begin with, she had a very plain face, and she was entirely without illusions as to her appearance. She had taken its measure to a hair's breadth, she knew the worst and the best, she had accepted herself. It had not been, indeed, without a struggle. As a young girl she had spent hours with her back to her mirror, crying her eyes out; and later, she had from desperation and bravado adopted the habit of proclaiming herself the most ill-favored of women, in order that she might — as in common politeness was inevitable — be contradicted and reassured. It was since she had come to live in Europe that she had begun to take the matter philosophically. Her observation, acutely exercised here, had suggested to her that a woman's first duty is not to be beautiful, but to be pleasing, and she encountered so many women who pleased without

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beauty that she began to feel that she had discovered her mission. She had once heard an enthusiastic musician, out of patience with a gifted bungler, declare that a fine voice is really an obstacle to singing properly; and it occurred to her that it might perhaps be equally true that a beautiful face is an obstacle to the acquisition of charming manners. Mrs. Tristram then undertook to be exquisitely agreeable, and she brought to the task a really touching devotion. How well she would have succeeded I am unable to say; unfortunately she broke off in the middle. Her own excuse was the want of encouragement in her immediate circle. But I am inclined to think that she had not a real genius for the matter, or she would have pursued the charming art for itself. The poor lady was very incomplete. She fell back upon the harmonics of the toilet, which she thoroughly understood, and contented herself with dressing in perfection. She lived in Paris, which she pretended to detest, because it was only in Paris that one could find things to exactly suit one's complexion. Besides, out of Paris it was always more or less of a trouble to get two-button gloves. When she railed at this serviceable city, and you asked her where she would prefer to reside, she returned some very unexpected answer. She would say in Copenhagen, or in Barcelona; having, while making the tour of Europe, spent a couple of days at each of these places. On the whole, with her poetic furbelows and her misshapen, intelligent little face, she was, when you knew her, a decidedly interesting woman. She was naturally shy, and if she had been born a beauty, she would (having no vanity) have probably remained shy. Now, she was both diffident and importunate; extremely reserved sometimes with her friends, and strongly expansive with strangers. She despised her husband; despised him too much, for she had been perfectly at liberty not to marry him. She had been in love with a clever man who had slighted her, and she had married a fool in the hope that this thankless wit, reflecting on it, would conclude that she had no appreciation of merit, and that he had flattered himself in supposing that she had cared for his own. Restless, discontented, visionary, without personal ambitions, but with a certain avidity of imagination, she was, as I have said before, preëminently incomplete. She was full, both for good and for ill, of beginnings that came to nothing; but she had nevertheless, morally, a spark of the sacred fire.

Newman was fond, under all circumstances, of the society of women, and now that he was out of his native element and deprived of his habitual interests, he turned to it for compensation. He took a great fancy to Mrs. Tristram; she frankly repaid it, and after their first meeting he passed a great many hours in her drawing-room. After two or three talks they were fast friends. Newman's manner with women was peculiar, and it required some ingenuity on a lady's part to discover that he admired her. He had no gallantry, in the usual sense of the term, no compliments, no graces, no speeches. Very fond of what is called chaffing, in his dealings with men, he never found himself on a sofa beside a member of the softer sex without feeling extremely serious. He was not shy, and so far as awkwardness proceeds from a struggle with shyness, he was not awkward; grave, attentive, submissive, often silent, he was simply swimming in a sort of rapture of respect. This emotion was not at all theoretic, it was not even in a high degree sentimental; he had thought very little about the "position" of women, and he was not familiar either sympathetically or otherwise, with the image of a president in petticoats. His attitude was simply the flower of his general good-nature, and a part of his instinctive and genuinely democratic assumption of every one's right to lead an easy life. If a shaggy pauper had a right to bed and board and wages and a vote, women, of course, who were weaker than paupers, and whose physical tissue was in itself an appeal, should be maintained, sentimentally, at the public expense. Newman was willing to be taxed for this purpose,

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largely, in proportion to his means. Moreover, many of the common traditions with regard to women were with him fresh personal impressions; he had never read a novel! He had been struck with their acuteness, their subtlety, their tact, their felicity of judgment. They seemed to him exquisitely organized. If it is true that one must always have in one's work here below a religion, or at least an ideal of some sort, Newman found his metaphysical inspiration in a vague acceptance of final responsibility to some illumined feminine brow.

He spent a great deal of time in listening to advice from Mrs. Tristram; advice, it must be added, for which he had never asked. He would have been incapable of asking for it, for he had no perception of difficulties, and consequently no curiosity about remedies. The complex Parisian world about him seemed a very simple affair; it was an immense, amazing spectacle, but it neither inflamed his imagination nor irritated his curiosity. He kept his hands in his pockets, looked on good-humoredly, desired to miss nothing important, observed a great many things narrowly, and never reverted to himself. Mrs. Tristram's "advice" was a part of the show, and a more entertaining element, in her abundant gossip, than the others. He enjoyed her talking about himself; it seemed a part of her beautiful ingenuity; but he never made an application of anything she said, or remembered it when he was away from her. For herself, she appropriated him; he was the most interesting thing she had had to think about in many a month. She wished to do something with him — she hardly knew what. There was so much of him; he was so rich and robust, so easy, friendly, well-disposed, that he kept her fancy constantly on the alert. For the present, the only thing she could do was to like him. She told him that he was "horribly Western," but in this compliment the adverb was tinged with insincerity. She led him about with her, introduced him to fifty people, and took extreme satisfaction in her conquest. Newman accepted every proposal, shook hands universally and promiscuously, and seemed equally unfamiliar with trepidation or with elation. Tom Tristram complained of his wife's avidity, and declared that he could never have a clear five minutes with his friend. If he had known how things were going to turn out, he never would have brought him to the Avenue d'Eylau. The two men, formerly, had not been intimate, but Newman remembered his earlier impression of his host, and did Mrs. Tristram, who had by no means taken him into her confidence, but whose secret he presently discovered, the justice to admit that her husband was a rather degenerate mortal. At twenty-five he had been a good fellow, and in this respect he was unchanged; but of a man of his age one expected something more. People said he was sociable, but this was as much a matter of course as for a dipped sponge to expand; and it was not a high order of sociability. He was a great gossip and tattler, and to produce a laugh would hardly have spared the reputation of his aged mother. Newman had a kindness for old memories, but he found it impossible not to perceive that Tristram was nowadays a very light weight. His only aspirations were to hold out at poker, at his club, to know the names of all the *cocottes*, to shake hands all round, to ply his rosy gullet with truffles and champagne, and to create uncomfortable eddies and obstructions among the constituent atoms of the American colony. He was shamefully idle, spiritless, sensual, snobbish. He irritated our friend by the tone of his allusions to their native country, and Newman was at a loss to understand why the United States were not good enough for Mr. Tristram. He had never been a very conscious patriot, but it vexed him to see them treated as little better than a stench in his friend's nostrils, and he finally broke out and swore that they were the greatest country in the world, that they could put all Europe into their breeches' pockets, and that an American who spoke ill of them ought to be carried home in irons and compelled to live in Boston. (This, for

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Newman, was putting it very vindictively.) Tristram was a comfortable man to snub; he bore no malice, and he continued to insist on Newman's finishing his evenings at the Occidental Club.

Christopher Newman dined several times in the Avenue d'Eylau, and his host always proposed an early adjournment to this institution. Mrs. Tristram protested, and declared that her husband exhausted his ingenuity in trying to displease her.

"Oh no, I never try, my love," he answered. "I know you loathe me quite enough when I take my chance."

Newman hated to see a husband and wife on these terms, and he was sure one or other of them must be very unhappy. He knew it was not Tristram. Mrs. Tristram had a balcony before her windows, upon which, during the June evenings, she was fond of sitting, and Newman used frankly to say that he preferred the balcony to the club. It had a fringe of perfumed plants in tubs, and enabled you to look up the broad street and see the Arch of Triumph vaguely massing its heroic sculptures in the summer starlight. Sometimes Newman kept his promise of following Mr. Tristram, in half an hour, to the Occidental, and sometimes he forgot it. His hostess asked him a great many questions about himself, but on this subject he was an indifferent talker. He was not what is called subjective, though when he felt that her interest was sincere, he made an almost heroic attempt to be. He told her a great many things he had done, and regaled her with anecdotes of Western life; she was from Philadelphia, and, with her eight years in Paris, talked of herself as a languid Oriental. But some other person was always the hero of the tale, by no means always to his advantage; and Newman's own emotions were but scantily chronicled. She had an especial wish to know whether he had ever been in love, — seriously, passionately, — and, failing to gather any satisfaction from his allusions, she at last directly inquired. He hesitated a while, and at last he said, "No!" She declared that she was delighted to hear it, as it confirmed her private conviction that he was a man of no feeling.

"Really?" he asked, very gravely. "Do you think so? How do you recognize a man of feeling?"

"I can't make out," said Mrs. Tristram, "whether you are very simple or very deep."

"I 'm very deep. That 's a fact."

"I believe that if I were to tell you with a certain air that you have no feeling, you would implicitly believe me."

"A certain air?" said Newman. "Try it and see."

"You would believe me, but you would not care," said Mrs. Tristram.

"You have got it all wrong. I should care immensely, but I should n't believe you. The fact is I have never had time to feel things. I have had to *do* them, to make myself felt."

"I can imagine that you may have done that tremendously, sometimes."

"Yes, there 's no mistake about that."

"When you are in a fury it can't be pleasant."

"I am never in a fury."

"Angry, then, or displeased."

"I am never angry, and it is so long since I have been displeased that I have quite forgotten it."

"I don't believe," said Mrs. Tristram, "that you are never angry. A man ought to be angry sometimes, and you are neither good enough nor bad enough always to keep your temper."

"I lose it perhaps once in five years."

"The time is coming round, then," said his hostess. "Before I have known you six months I shall see you in a fine fury."

"Do you mean to put me into one?"

"I should not be sorry. You take things too coolly. It exasperates me. And then you are too happy. You have what must be the most agreeable thing in the world, the consciousness of having bought your pleasure beforehand and paid for it. You have not a day of reckoning staring you in the face. Your reckonings are over."

"Well, I suppose I am happy," said Newman, meditatively.

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"You have been odiously successful."

"Successful in copper," said Newman, "only so-so in railroads, and a downright fizzle in oil."

"It is very disagreeable to know how Americans have made their money. Now you have the world before you. You have only to enjoy."

"Oh, I suppose I am very well off," said Newman. "Only I am tired of having it thrown up at me. Besides, there are several drawbacks. I am not intellectual."

"One does n't expect it of you," Mrs. Tristram answered. Then in a moment, "Besides, you are!"

"Well, I mean to have a good time, whether or no," said Newman. "I am not educated, I am not cultivated; I don't know anything about history, or art, or foreign tongues, or any other learned matters. But I am not a fool, either, and I shall undertake to know something about Europe by the time I have done with it. I feel something under my ribs here," he added in a moment, "that I can't explain — a sort of a mighty hankering, a desire to stretch out and haul in."

"Bravo!" said Mrs. Tristram, "that is very fine. You are the great Western Barbarian, stepping forth in his innocence and might, gazing a while at this poor effete Old World, and then swooping down on it."

"Oh, come," said Newman. "I am not a barbarian, by a good deal. I am very much the reverse. I have seen barbarians; I know what they are."

"I don't mean that you are a Comanche chief, or that you wear a blanket and feathers. There are different shades."

"I am a highly civilized man," said Newman. "I stick to that. If you don't believe it, I should like to prove it to you."

Mrs. Tristram was silent a while. "I should like to make you prove it," she said, at last. "I should like to put you in a difficult place."

"Pray do," said Newman.

"That has a little conceited sound," his companion rejoined.

"Oh," said Newman, "I have a very good opinion of myself."

"I wish I could put it to the test. Give me time, and I will." And Mrs. Tristram remained silent for some time afterwards, as if she was trying to keep her pledge. It did not appear that evening that she succeeded; but as he was rising to take his leave she passed suddenly, as she was very apt to do, from the tone of unsparing persiflage to that of almost tremulous sympathy. "Speaking seriously," she said, "I believe in you, Mr. Newman. You flatter my patriotism."

"Your patriotism?" Christopher demanded.

"Even so. It would take too long to explain, and you probably would not understand. Besides, you might take it — really, you might take it for a declaration. But it has nothing to do with you personally; it 's what you represent. Fortunately you don't know all that, or your conceit would increase insufferably."

Newman stood staring and wondering what under the sun he "represented."

"Forgive all my meddlesome chatter and forget my advice. It is very silly in me to undertake to tell you what to do. When you are embarrassed, do as you think best, and you will do very well. When you are in a difficulty, judge for yourself."

"I shall remember everything you have told me," said Newman. "There are so many forms and ceremonies over here" —

"Forms and ceremonies are what I mean, of course."

"Ah, but I want to observe them," said Newman. "Have n't I as good a right as another? They don't scare me, and you need n't give me leave to violate them. I won't take it."

"That is not what I mean. I mean, observe them in your own way. Settle nice questions for yourself. Cut the knot or untie it, as you choose."

"Oh, I am sure I shall never fumble over it!" said Newman.

The next time that he dined in the Avenue d'Eylau was a Sunday, a day

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on which Mr. Tristram left the cards unshuffled, so that there was a trio in the evening on the balcony. The talk was of many things, and at last Mrs. Tristram suddenly observed to Christopher Newman that it was high time he should take a wife.

"Listen to her; she has the audacity!" said Tristram, who on Sunday evenings was always rather acrimonious.

"I don't suppose you have made up your mind not to marry?" Mrs. Tristram continued.

"Heaven forbid!" cried Newman. "I am sternly resolved on it."

"It 's very easy," said Tristram; "fatally easy!"

"Well, then, I suppose you do not mean to wait till you are fifty."

"On the contrary, I am in a great hurry."

"One would never suppose it. Do you expect a lady to come and propose to you?"

"No; I am willing to propose. I think a great deal about it."

"Tell me some of your thoughts."

"Well," said Newman, slowly, "I want to marry very well."

"Marry a woman of sixty, then," said Tristram.

"'Well' in what sense?"

"In every sense. I shall be hard to please."

"You must remember that, as the French proverb says, the most beautiful girl in the world can give but what she has."

"Since you ask me," said Newman, "I will say frankly that I want extremely to marry. It is time, to begin with; before I know it I shall be forty. And then I 'm lonely and helpless and dull. But if I marry now, so long as I did n't do it in hot haste when I was twenty, I must do it with my eyes open. I want to do the thing in handsome style. I not only want to make no mistakes, but I want to make a great hit. I want to take my pick. My wife must be a magnificent woman."

"Voilà-ce-qui s'appelle parler!" cried Mrs. Tristram.

"Oh, I have thought an immense deal about it."

"Perhaps you think too much. The best thing is simply to fall in love."

"When I find the woman who pleases me, I shall love her enough. My wife shall be very comfortable."

"You are superb! There 's a chance for the magnificent women."

"You are not fair," Newman rejoined. "You draw a fellow out and put him off his guard, and then you laugh at him."

"I assure you," said Mrs. Tristram, "that I am very serious. To prove it, I will make you a proposal. Would you like me, as they say here, to marry you?"

"To hunt up a wife for me?"

"She is already found. I will bring you together."

"Oh, come," said Tristram, "we don't keep a matrimonial bureau. He will think you want your commission."

"Present me to a woman who comes up to my notions," said Newman, "and I will marry her to-morrow."

"You have a strange tone about it, and I don't quite understand you. I did n't suppose that, in this matter, you would be so cold-blooded and calculating."

Newman was silent a while. "Well," he said, at last, "I want a fine woman. I stick to that. That 's one thing I *can* treat myself to, and if it is to be had I mean to have it. What else have I toiled and struggled for, all these years? I have succeeded, and now what am I to do with my success? To make it perfect, as I see it, there must be a beautiful woman perched on the pile, like a statue on a monument. She must be as good as she is beautiful, and as clever as she is good. I can give my wife a good deal, so I am not afraid to ask a good deal myself. She shall have everything a woman can desire; I shall not even object to her being too good for me; she may be cleverer and wiser than I can understand, and I shall only be the better pleased. I want to possess, in a word, the best article in the market."

"Why did n't you tell a fellow all

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this at the outset?" Tristram demanded. "I have been trying so to make you fond of *me!*"

"This is very interesting," said Mrs. Tristram. "I like to see a man know his own mind."

"I have known mine for a long time," Newman went on. "I made up my mind tolerably early in life that a beautiful wife was the thing best worth having, here below. It is the greatest victory over circumstances. When I say beautiful, I mean beautiful in mind and in manners, as well as in person. It is a thing every man has an equal right to; he may get it if he can. He does n't have to be born with certain faculties on purpose; he needs only to be a man. Then he needs only to use his will, and such wits as he has, and to try."

"It strikes me that your marriage is to be rather a matter of vanity."

"Well, it is certain," said Newman, "that if people notice my wife and admire her, I shall be mightily tickled."

"After this," cried Mrs. Tristram, "call any man modest!"

"But none of them will admire her so much as I."

"I see you have a taste for splendor."

Newman hesitated a little; and then, "I honestly believe I have!" he said.

"And I suppose you have already looked about you a good deal."

"A good deal, according to opportunity."

"And you have seen nothing that satisfied you?"

"No," said Newman, half reluctantly, "I am bound to say in honesty that I have seen nothing that really satisfied me."

"You remind me of the heroes of the French romantic poets, Rolla and Fortunio and all those other insatiable gentlemen for whom nothing in this world was handsome enough. But I see you are in earnest, and I should like to help you."

"Who the deuce is it, darling, that you are going to put upon him?" Tristram cried. "We know a good many pretty girls, thank Heaven, but magnificent women are not so common."

"Have you any objections to a foreigner?" his wife continued, addressing Newman, who had tilted back his chair, and, with his feet on a bar of the balcony railing and his hands in his pockets, was looking at the stars.

"No Irish need apply," said Tristram.

Newman meditated a while. "As a foreigner, no," he said at last; "I have no prejudices."

"My dear fellow, you have no suspicions!" cried Tristram. "You don't know what terrible customers these foreign women are; especially the 'magnificent' ones. How would you like a fair Circassian, with a dagger in her belt?"

Newman administered a vigorous slap to his knee. "I would marry a Japanese, if she pleased me," he affirmed.

"We had better confine ourselves to Europe," said Mrs. Tristram. "The only thing is, then, that the person be in herself to your taste?"

"She is going to offer you an unappreciated governess," Tristram said.

"Assuredly. I won't deny that, other things being equal, I should prefer one of my own countrywomen. We should speak the same language, and that would be a comfort. But I am not afraid of a foreigner. Besides, I rather like the idea of taking in Europe, too. It enlarges the field of selection. When you choose from a greater number, you can bring your choice to a finer point."

"You talk like Sardanapalus!" exclaimed Tristram.

"You say all this to the right person," said Newman's hostess. "I happen to number among my friends the loveliest woman in the world. Neither more nor less. I don't say a very charming person or a very estimable woman or a very great beauty; I say simply the loveliest woman in the world."

"The deuce!" cried Tristram, "you have kept very quiet about her. Were you afraid of me?"

"You have seen her," said his wife, "but you have no perception of such merit as Claire's."

"Ah, her name is Claire? I give it up."

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"Does your friend wish to marry?" asked Newman.

"Not in the least. It is for you to make her change her mind. It will not be easy; she has had one husband, and he gave her a low opinion of the species."

"Oh, she is a widow, then?" said Newman.

"Are you already afraid? She was married at eighteen, by her parents, in the French fashion, to a disagreeable old man. But he had the good taste to die a couple of years afterward, and she is now twenty-five."

"So she is French?"

"French by her father, English by her mother. She is really more English than French, and she speaks English as well as you or I — or rather much better. She belongs to the very top of the basket, as they say here. Her family, on each side, is of fabulous antiquity; her mother is the daughter of an English Catholic earl. Her father is dead, and since her widowhood she has lived with her mother and a married brother. There is another brother, younger, who I believe is wild. They have an old hotel in the Rue de l'Université, but their fortune is small and they make a common household, for economy's sake. When I was a girl I was put into a convent here for my education, while my papa made the tour of Europe. It was a silly thing to do with me, but it had the advantage that it made me acquainted with Claire de Bellegarde. She was younger than I, but we became fast friends. I took an enormous fancy to her, and she returned my passion as far as she could. They kept such a tight rein on her that she could do very little, and when I left the convent she had to give me up. I was not of her *monde;* I am not now, either, but we sometimes meet. They are terrible people — her monde; all mounted upon stilts a mile high, and with pedigrees long in proportion. It is the skim of the milk of the old *noblesse.* Do you know what a Legitimist is, or an Ultramontane? Go into Madame de Cintré's drawing-room some afternoon, at five o'clock, and you will see the best-preserved specimens. I say go, but no one is admitted who can't show his fifty quarterings."

"And this is the lady you propose to me to marry?" asked Newman. "A lady I can't even approach?"

"But you said just now that you recognized no obstacles."

Newman looked at Mrs. Tristram a while, stroking his mustache. "Is she a beauty?" he demanded.

"No."

"Oh, then it 's no use" —

"She is not a beauty, but she is beautiful, two very different things. A beauty has no faults in her face; the face of a beautiful woman may have faults that only deepen its charm."

"I remember Madame de Cintré, now," said Tristram. "She is as plain as a pike-staff. A man would n't look at her twice."

"In saying that he would not look at her twice, my husband sufficiently describes her," Mrs. Tristram rejoined.

"Is she good; is she clever?" Newman asked.

"She is perfect! I won't say more than that. When you are praising a person to another who is to know her, it is bad policy to go into details. I won't exaggerate. I simply recommend her. Among all the women I have known she stands alone; she is of a different clay."

"I should like to see her," said Newman, simply.

"I will try to manage it. The only way will be to invite her to dinner. I have never invited her before, and I don't know that she will come. Her old feudal countess of a mother rules the family with an iron hand, and allows her to have no friends but of her own choosing, and to visit only in a certain sacred circle. But I can at least ask her."

At this moment Mrs. Tristram was interrupted; a servant stepped out upon the balcony and announced that there were visitors in the drawing-room. When Newman's hostess had gone in to receive her friends, Tom Tristram approached his guest.

"Don't put your foot into *this*, my boy," he said, puffing the last whiffs of his cigar. "It is all fiddle-sticks."

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Newman looked askance at him, inquisitive. "You tell another story, eh?"

"I say simply that Madame de Cintré is a great white doll of a woman, who cultivates immense haughtiness."

"Ah, she 's haughty, eh?"

"She looks at you as if you were so much thin air, and cares for you about as much."

"She is very proud, eh?"

"Proud? As proud as I 'm humble."

"And not good-looking?"

Tristram shrugged his shoulders: "It 's a kind of beauty that I 'm not educated up to. But I must go in and amuse the company."

Some time elapsed before Newman followed his friends into the drawing-room. When he at last made his appearance there he remained but a short time, and during this period sat perfectly silent, listening to a lady to whom Mrs. Tristram had straightway introduced him and who chattered, without a pause, with the full force of an extraordinarily high-pitched voice. Newman gazed and attended. Presently he came to bid good-night to Mrs. Tristram.

"Who is that lady?" he asked.

"Miss Dora Finch. How do you like her?"

"She 's too noisy."

"She is thought so bright! Certainly, you are fastidious," said Mrs. Tristram.

Newman stood a moment, hesitating. Then at last, "Don't forget about your friend," he said, "Madame What 's-her-name? the proud beauty. Ask her to dinner, and give me good notice." And with this he departed.

Some days later he came back; it was in the afternoon. He found Mrs. Tristram in her drawing-room; with her was a visitor, a woman young and pretty, dressed in white. The two ladies had risen and the visitor was apparently taking her leave. As Newman approached, he received from Mrs. Tristram a glance of the most vivid significance, which he was not immediately able to interpret.

"This is a good friend of ours," she said, turning to her companion, "Mr. Christopher Newman. I have spoken of you to him and he has an extreme desire to make your acquaintance. If you had consented to come and dine, I should have offered him an opportunity."

The stranger turned her face toward Newman, with a smile. He was not embarrassed, for his unconscious *sang-froid* was boundless; but as he became aware that this was the proud and beautiful Madame de Cintré, the loveliest woman in the world, the promised perfection, the proposed ideal, he made an instinctive movement to gather his wits together. Through the slight preoccupation that it produced he had a sense of a long, fair face, and of two eyes that were both brilliant and mild.

"I should have been most happy," said Madame de Cintré. "Unfortunately, as I have been telling Mrs. Tristram, I go on Monday to the country."

Newman had made a solemn bow. "I am very sorry," he said.

"Paris is getting too warm," Madame de Cintré added, taking her friend's hand again in farewell.

Mrs. Tristram seemed to have formed a sudden and somewhat venturesome resolution, and she smiled more intensely, as women do when they take such resolutions. "I want Mr. Newman to know you," she said, dropping her head on one side and looking at Madame de Cintré's bonnet ribbons.

Christopher Newman stood gravely silent, while his native penetration admonished him. Mrs. Tristram was determined to force her friend to address him a word of encouragement which should be more than one of the common formulas of politeness; and if she was prompted by charity, it was by the charity that begins at home. Madame de Cintré was her dearest Claire, and her especial admiration, but Madame de Cintré had found it impossible to dine with her, and Madame de Cintré should for once be forced gently to render tribute to Mrs. Tristram.

"It would give me great pleasure," she said, looking at Mrs. Tristram.

"That 's a great deal," cried the latter, "for Madame de Cintré to say!"

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"I am very much obliged to you," said Newman. "Mrs. Tristram can speak better for me than I can speak for myself."

Madame de Cintré looked at him again, with the same soft brightness. "Are you to be long in Paris?" she asked.

"We shall keep him," said Mrs. Tristram.

"But you are keeping *me!*" and Madame de Cintré shook her friend's hand.

"A moment longer," said Mrs. Tristram.

Madame de Cintré looked at Newman again; this time without her smile. Her eyes lingered a moment. "Will you come and see me?" she asked.

Mrs. Tristram kissed her. Newman expressed his thanks, and she took her leave. Her hostess went with her to the door, and left Newman alone a moment. Presently she returned, rubbing her hands. "It was a fortunate chance," she said. "She had come to decline my invitation. You triumphed on the spot, making her ask you, at the end of three minutes, to her house."

"It was you who triumphed," said Newman. "You must not be too hard upon her."

Mrs. Tristram stared. "What do you mean?"

"She did not strike me as so proud. I should say she was shy."

"You are very discriminating. And what do you think of her face?"

"Ah, I like it," said Newman.

"Well you may! Of course you will go and see her."

"To-morrow!" cried Newman.

"No, not to-morrow; the next day. That will be Sunday; she leaves Paris on Monday. If you don't see her, it will at least be a beginning." And she gave him Madame de Cintré's address.

He walked across the Seine, late in the summer afternoon, and made his way through those gray and silent streets of the Faubourg St. Germain, whose houses present to the outer world a face as impassive, and as suggestive of the concentration of privacy within, as the blank walls of Eastern seraglios. Newman thought it a queer way for rich people to live; his ideal of grandeur was a splendid façade, diffusing its brilliancy outward too, irradiating hospitality. The house to which he had been directed had a dark, dusty, painted portal, which swung open in answer to his ring. It admitted him into a wide, graveled court, surrounded on three sides with closed windows, and with a doorway facing the street, approached by three steps and surmounted by a tin canopy. The place was all in the shade; it answered to Newman's conception of a convent. The portress could not tell him whether Madame de Cintré was visible; he would please to apply at the farther door. He crossed the court; a gentleman was sitting, bareheaded, on the steps of the portico, playing with a beautiful pointer. He rose as Newman approached, and, as he laid his hand upon the bell, said with a smile, in English, that he was afraid Newman would be kept waiting; the servants were scattered, he himself had been ringing, he did n't know what the deuce was in them. He was a young man, his English was excellent, and his smile very frank. Newman pronounced the name of Madame de Cintré.

"I think," said the young man, "that my sister is visible. Come in, and if you will give me your card I will carry it to her myself."

Newman had been accompanied on his present errand by a slight sentiment, I will not say of defiance — a readiness for aggression or defense, as they might prove needful — but of reflective, good-humored suspicion. He took from his pocket, while he stood on the portico, a card on which, under his name, he had written the words "San Francisco," and while he presented it he looked warily at his interlocutor. His glance was singularly reassuring; he liked the young man's face; it strongly resembled that of Madame de Cintré. He was evidently her brother. The young man, on his side, had made a rapid inspection of Newman's person. He had taken the card and was about to enter the house with it when another figure appeared on the

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threshold — an older man, of a fine presence, wearing evening dress. He looked hard at Newman, and Newman looked at him. "Madame de Cintré," the younger man repeated, as an introduction of the visitor. The other took the card from his hand, read it in a rapid glance, looked again at Newman from head to foot, hesitated a moment, and then said, gravely but urbanely, "Madame de Cintré is not at home."

The younger man made a gesture, and then, turning to Newman, "I am very sorry, sir," he said.

Newman gave him a friendly nod, to show that he bore him no malice, and retraced his steps. At the porter's lodge he stopped; the two men were still standing on the portico.

"Who is the gentleman with the dog?" he asked of the old woman, who reappeared. He had begun to learn French.

"That is Monsieur le Comte."

"And the other?"

"That is Monsieur le Marquis."

"A marquis?" said Christopher in English, which the old woman fortunately did not understand. "Oh, then he's not the butler!"

Henry James, Jr.

UNSUNG.

As sweet as the breath that goes
From the lips of the white rose,
As weird as the elfin lights
That glimmer of frosty nights,
As wild as the winds that tear
The curled red leaf in the air,
Is the song I have never sung.

In slumber, a hundred times
I 've said the enchanted rhymes,
But ere I open my eyes
This ghost of a poem flies;
Of the interfluent strains
Not even a note remains:
I know by my pulses' beat
It was something wild and sweet,
And my heart is strangely stirred
By an unremembered word!

I strive, but I strive in vain,
To recall the lost refrain.
On some miraculous day
Perhaps it will come and stay;
In some unimagined Spring
I may find my voice, and sing
The song I have never sung.

T. B. Aldrich.

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A PROPHET OF THE PEOPLE.

THE knowledge we possess of the rise of the religion of the Buddha, a religion which at the beginning of this century was little better than a myth, a faith to which even to-day, after the lapse of many centuries, four hundred millions of the earth's inhabitants subscribe, we owe in great measure to a freak of fortune, which seems to delight in connecting a degree of disappointment even with the attainment of its greatest prizes.

About fifty years ago, Csoma de Körös, a Hungarian, set out from his native land to seek in the remote interior of Central Asia the original seats of the Magyars. He was a man of singular purity of character and intensity of purpose. The seemingly insurmountable difficulties of his journey, the doubtful chances of ultimate success, could not for a moment deter him from his dangerous task. Relying on his knowledge of medicine, and confiding in the hospitality of the East, he traversed the mountains and steppes until at last he arrived at the place of his destination. There, in a Buddhist monastery, on the confines of Thibet and India, amid the snows of the Himalayas, he remained during four years, a solitary and secluded hermit. Naturally of a taciturn disposition, he never disclosed the strange sights he must have seen there; but in the noble work which he performed he has left us a precious memorial of his stay. With almost superhuman effort he mastered the difficult language of Thibet, and on his return to Calcutta brought with him a library of sacred books, which he had collected during the period of his voluntary exile. To his own deep disappointment, but to the delight of Sanskrit scholars, it was found that his books contained a direct translation of the Buddhist canon, which Mr. Hodgson had lately discovered in the original Sanskrit in Nepaul. The impetus thus given to the study of one of the most powerful of the ancient religions was as great as it was seasonable. Abundant materials, awaiting assortment and application, invited the industry of the scholar, and the temple of Buddha's faith, like a second Pompeii, gradually rose from its long sleep beneath the unknown languages of the Orient, until, toward the middle of the century, Eugène Burnouf presented the key which finally admitted us into the inmost sanctuary.

Before proceeding to tell the story of the life and teachings of Hindostan's great prophet and reformer, it will be necessary to give a brief account of the early religion of India, and to explain the growth of those doctrines which it was the life-work of the Buddha to oppose. To do this we shall be compelled to lead the reader far backward, along the track of history, and attempt to gain a height from which we may take in at a glance the progressive development of the past.

Upon the banks of the Indus, in the shadow of the snow-palaces,[1] dwelt the fathers of the Hindoos. Of old they had left the primitive seats of the Aryans, and while the great body of their kindred moved to the northwest, they turned to the opposite quarter, crossed the silent passes of the Himalayas, that protect and fructify the Indian peninsula,[2] and descended from the mountains to seek new homes in the region of the upper Indus and its tributary streams. Here they lived a pastoral and nomadic life. Their mental sphere was determined by the extent and character of their experience; their noblest thoughts clothed in the homely language which the familiar objects of their daily interest suggested. They compared their god to a strong bull rushing to the drinking-

[1] Himalayas.

[2] They arrest the clouds, forcing them to discharge their waters on the arid soil beneath them; they send out the great rivers, and form a barrier between the country and the steppes of Central Asia.

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trough; their kind goddess they likened to an exuberant milch cow.

The religious views of a people so situated could not but reflect the conditions of their existence. The religion of a people, indeed, is the highest expression of its character, giving utterance to its hopes and its fears, displaying its vices no less than its virtues. Assuredly the saying, "In the image of man does he create his gods," is equally true with its more beautiful converse.

As we enter the temple of the Hindoo faith, a throng of fantastic beings meets us; some bright as the sunny sky above, some gloomy and mysterious, conforming to the darker moods of nature and of man. There are the Açvins, the beautiful twin brothers, who rise upon the earliest rays of the awakening sun; the Marutas that sweep along in the breeze on their light, aerial steeds; the Gandharvas, the divine musicians, cloud-maidens they; and, greater than these, Agni, the god of the fire. As the sacrificial flame rises toward heaven, he bears the offerings of the pious to his brother gods, mediating between the worshiper and the worshiped. He is the protector of the hearth, the divine messenger betwixt heaven and earth. Rudra, the god of the tempest, represents the darker side of life. Adorned with the emblems of wrath he rides the destroying blast, and terror goes everywhere before him to announce his coming. These forms of deities are sufficiently transparent. It is the human face which meets us wheresoever we turn; it smiles in the sunshine and frowns in the storm; it speaks to us in many tongues, but they are all the echoes of our own spoken or unspoken language. The cold reasonings of incipient science, the abstract tendencies of philosophical inquiry, are foreshadowed even in the most ancient monuments of Indian literature.

The mind struggles toward the simple that underlies the complex, the one that permeates the many.

And first it seeks to establish order in the confusion of the pantheon.

The Hindoos worshiped a god whom they called Varuna. He was the lord of the mighty heavens, he sat on the ultimate borders of space; he was the upholder of order, the dispenser of justice, the guardian of moral purity, "the god above all gods." Why he? A moment's reflection will show. In the domain of intellect as of nature, the stronger of two forces is certain to predominate. When a great thought takes possession of the mind, no little thought can dislodge it.

There is no greater thought than the thought of the infinite. In the majesty of that conception I am raised above the accidents of time. Let the world with all its paltry vices and devices come to lure me from my purpose; I can despise it; I am the child of eternity. The feeling which the presence of the infinite arouses within us we call the feeling of the sublime. It is this which thrills us when we hear grand music, when we see the canvas or the marble instinct with the inspiration of genius, when we stand in the great assembly of the people. While it rules us a mean act is impossible.

"Soul of man, how like art thou unto the waters," says the poet. Under the influence of the sublime these waters lie still and solemn, like the great ocean under the star-lit firmament, in a peaceful summer's night. It is the aspect of the heavens at night which, above all other sights of nature, is calculated to awaken in us this feeling of the sublime. Before it base thoughts and low impulses sink into nothing, the storm of the passions is lulled, a holy quiet is cast over the mind.

The Hindoo felt this as he gazed on the brilliant lights of his own southern sky. He felt anger, envy, all that is sinful, die away within him. Varuna, the god of the starry heavens, he felt cleansed him from his iniquity. So the ideas of purity and unity, as they are intimately and inseparably related, grew strong together in the appreciation of mankind; the god of order, the chastener of the soul, became the most high god.

The extremes of Vedic faith lie before us. On the one hand, we have seen the rich imagination of the people flowering out in the many forms of their gods and

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goddesses; on the other hand, the idea of a supreme being is born of their innate tendency toward the abstract. Between them lies the central figure of Hindoo mythology, which represents the strongest of the gods, and corresponds to that phenomenon of nature whose peculiar grandeur and violence impressed the susceptible mind of the Hindoos most deeply — the tropical storm.

We, who are taught from earliest childhood to recognize the working of impersonal law, are frequently at a loss to understand the difficulties which the meteoric phenomena presented to the primitive mind. In modern times, the most illiterate have ceased to consider a fall of rain a subject worthy of remark, much less of surprise. But to the Hindoos this simple occurrence appeared to be involved in profound mystery, and full of irreconcilable contradictions. To make the cause of their perplexity plain, we must premise that the sending of the rain in the hot plains of Hindostan is considered the supreme blessing of the year. On it the filling of the streams, the crops, and life itself depend. Yet, whence did this blessed rain-water come? Could it be believed that yonder black masses of cloud sailing overhead, that cast a chill over man's heart, and obscure the landscape at their coming, are indeed the dispensers of the highest good?

The cloud was construed to be a monstrous dragon, who holds the good rain-water, it is true, but with evil intent, desirous of withholding it. The god of light, the true friend of man, engages in battle with the monster and casts his spear against him, evidently in anger, as the quickness with which it darts through the sky, and the loud voices of the thunder that accompany it, attest. The lightning rends the cloud, the spear pierces the monster, and the waters, delivered from their hostile guardian, now fall free and plentiful to bless the earth. As they fall, the god of the bright sky shines forth triumphant. He it is who has sent the rain, to whom all praise is due. Thus Indra, the god of the blue sky, becomes a divine hero, who gives light and rain to his beloved ones, and fights their battles in the sky. It is natural that he who fights for them on high should aid them in their conflicts on earth. Indra becomes the god of war.

In this capacity we find him an object of peculiar reverence in the second stage of early Indian history, which may be called the heroic period. The increased and ever-increasing population that dwelt on the banks of the Indus and its tributaries could no longer be contained within the limits of their first settlement. The pastoral habits of an earlier age were abandoned. The spirit of warlike enterprise, nurtured in the petty feuds and boundary disputes of their nomadic life, impelled them to continue their migrations toward the East, and, skirting the outposts of the Himalayas, they descended into the valleys of the Jumna and Ganges, to seek new seats near those sacred streams. In consequence of this movement a series of disastrous struggles took place, not only between the black natives of the country and the invading Aryans, but also between the related tribes of the conquering race itself. The vanguard of the army of migration was pressed upon by new bands, which followed in their rear, and the victors were forced to defend their recent possessions against the continued aggressions of rival clans and chieftains. In these battles the presence of Indra, the giver of victory, was deemed the prime condition of success, and to secure his aid became an object of paramount importance. The manner in which this was attempted leads us to the contemplation of one of the most instructive customs of ancient times. And, affording a clear insight into the working of early religious thought, it will prepare the way for a better understanding of those later developments of Hindoo religion which it is our object to explain.

It was by means of the soma sacrifice that the favor of Indra was gained. This, like all sacrifices, was originally intended to satisfy a gross, material want of the god, and not a spiritual need of man. "The hungry gods" demanded

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food, and it was the duty of the pious to give it. In direct proportion to the munificence of their offering stood the degree of divine protection which it secured. "Friendship was given for friendship," as it is expressed in the sacred books of the Hindoos.

Continuing the analogy, men argued that the stimulating effect of strong drink would be no less powerful in a god than in his human adorer. And hence arose the sacrifice to which we refer. Culled on the mountain-side beneath the mystic influence of the moon, the soma[1] was prepared by the Hindoo priest for the feast of Indra. It was ground between stones; the juice, in which the intoxicating power resides, was caught in a basin, and, mixed with pure milk, poured into the sacrificial vessel. It was the same, even in name, as the haoma of the Persians, which grows in the far-off East, blooming white and pearly on a mystic tree, where Aparím-napât, the lord of life, dwells in the midst of his fairy lake;[2] the same as ambrosia, which was quaffed in the bright assembly on high Olympus; the same as the delicious *meth* which the German gods drank in the feasts of Walhalla. Its essential virtue consisted in stimulating the strength of the war-god, and enabling him to overcome his own and his people's enemies.

Moreover, it was the drink of immortality, and only by partaking of this juice were the celestials themselves, perishable by nature, believed to attain to immortal life.

An enlargement of human experience was at the bottom of this belief. In the exhilarating sense of the first luscious enjoyment of wine, men are deceived into a transient happiness, and forget for a while the lapse of time. What if the state which follows is one of mental and physical unsoundness? The ideals of a higher world have ever been reflected images of the joys of this world infinitely prolonged, with all their sweetness, without their pain. There must be a drink, a soma, an ambrosia, which, with its higher, subtler power of intoxication, shall cause this thrilling sense of wine-pleasure to endure forever without consequent abasement; which shall raise man not above one fleeting hour alone, but above all the bounds of time, bearing him onward to a blissful immortality.

Now, that the god would gladly receive so acceptable an offering was beyond all doubt, and hence to prepare the soma was to be certain of victory. But here arose a grave difficulty. Both armies were equally assiduous in preparing the offering, and how was Indra to decide? In truth, he did not decide at all, but rather a superior force residing in his worshipers compelled him to obey their wishes. For, whether the Hindoo priests in their moments of intense supplication honestly regarded the heightened life that pulsed through their veins, the rhythm of language and the flow of thought, as the manifestation of a supreme power, or whether they simply argued that the god, who directs his action according to the wishes of his creatures, must in so far be subordinate to their will, — at all events they considered themselves the vehicles of a magic force, which broke forth in their prayers, and by means of which they could compel Indra to receive their offering. An illustration of this belief is given in one of the Vedic hymns. Indra had already lifted the bowl of the enemy's drink-offering to his lips, when Vasistha, a great priest, poured forth an irresistible prayer, and thus forced him to drop the cup which he was holding, to drink of his own soma and give him victory. In this manner the conflict of the warriors was prefaced, and in a manner predetermined, by the emulous struggle of contending priests, and the power which the latter thus obtained was incalculably great. The prayers, rites, and invocations which they adopted being necessarily of an arbitrary character, it was left to accident or design to indicate the forms and symbols of their worship, and the imagination, cut loose from all the ties of the real, soon reveled in the most monstrous and incongruous combinations. The less the common people

[1] Asculapis acida.

[2] Spiegel's Avesta, note to Vendidad xx. 17.

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understood of the spirit which guided these fables, the more sacred did they esteem them, the more willingly did they lend their aid to strengthen the hands of their priests. We shall presently see how well the hierarchy understood how to improve its advantage.

The shouts of battle gradually died away; the right of possession to the new lands was more or less permanently secured; from the chaotic mingling of confused elements slowly crystallized the forms of order and government. Fertile fields, promising a rich return to the husbandman, invited the attention of the conquerors, and the common soldiers, settling on the small tracts of land which fell to their share, learned to forget the tumults of the previous age and to cultivate the gentler arts of peace. The chiefs of the army were rewarded with larger possessions, proportionate to their dignity and achievements. Leaving the management of their estates to their followers, they continued to be the companions of the prince, and in the periodic wars of conquest or defense, which still occurred, were prepared to take upon themselves the costs and risks of warfare, which the more peaceable settlers, glad to be left to the undisturbed tillage of the fields, readily entrusted to their charge. With the king at their head they formed an aristocratic class, distinguished from the common people, the farmers, the tradesmen, the mechanics. Above these two classes was raised the priesthood, the true flower of human kind. As the nobles were the ministers of the king, so were they the ministers and in a certain sense the masters of the gods. And, believing themselves possessed of the power to rule the wishes even of their deities, it is not surprising that they considered the unqualified submission of all their fellow-men to their authority a just and natural claim. These classes, though separated among themselves by laws as rigid as the newborn spirit of caste could invent, were united by the ties of a common origin against a fourth class, consisting of the natives of the country, which was equally contemned by all. These were the veritable "hewers of wood and drawers of water." As time went on, the scheme of the four great Indian castes — of the priests, the nobles, the common people, and the slaves — became more and more fixed, and was at last confirmed for all time to come by the new religious system which gradually rose in the midst of the hierarchy, under the influence of the altered conditions of their new existence on the banks of the Ganges.

The life of the Hindoos had at this time attained a degree of refinement and elegance which we frequently find conjoined with barbarous despotism, wherever a privileged class is raised above the sordid cares of life by the unrequited toil of the enslaved masses. We see them fastidious to a fault in the arrangement of their dress and the attention paid to beauty of person. Their long and flowing robes are of snowy white, their girdles set with gems, their plaited hair bound with the graceful folds of the mitra, their beards — strange to our taste — dyed in the rich colors which the land so abundantly yields, white and green and blue and purple-red. At their banquets each guest is seated at a separate table. The use of meat is quite excluded. But the dainty preparations of an elaborate *cuisine*, supplied from field and arbor, are served on vessels of gold. The rich man drives his four-in hand along well-paved roads, and loves to display his wealth in the beauty of his horses and the splendor of his chariot. When the king moves in state through the streets of the capital, the sacred trees and altars of the gods, which stand at every corner, are decorated. Flags fly from every house-top, and the royal standard waves proudly from the palace, which with its gay terraces and glittering turrets rises conspicuous above the city's walls.

The enervating effects of climate are apparent. The power once entrusted to the privileged remains unquestioned in their hands; the nobility exhausts its strength in the indulgence of luxurious pleasure, while the masses become soulless tools in the hands of their oppressors. Peculiar and important was the

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influence which their new surroundings exerted upon the priesthood. This class had been from the first exalted above the base toil of the common herd, while its religious duties and its contempt for the mere earthly prevented it from following the pursuits of the aristocrats. Placed above want by the credulity of the people and the munificence of the rulers, they had ample leisure to ponder on the vast and novel phenomena that constantly engaged their attention, and the edge of abstract thinking was sharpened by the rich material upon which it was unceasingly exercised. The latent antagonism of their nature between fancy and philosophy, between the tendency toward an unbounded growth of the imagination on the one hand and the love of concise thought on the other, became more pointed than ever. The chaotic mass of phenomena that bore down upon the mind distracted it beyond measure, and, struggling to free itself from their wild disorder, it strove to arrange the disjointed facts in harmonious union by referring them all to a higher unity as their source and essence. And here nature came to their assistance. In all its manifold changes a certain order is apparent to every eye. Year by year the round of the seasons repeats itself, the sun rises and sets, the stars shine and decline, earth dies and revives, again and again fulfilling the eternal order of sequence. There is unity in all diversity, in the "flow of all things" an unfluctuating principle. Now, where should this principle be sought? In the olden time there was a god of the fire, but the fire spends its force and is extinguished; there was a god of the thunder, but the sublime phenomena of the storm are quickly forgotten when the moment of terror has passed away; there was a god of the starry sky, but the stars, too, fade before the morning light. Was there no power above all these, the gods of the transient phenomena of nature, higher than they all? The Indian priesthood, proud and self-asserting, answered according to the prejudices of their caste. They knew, or thought they knew, as has been shown in the case of the soma offering, that their prayer was mightier than their god. A magic power ruling the divinities of the world resided in their souls, inspired their muttered invocations. Here was the mystic force which they had sought, the transcendent principle for which they longed.[1]

The kings of Asia made gods of their persons; the Hindoo priesthood deified their prayers. In the arrogant spirit which has ever been the peculiar virtue of their order, they made their own littleness the measure of the world's greatness. The Sanskrit word for prayer is "brahma." Behold the origin of the god of gods, the personification of prayer, the great Brahma of the Hindoos! The hierarchy raised its own mystic function to the throne of the universe, worshiped it as the source of being, and celebrated with unparalleled effrontery its own apotheosis.

The belief that Brahma is the fountain of all existence, though itself vague and shadowy, soon became pregnant with disastrous consequences to the Indian state. It gave birth to two great doctrines equally logical in their deduction and inhuman in their consequences. The one sanctified and confirmed the institution of caste, the other founded the dogma of the transmigration of souls.

From Brahma all things have come, and, according to the predominance of the spiritual in their composition, they partake more or less largely of his nature. Nearest to him and first in the order of emanation were the gods; then came the spirits of the air, then the priests, the nobles, the common people, the slaves, and so on down the scale to inanimate nature as the last. The system of gradation which pride and a despotic policy had introduced into the economy of the Hindoo government was thus perpetuated, and the theory of emanation consecrated the evils of the present to all future time. As the church, in

[1] I accept this as a plausible explanation of the rise of Brahmanism. For a more detailed account vide Max Duncker's Geschichte des Alterthums, II., to which, and to Lassen's great work on Indian antiquities, I am indebted for many of the facts on which this account rests.

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later times, sanctioned the claim of the tyrant by proclaiming the fiction of "the divine right of kings," so did the Hindoo priesthood set their seal upon the inhuman institution of caste, and henceforth it was deemed sacrilege to oppose a system which crushed out man's sweetest hopes by the iron weight of an unalterable lot. For was it not in the order of the existing castes that men had sprung from Brahma, the source of their being?

To Brahma, the soul of the universe, all must return. When the lower orders have lived out their time, they are born again in new bodies, nobler or baser according to their deserts. If thou art sinful — which means, if thou art bold enough to disregard the commands of the priest — degradation in the scale of existence awaits thee. Thou wilt become a creeping parasite, a reptile, or a wild beast. If meritorious, thou wilt rise. The tradesman or peasant becomes a noble, then a priest, then a saint; finally, as pure spirit, he reënters the Brahma, whence he came. To bring about this result an endless series of births and deaths is requisite, until in the long course of its transmigrations the soul becomes utterly purified of its stains. And the poor toiler who groans beneath the weight of his earthly burdens despairs as he beholds the woes of his future states loom fearfully in the distance. It is, indeed, a hell on earth which the priestly pantheism of the Brahmans has made of this mortal life of ours. It is useless to struggle against an order of things which a god has fixed from the beginning. Of what avail is it for the peasant, the slave, to feel within himself a longing for a higher and nobler life? he is bound to the caste in which he was born, to tread the same mill which his father has trodden before. Of what avail that the spirit of freedom reacts against the injustice of the aristocrat, the subtler contumely of the priest? he must kiss the hand that strikes him, bless the heel that spurns him into the dust. Even that last consolation of the sufferer, the hope of rest in the grave, is denied him, until one great yearning cry for help from this intricate maze of existence rises from the breasts of the oppressed, unanswered and unheeded. The Brahmans stand coldly by, pointing with pitiless passiveness to the terrors of the lives to come. And so it came to pass that men stood shuddering at the brink of the grave, not for the existence that was ending, but for the new pains to come after, and the *memento mori* was changed into that far more appalling warning, *memento vivere*, — endless life! measureless woe!

This is what the Indian priesthood did for their people. They plucked from a nation once high-spirited and brave every motive for action, and damped each generous impulse with their dreary speculation. They perpetuated the invidious distinctions of caste, and allied themselves with the despots of their land in oppressing the masses, whom it was their duty to enlighten and redeem. They shut the people out from the higher walks of life and enslaved their spirit, providing only that the king should always give rich temporal gifts to the Brahmans, and use the arm of force to support the interests of their order. Instead of acting, they supplicated; instead of bending every energy to their own mental and moral regeneration, they made their sanctity the cloak of their ambition, their deity the minister of their selfishness.

The Brahmanic system permeated the inmost fibres of the nation's life, and crushed the springs of its hope. By encouraging caste it made the earth a home of misery, and opened to the despondent only the dismal outlook of a darker despair.

But the same forces which determined its action created the powerful reaction which at last set in against it. As Catholicism called forth a Luther, Brahmanism raised up an earlier protestant, a no less powerful reformer. The time came when the yoke which the priesthood had imposed was too heavy to bear longer. The great cry of the people found an echo in the heart of one who had the sublime courage to take up their cause as his own, and who, though born a monarch, descended from the throne

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of his ancestors to become in truth a prophet of the people.

Like the fond father in the Hebrew tale, History loves to adorn her favorites with garments of many colors, which, as she finds them not in her own storehouse, she borrows from Fancy's loom. The life of the great Hindoo reformer illustrates the manner in which this doubtful distinction is conferred. In it fact and fiction are so intimately interwoven that the most eager criticism might despair of unraveling their complicated threads. We could not if we would undertake so difficult a task. Nor are we disposed to assume the ungracious part of the jealous brothers, and despoil the princely hero of our story of those royal robes with which the legends of ages have invested him.

At the foot of the mountain range of Nepaul, by the banks of a torrent that comes rushing down fiercely from the hills, stood of old the town of Kapilavastu. The place is now a desolate waste, inhabited only by wild beasts. As early as the seventh century of our era, Chinese travelers reported that they found it in a deserted condition. Deadly vapors rising from dense jungles forbid the return of man. But at the time of which we speak, something like twenty-four hundred years ago, all this was different. Then palaces and pleasure-grounds and the busy life of a royal residence gave a bright and attractive appearance to the city on the Rohini.

King Çuddhodana and his queen Mâyâdévî bore sway, the one distinguished by manly strength and wisdom, the other by beauty and rare grace of person.

The union of this pair was blessed by the birth of a child, which took place under the most extraordinary circumstances. Mâyâdévî left the palace one day to promenade in a garden or park near by, when, on a sudden, her whole frame became translucent with celestial light. Brahma and Indra descended from heaven, the earth trembled, laughter of a thousand spirits filled the air, and fragrant dews falling abundantly bathed the glowing limbs of a new-born child. No sooner had the infant boy opened his eyes upon the world than he rose with the strength of a man, walked successively in the direction of the four quarters of the earth, and announced the tidings that the deliverer of humankind had come. Wherever he trod, lotus flowers sprang up in his path.

The sages of the court prophesied the child's future greatness, but whether he would follow the career of a conquering king or of a prophet they refused to reveal. He received the name Siddhârtha, meaning the much-desired, in token of the bright hopes which his coming had fulfilled. During his childhood the prince performed a variety of wonderful feats which it is needless to dwell upon here. When he was sixteen years of age, his father being anxious to bind him to the conditions amid which he had grown up, requested him to choose a wife among the aristocratic families of the land. Siddhârtha declared himself willing to enter the bonds of matrimony, but shocked the prejudices of his family by refusing to pay attention to the caste of his future companion. As he did not propose to marry the lady's ancestors, he had no interest in scanning her pedigree.

We next hear of a great tournament that was arranged in order to allow the prince an opportunity to display his military prowess. Five hundred youths vied with him in the emulous contest of skill, but he outstripped them all. Even the great bow, which the strength of a thousand men was barely sufficient to string, and the noise of whose discharge was like the rolling of thunder over the mountains, he handled with ease, as if it were a child's toy. Having thus convinced the people of his accomplishments, he was permitted to choose from among the most beautiful damsels of the realm, who had been gathered at the court to await his decision. Now began a life of indolence and ease. Pleasure held him in her silken bonds, and naught that could beguile the senses was wanting.

From palace to palace, from enjoyment to enjoyment, he passed. He was beautiful as the day, and a monarch's son — what could he lack! But at this very

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time a crisis in his life was approaching. One day he rode out in his chariot, with a faithful servant at his side, when he was startled to observe an old man creeping along with trembling gait; a shriveled and decrepit form, bent with the weight of sorrows and of years. The prince stopped the chariot and inquired, "Of what unhappy race is this one, that he has been reduced to such utter misery?" But the servant turned and answered, "This is the lot of all men; age is the portion of the young."

The prince was deeply moved, and returned home sunk in meditation.

For the first time a shadow had fallen on the picture of life as it glowed in brilliant colors around him. On another occasion, in one of his drives, he saw a leper covered with sores and filth, whom all the passers-by avoided. Again Siddhârtha paused, put the same question, and received the reply, "This is the lot of all men; sickness is the portion of the sound." A third time he saw a corpse lying by the roadside. Worms were feasting on the flesh, the sickening scenes of corruption exposed to the light of day! And again he heard the same hard words, "This is the lot of all men; death is the portion of the living." The distress of the prince now increased day by day. His wonted enjoyments lost their flavor. In the midst of mirth he was silent and engrossed.

In this condition he met one day a pious mendicant, one of that class, common in India, who live on the alms of the benevolent and devote their life to contemplation and religious exercises.

The calm, immobile features of the man, his venerable appearance, the simple dignity of his demeanor, strongly impressed the prince in his favor. They engaged in a long conversation together, and at its end it was noticed that Siddhârtha returned to the palace with a lighter step than he had long known. A new thought was working its way in his mind. He had been rudely awakened from his dream of happiness. Intensely sympathetic by nature, the wretchedness of his fellow-men cruelly jarred upon the brighter anticipations that he had formed of the future. He now felt that he needed seclusion and undisturbed quiet in order to meditate upon all this woe that encompassed him, and, if possible, to obviate its causes. That night he communicated to his father his resolve of quitting the court and entering one of the religious orders. The king was greatly alarmed at this determination of the heir to the throne, forbade his departure, and endeavored by every means in his power to divert him from his purpose. It was evening, some time after their interview. The palace of Kapilavastu was lit up with Oriental splendor. Garlands decked every hall, and strains of music burst through the open terraces. On that day a son had been born to Siddhârtha, and in the joy of his heart the old king commanded the most sumptuous festivities, hoping thereby to change the dismal tenor of the prince's thoughts.

A gay circle received Siddhârtha as he entered the high apartments, and grouped around him where he reclined on his couch of state were the fairest of all the fair ones of that Eastern court.

But his lips did not unclose, nor his pale face brighten with a smile. At last, overpowered by weariness, he sank into an unquiet slumber. It was long past midnight when he awoke. The lamps burnt low; the fragrant scent of their costly oil pervaded the apartment.

But as he rose to look around him the whole scene seemed suddenly to have undergone a great transformation. The beauty of his companions had fallen like a mask; the gilded halls were fading like an illusion. In the words of the Pâhli annals from which this account is taken, "Unto him the splendid and charming palace, which was like the mansion of Indra, the god of the thousand eyes, became as it were an object of disgust, filled with loathsome corpses like a catacomb."

He longed for a life higher than the ephemeral life of pleasure. As he said in after days, "This mind of mine went formerly wandering about as it liked, as it listed, as it pleased; but I shall now hold it in thoroughly, as the rider who bears the hook holds in the furious ele-

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phant." "From pleasure comes grief, from pleasure comes fear; he who is free from pleasure knows neither grief nor fear." Determined to consummate his purpose, he rose, stole noiselessly from the room, found his favorite charger awaiting him at the portal, mounted with a single bound, and spurred on, cutting with one bold stroke all the ties that had bound him. Home-affections, power, kingdom, he left them all behind. For he had recognized the first of the great truths, *that there is suffering*, and there was now but one purpose for him in life: to alleviate it, "to draw the thorns from the smarting flesh." He avoided the guards who would have checked his progress, in safety. But when he reached the gates of the city, Mara, the tempter, appeared before him and offered him the kingdom of the earth if he would turn back and desist from his undertaking. Swiftly Siddhârtha rode on and answered not, on through the long, dark night, many a weary league, till, as the morning broke, he was far beyond the reach of pursuit. He now took off his jeweled tiara and the insignia of royalty, and sent them back by the hand of a trusted servant. Then, assuming the garb of the mendicants, he applied to two of the great masters of the Brahmans, and retired to the depths of a forest to practice their teachings. In this way he hoped to discover the origin of suffering, and the way of release. Five followers accompanied him to his retreat, where he remained for full six years.

In this epoch of his life he bears the name of Çakyamuni, the hermit of the Çakyas.

It is advisable at this stage to review the means which the Brahmanic priesthood recommended for the solution of the great problem upon which Çakyamuni was engaged.

We have already attempted to explain the origin of the doctrine of metempsychosis among the Hindoos. This doctrine had gradually obtained general recognition, and men became firmly persuaded of the reality of the new births and deaths which awaited them. They even pretended to point out certain animals and plants into which the souls of the sinful had entered. Here was a crocodile containing the spirit of a cow-thief, a monkey containing that of a corn-thief, a worm inhabited by one who had tasted of forbidden food, a creeper into which the vile soul of an incestuous son had been changed. The separation, too, between the different castes, which the Brahmanic system encouraged, had become irrevocably fixed, and the insolence of the high toward the low was barely supportable.

The life of the base-born was, indeed, a pitiable one. The fear of the future they shared with the rest, but it was rendered doubly acute in their case by the more dismal prospect of longer and wearier sufferings. To escape the eternal cycle of births and deaths the Brahmans resorted to two expedients. The one involved the conception of the efficacy of works, the other the principle of self-torturing asceticism. A vast and intricately ramified code of ceremonies, the reading of the law, and absurd, often degrading, modes of expiation for sin, made up the catalogue of works. The second expedient for attaining the end of existence, which is the ending of existence by a return to the Brahma whence it came, is founded on the spiritual nature of that supposed fount of being. It became the seeker for deliverance to free himself from the trammels of the earthly, if on his death he hoped to be merged in the essential spirit of the universe. Hence the cruel life of the anchorite. In caves, on mountains, in the deep forests, men passed their days, seated on couches of thorns, clothed with wet garments in the cold season, placed between four blazing fires while the intense rays of the summer's sun glared down upon them from above, standing in unnatural positions till flesh and blood could bear it no longer. Such a life the hermit of the Çakyas now elected. He subjected himself with unsparing hand to all the painful trials which the ingenuity of fanatics had devised. And the five who followed him into the solitude might well wonder at his power of self-abnegation, when they saw their master

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reduce his food to a single grain of rice a day. But at this point a change took place. The legend tells us that his dead mother appeared to him by night, and wept when she beheld his wan, emaciated form.

Nature asserted its claims. Maids from a neighboring village brought him milk and honey, and he accepted their gift. The old was fast losing power over him; a new and greater something was preparing. The solution of the main problem of Indian life — how to escape the law of transmigration, how to obtain repose in a death from which there should be no awakening — the Brahmans had not found. Çakyamuni rejected their law, denied the authority of their holy scriptures. Again he applied himself to consider the theory and practice of the ruling system of Hindoo religion. With him, as with his countrymen, the conviction that the soul repeats its troubled careër in endless resurrections formed the substratum of consciousness, the background of every action and belief. This life is but a single scale on the great ladder of existence, which stretches upward and downward from sphere to sphere into the immensity of unknown worlds. And the spirit of man ascends and descends, slowly, painfully, on this dizzy path, by an iron law which has been from the beginning of time. To launch forth from the standing-point of the present, to forget the toil still to come, to commingle and be extinguished in the infinitude of space, — ah, that would be indeed felicity! Try works, said the Brahmans; bring sacrifices. But Çakyamuni remembered the words of the philosopher Kapila, with whose system his own in many places coincides, and he said, "The rich man brings of his wealth three hundred, six hundred beasts to the altar. Shall he be saved because of his riches, and the poor be left to their burdens without hope of release?" He rejected the offices of the sacrifice. Try the life of the recluse, reiterated Brahmanism. Çakyamuni had tried it, but he found it vain and useless. The stains of the soul are not purged by fire, or water, or thorns. Was there, then, no escape, no saving principle of help? Let us see how the legend relates the manner in which he attained the way of deliverance.

There is in India a wonderful tree, known as "the tree of understanding."[1] Its branches rise and descend again to earth, take new root, and send up new offshoots which, again, become stems of other twigs. These descend once more, until a mighty arbor is thus formed, a kind of natural temple, of which the tree's descending trunks are the columns, the interlacing boughs the bright and leafy dome. Of old the Brahmans called it the symbol of existence, each new stem a new life, the root of other lives to come. With such a sylvan temple many of the villages of Hindostan are provided. The natives place the images of their gods there. A whole army could readily find shelter in its shade. Under one of these trees, seated upon the "throne of intelligence," the recluse of the Çakyas was plunged in profound meditation. The maze of existence was imaged in the surrounding grove. The foliage shook and quivered about him like the tremulous yearnings of a soul that would fly upward to the light. Now Mara, the tempter, who carries an arrow with flowered head, — the personification of desire, — seeing that his power on earth would be curtailed if Çakyamuni attained to knowledge, caused the great drum of his realm to be beaten, and marshaled his innumerable hosts to contend with the hermit. They came, covering an area of a hundred and sixty-four miles. Mara himself, upon a huge elephant, rode at their head. Fire flashed from his eyes. He wielded a weapon that would have pierced mountains of adamant. The elements aided his designs: terrific hurricanes burst over the land, the rocks were rent asunder, the hills were uprooted, darkness covered the earth, and the host of demons roared even more loudly than the storm. Then Mara cast his weapon, but behold it turned into a fragrant garland as it approached the unwavering hermit. Huge bowlders

[1] The Ficus religiosa.

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of stone were hurled against him, but they fell as votive flowers at his feet. The terrors of the tempest did not unman him; a radiant smile played over his placid countenance. At last hell opened and swallowed the host. There was but one more resource left to Mara, which he had reserved to the last. The tempter sent six hundred wanton damsels to remind the stern prophet of the joyous days of his youth, and to lure him back into the arms of pleasure. But even this temptation he withstood.

The field was cleared; his foes were vanquished. All through that night he pondered on the mighty problem, until at last, one by one, the four great truths of religion stood out brightly before him: suffering, the origin of suffering, the destruction of suffering, and the way to achieve that destruction. The mystery was solved, the hour of deliverance at hand, and when the first beam of dawn glowed in the east, it shone on a new and transfigured being. The prince we have known as Siddhârtha, the hermit Çakyamuni, had become the Buddha, the enlightened, the deliverer of mankind. How was the transformation accomplished? What was the solution he had found?

Among the sayings attributed to the Buddha we read the following: "How is there laughter, how is there joy, as this world is always burning? Why do you not seek a light, ye who are surrounded by darkness?" "This body is wasted, full of sickness, and frail; this heap of corruption breaks to pieces; the life in it is death." "Those white bones, like gourds thrown away in the autumn, what pleasure is there in looking at them?" "After a frame has been made of the bones, it is covered with flesh and blood, and there dwell in it old age and death, pride and deceit." This being the destiny of the body, we can understand the precept, "Cut down the whole forest of lust." "All created things perish. He who knows and sees this becomes passive in pain; this is the way to purity."[1]

This is the way to purity — the uprooting of desire, the conquest of passion. A life self-restrained, equably poised, wisely controlled, as far removed from the painful exercises of fanatic anchorites as from the reckless indulgence of the votaries of pleasure, such a life detaches man from the cause of suffering and guards him from its consequences. This is the first great principle of the Buddha's religion.

But notwithstanding the most careful moderation in the enjoyment of earth's goods, the most skeptical distrust with respect to the worth of human desires, there are blows against which even the stoutest armor is not proof, there are shocks which cause even the boldest to tremble. Deep hidden in the human heart, the waters of affection never cease to flow. But when the occasion comes, they rise in tumultuous flood to the surface. The voice of reason is impotent to still the anguish of the heart. The affections alone can soothe the affections! Prepare a channel, therefore, to lead the swelling tide away to commingle with the great ocean of mankind's sorrow, and in commingling to be there absorbed. This is the meaning of the following beautiful legend.[2]

There came to the Buddha, one day, a woman who had lost her only child. She was wild with grief, and with disconsolate sobs and cries called frantically upon the prophet to give back her little one to life. The Buddha gazed on her long, and, with that tender sympathy which drew all hearts to him, replied, "Go, my daughter, bring me a mustard seed from a house into which death has never entered, and I will do as thou hast bidden." The woman took up the dead child and began her search. She went from house to house, saying, "Give me a mustard seed, kind folks, a mustard seed for the prophet to revive my child." And they gave her what she desired. And when she had taken it she inquired: "They are all gathered around the hearth here, father, mother, and the children; is it not so? They are sound, in health's bloom?" But the peo-

[1] Vide the Path of Virtue, in Max Müller's Science of Religion.

[2] Müller's Science of Religion, page 145.

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ple would shake their heads mournfully. And, far as she wandered, through town and village, in the crowded thoroughfare and by the lonely roadside, she met the same experience still. There was ever a vacant seat by the hearth, which remained unfilled though all were gathered. Then gradually, as she went on, the outbursts of her grief abated, and the meaning of the Buddha's words dawned upon her mind. Gradually, as she learned to know the great sorrow of the race everywhere around her, her heart, ceasing to dwell on its own selfish pang, went out in strong yearning to the companions of her suffering. The tears of her pity fell free and fast, *passion slowly melted away in compassion.* From passive suffering she turned to active helping, sought redemption by redeeming. She had learned the highest virtue which the Buddha taught, *maitri*, the consciousness of wide fellowship, the love of mankind, the perfect renunciation of self in behalf of the eternal interests. Calm, unswerving self-control to avoid pain, acts of sympathy to lighten pain; such was the Buddha's answer to the great question of the origin and destruction of suffering. These were the two solid pillars of his church. If he had paused there he would have exhibited to the world an example of combined soberness and enthusiastic idealism nowhere transcended in human history. But his faith in the doctrine of the transmigration compelled him to pass the limits which his strong ethical sentiment seemed to prescribe, into a nebulous beyond. This present life of ours is but a link in the great chain of existence. Of what advantage is it, therefore, to destroy the suffering of today, if, in the ceaseless cycle of new births, that suffering is destined endlessly to recur? To be a true deliverer, the prophet said, I must free men from the fear of resurrection, teach them to baffle fate. With the end of existence alone can come the end of pain. Hence arose the mystic doctrine of Nirvana — the third of the great principles on which the Buddhist system rests.

Let us free ourselves from the bondage of our nature, exclaimed the Indian sage; let us achieve repose. And now he reasoned, It is desire which produces pain and binds us to life. But desire depends upon the senses; the senses ultimately depend on a power of intelligence that resides in the mind. Ah! if we could blot out this, if we could crush forever the germ of mind, then the root of desire would be cut, and the bond of existence broken. But how to do this? He answered, By contemplation, by gathering up the soul within itself, by recognizing that all the objects of the world about us are an illusion, that all existing things are evanescent. Thus contemplating, the mind closes itself against external impressions, becomes entranced in the sweet felicity of quiet, and, having perceived the essential unreality of the universe, attains its last and perfect end in sinking away, itself, into nonentity, in finding rest on the bosom of Nirvana. The way is mystical, the means are dubious, but the end is clear. It is to escape the dread of continued suffering hereafter, to find lasting peace in a dreamless death. The last answer to the question of the destruction of pain had thus been found in the doctrine of Nirvana.

The question has been raised whether Nirvana means utter extinction or absolute quiet. But where the line of demarkation is to be drawn between annihilation and absolute quiet, — quiet without sensation, without motion, without motive, — we confess ourselves at a loss to conceive. Nor are we more fortunate in discovering the bearings of Müller's argument, namely, that the Buddha could not well have made extinction the aim of life, seeing that if all is to end in nothing, there is no reason for performing and demanding of others so great a moral work as he did. The pains of this life were at all events as real in his day as in ours, and to these his attention was preëminently directed. While the doctrine of Nirvana was nothing more than a bold attempt to cut off at one stroke the chance of returning misery in the life of the hereafter, in Buddha's Path of Virtue we read, "There

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is no fire like passion; there is no unlucky dye like hatred; there is no pain like this body — the endurance of life; there is no happiness like rest." With regard to those points of religion which are commonly considered fundamental, his position was entirely negative. The sanctity of the Vedic bible he denied; the immortality of the soul he feared and sought to abrogate, and of the existence of a creator, in our sense, he was more than doubtful. The gods of the people, indeed, he suffered to remain; but they deserved their names no longer, being inferior in every way to the ideal man. When the Buddha entered the temple, the legend relates, Brahma and the other deities stepped down from their pedestals to welcome and do him homage.

In so far as the purely human entered into the religion of the Buddha, it was productive of widely beneficial results. But in so far as he borrowed the supernatural doctrines of the Brahmans, he opened the way for all that proved injurious to the future growth of his ideas. The pernicious effects of Nirvana are undeniable. It at once neutralized the active principle that inspires and invigorates Buddhist ethics. While on the one hand the individual was referred to himself as the artificer of his destiny, to the advancing good of the race for the assurance of mankind's salvation, and was thus induced to enter with zeal and avidity into the interests of life, with the design of exalting and ennobling them, his attention was, on the other hand, distracted by an object of fear which he saw rising darkly beyond the border. Thus the mind, preoccupied with the momentous questions of the hereafter, became passive and indifferent to the concerns of the present. It is true the sound and forceful principles of the Buddha's moral law never ceased to extend their friendly influence to the troubles of this sublunar existence. But the eye of the devout, glancing faintly by the present, dwelt with anxious preference on the possibilities of the far futurity. Men sank back from exertion into contemplation; hence arose the cloisters and nunneries of the Buddhist mendicants in the Indian land. Clothed in a simple, orange-colored gown, with a wooden bowl for the collection of alms, a sunshade, and only a few other of the most necessary utensils, the Bikshus wandered about the country or dwelt together in the silence of the convent. On entering their communion the novice took the vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience. The public confessional, absolution, even rosaries on which their mystic prayer was counted off, were not wanting. But in happy contradistinction to what we find elsewhere, the way to the cloisters was made hard, and the return to the world easy, while of torture and painful penances we hear nothing. In later times the true meaning of Nirvana was forgotten among the vulgar, and the void of existence became an elysium painted in sensual colors. Buddha himself, though never aspiring to be more than man, was invested with supernatural powers, and all the paraphernalia of miracles gathered around him. The strength of his system certainly does not lie in its transcendental elements. If the substitution of Nirvana for Brahma were all he had accomplished, he would deserve but little attention at our hands. But in truth he did more. He sought deliverance not for himself alone, but for all mankind; and, in enunciating a universal aim, he raised his work into lasting importance. In the Grove of Gazelles near Benares he proclaimed for the first time the new evangel he had brought. For the first time in the plains of India the voice of the preacher was heard, and a thousand hearts leaped responsive to his bold, stirring, soul-awakening call. He spoke in the dialect of the people, and every one there present, it is said, seemed to hear his own language, for he said what all had felt; he raised a cry which found an echo in every oppressed heart. He called to account the haughty Brahman priesthood in overwhelming denunciation for their iniquities and their pride. He broke through the barriers of caste, and said to the weary and heavy-laden, Come ye all and follow me; I will show

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you the road of release. If the Brahmans shunned the touch of the base-born as though it were pollution, and made birth the stamp of sanctity here, the hope of felicity hereafter, he sat down among "publicans and sinners." Be quiet; in my law ye shall find peace.

There was a caste in India, the Tshandâlas, despised and down-trodden of all men. By day they wandered furtively about the streets of the city, wearing a distinguishing badge on their garments, which served to point them out to the insults of the vulgar; but at night they were driven mercilessly from the gates, though the storms might rage without. One day the Buddha received the votive offerings of his adherents, who had collected around him in a great multitude. There came many rich men and women and cast flowers of exquisite fragrance and color into the wooden bowl which he held in his hands; but they dwindled away as they fell, and the bowl was not filled. Then there came a poor Tshandâla, timidly stealing through the crowd and shrinking from their gaze. He threw a few wild flowers upon the rest. By these flowers the bowl was filled. See, with the dregs of society he holds intercourse; the Tshandâlas are his companions, said the Brahmans. "My law is a law of grace for all men," replied the Buddha. "My law is like the sky, which encompasseth all, the rich and the poor, the old and the young, the high and the low." "Cut out thy selfishness like the autumn lotus," taste of the sweets of kindness bestowed, bathe thy soul in the purity of an ideal purpose! There were some who, when they heard such language as this, exclaimed, The prince has gone mad! Others ascribed his actions to sordid motives. To little minds the grandeur of a lofty spirit is incomprehensible; their words are feathers before the wind. Though he may have erred a thousand times, in this he touched the very life-spring of all religion, when he called on his followers to break down the towering egotism of their nature, to give free play to the wider sympathies of the soul which are founded in the physical, ennobled in the moral constitution. His system contained all the elements of power and comfort which are necessary to seize on the popular heart, and might, in the course of time, have completely turned the current of Hindoo history into broader and brighter channels. But the deadweight of the transcendent Nirvana drew all their energy into passiveness; and mysticism, like a strong narcotic acting on a youthful frame, slowly coiled round them with its killing lethargy; and yet the ethical teachings of the Buddha made their benign influence felt wherever they spread. Friend and foe unite to sing their praises, and even those who condemn the principles of his system are compelled to own the excellence of its practice. The ten commandments of the Buddha are not to kill, not to steal, not to commit adultery, to speak no falsehood, to utter no slander, not to curse, not to use impure or trivial language, to avoid covetousness, revenge, and false views of religion. As early as the reign of King Açoka, under whose protection the third great council of the Buddhist church was held,[1] and the canon of their faith, the so-called "three baskets,"[2] collected, capital punishment, we are informed, was entirely abolished. Hospitals were erected, not only for sick men but also for sick animals, whose sufferings were tenderly relieved. In the Path of Virtue we find such sayings as the following: "All men tremble at punishment, all men love life; remember that thou art like unto them, and do not kill nor cause slaughter." "Let a man overcome anger by love, let him overcome evil by good, let him overcome the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth;" "for hatred does not cease by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love; this is an old rule." "Let each man make himself as he teaches others to be; he who is well subdued may subdue others; one's own self is difficult to subdue." "As the bee collects nectar and departs without injuring the flower, or its color

[1] About 230 B. C.

[2] The Sutras, Vinaya, and Abhidharma, — the Discourses of Buddha, The Ethics and Metaphysics of Buddhism.

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and scent, so let the sage dwell on earth." Among the consequences of these views, toleration toward all men and their beliefs was one of the most beautiful. No religious wars, no fires of inquisition, no dark tribunals, taint the history of the Buddha's church. As Köppen aptly remarks, the whole spirit of his teachings is expressed in the Chinese adage, "Religions are many, reason is one; we are all brothers." To make the way easy for our fellows is the joy we should seek; to plant shady groves by the wayside, to dig wells at which the traveler may slake his thirst. The ennoblement of self in the unselfish should be our ultimate aim.

Forty-five years the Buddha taught his great law; slander and calumny were not wanting. In that which he held highest, the conquest of the carnal passion, his own purity was wantonly impugned. Among those whom he had taken to his heart, his own fold, there arose a traitor who vainly sought to rival his master's glory. At last he stood upon the road of Kuçinagara, and felt that his end was nigh; for the last time he looked upon the city where he had labored so long and faithfully, then sadly turned on his way; but before he reached his destination his strength forsook him, and in a grove by the roadside, at midnight, in the deep stillness of the earth, he entered the realm of Nirvana and found the last release and repose. The memory of the master lived among his disciples, and continues to live, a bountiful source of strength and consolation in millions of their descendants.

After thousands of years shall have passed away, — such is the belief of the faithful, — there shall come a new Buddha who will be called the Buddha of universal love. Again shall he raise the banner of good-will and brotherly help, again collect the great and lowly, the joyful and the mourner, and teach them all to live in one great fellowship, strong in their union, peaceful by their love. On that day the battle of existence will be ended, and each one will be happy in the happiness of all.

The hope which is here expressed is the same that has inspired every vigorous form of religion from the beginning. It is the hope of a grander destiny which the race is called upon to fulfill; the eternal trust in the higher and better that is to be.

On surveying the course of Buddha as it now lies open before us, we cannot but feel that we have here the record of a nobly aspiring life. Even his failures only serve to bring him nearer to our consciousness. But, because of the manifold sweetness that distills from his works and teachings, he will ever be counted in the number of those whom the heart of humanity cherishes as its most loving if they be not its wisest benefactors.

Felix Adler.

MA BLONDE AUX YEUX NOIRS.

Gold clouds in plumy sweep
Over lakes dark and deep,
What tries to image thee,
Ma blonde aux yeux noirs?

Gold corn all ripe to reap,
Fields brown in autumn-sleep,
What tries to image thee,
Ma blonde aux yeux noirs?

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Bee, with black, downy hair,
Gold honey clinging there,
  What is there quaint like thee,
  Ma blonde aux yeux noirs?

Gold orchid, waved in air,
Brown-flecked, and shapen rare,
  What is there quaint like thee,
  Ma blonde aux yeux noirs?

Gold wing of butterfly,
Windowed with clear black eye,
  What can I find like thee,
  Ma blonde aux yeux noirs?

Dark shadows flitting by,
Where golden sun-gleams lie,
  What can I find like thee,
  Ma blonde aux yeux noirs?

Gold birds that rise to sing,
Fanning a jet-plumed wing,
  What seeks to shine like thee,
  Ma blonde aux yeux noirs?

Dark trout, whose arrowy spring
Sends gold drops showering,
  What seeks to shine like thee,
  Ma blonde aux yeux noirs?

Pansies that richly fold
Dusk hearts in brilliant gold,
  What glooms and glows like thee,
  Ma blonde aux yeux noirs?

Wells that moist darkness hold
In desert sands of gold,
  What glooms and glows like thee,
  Ma blonde aux yeux noirs?

Gold topaz, airy clear,
Strange ebon carving near,
  Not fair nor rich like thee,
  Ma blonde aux yeux noirs!

All these did nature paint
In colors yet too faint,
  Mixing her tints for thee,
  Ma blonde aux yeux noirs!

Adelaide Alling.

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THE STATE AND THE RAILROADS.

II.

CHICAGO and its marvelous railroad system have of late years been accounted almost chief among the marvels of material progress in America. It was Professor Goldwin Smith who, about the close of the war of the rebellion, first brought the "Queen City of the Prairies" into fashionable notice, and gave the world to understand that among the wonders of America he considered her, always excepting Niagara, as best worthy of a stranger's attention. Not improbably the English scholar was right. Yet, even more than the city itself, the railroad system of Chicago then was and now is a wonderful result both of public spirit and of private enterprise, and indeed it may well be questioned whether, in a purely material way, the United States has anything more remarkable to show. More than all else, it is a most perfect example of the method of American railroad development. Founded on the principle of free, unembarrassed construction, favored and stimulated in its growth by the whole elaborate system of artificial inducements, — through land-grants, exemptions, and subsidies, — left for its sole regulation to the influence of competition, the Chicago railroad system sprang into existence with mushroom growth, and was intended to and did make the whole great region of the Northwest tributary to that favored spot at which its numerous members found their point of concentration.

Under all these circumstances it is certainly not among the least curious or notable events of the day that Chicago, *par excellence* the far-famed city of railroads, should suddenly be heard complaining loudly and bitterly of unjust and unbearable railroad discrimination against her. Such, however, has recently been the fact, and, strange as that fact seems, and indeed really is, a stranger fact yet is that this cry of complaint against its railroads, raised from Chicago, the railroad centre of the West, was echoed back by an exactly similar cry from New York, the railroad centre of the entire country. The railroads were charged with discriminating against the railroad centres, of all possible places, and giving to mere local points undue advantages over them. Such an unexpected turn of affairs as this would be curious under any circumstances, but is just now particularly deserving of thoughtful consideration. Its cause cannot lie upon the surface. It must needs indicate some radical defect in the system, or the incipient stages of some considerable revolution. It is not a thing to be disposed of by denunciation of the "railroad kings," or the "thieves of Wall Street," or the "stock-gamblers" and the "Shylock moneyed interests" of the East. All that is well enough in its way, and is indeed apparently a necessary part of every discussion on these topics, but it is open to the objection that it does not account for the existence of the phenomenon.

Here, apparently, was one of the final results of a system of railroads constructed on the theory that competition would necessarily bring about moderation in charges and equality in treatment; the very cities where the greatest number of railroad lines concentrate, where consequently competition should be strongest, were complaining most loudly that all other places were more favored than they, and that they were, through the adverse action of the railroad corporations, even driven out of the arena of business competition. Nor was the complaint groundless. There was, on the contrary, good cause for it. During the winter of 1875 and 1876, both New York and Chicago were discriminated against in the matter of railroad charges between the interior and the sea-board, and to such a degree also that, while shipments were made from New York to the West

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by the way of Boston, in like manner shipments East from Chicago were made through Milwaukee. At the moment this was regarded as merely a phase, and a passing phase at that, of railroad competition. This it was, too, but it was also something more. It was an outward manifestation of one of the most important of the changes now quietly working themselves out in the complex system of machinery through which the industrial movement of the country is carried on. The whole railroad system was trying, certainly unconsciously to the country and perhaps unconsciously to those who managed it, to pass through a great change. It was struggling to get away from the false principle of political economy upon which it was first established, and with us has always been developed, and to find its way to some other economical basis upon which it might hope to live and prosper. In fact it was, in its own way, following out the irresistible law of its existence, and working itself out through competition into combination.

It would hardly be possible that the subtle connections between a great economical revolution of the nature of that just referred to and its superficial symptoms should be easy to understand. In the present case, also, these connections are confusingly complex. To develop the subject fully requires space; to understand it at all requires patience. It involves a realizing conviction of the truth of some of the most abstract and paradoxical politico-economic truths of the day; which have hardly yet found their place in the treatises, but which are none the less working themselves out in all civilized countries with an inexorable and sometimes, as in the case of Chicago, with a cruel logic. A great deal has of late been heard of the newly developed school of political and economic thinkers, which is making itself felt in Germany, and the tendency of which is supposed to be reactionary against English free trade and *laissez faire*. These German thinkers have been laid hold of in this country by the protectionists, and claimed by them as allies. In truth they are nothing of the sort. They are free traders themselves, but they declare that the principles of free trade also are not of unlimited application; that, on the contrary, experience, and especially the experience of the last few years, has definitely shown that, in the complex development of modern life, functions are more and more developed which, in their operation, are not subject to the laws of competition or the principles of free trade, and which indeed are reduced to utter confusion within and without if abandoned to the working of those laws. The more thorough ascertainment of these limitations on principles generally correct is one of the important studies of the day. Thirty years ago they were not understood at all; they are now understood only in part. John Stuart Mill had a clear though limited perception of them, and how limited his perception was will be realized from the fact that of the twelve hundred pages of his work on political economy he devotes just four pages to this subject. Yet to-day these limitations are asserting themselves in a way which cannot be ignored. It was the ignorant disregard of them years ago which led to the discrimination last winter against New York and Chicago. It is the fact of the existence of these limitations to the possibility of leaving everything to private enterprise and the law of supply and demand which now, more than anything else in this country, threatens the permanence of our political institutions. It works in this wise.

The traditions of political economy to the contrary notwithstanding, there are functions of modern life, the number of which is also continually increasing, which necessarily partake in their essence of the character of monopolies. This they do and always must do as the fundamental condition of their development. Now it is found that, wherever this characteristic exists, the effect of competition is not to regulate cost or equalize production, but under a greater or less degree of friction to bring about combination and a closer monopoly. The law is invariable. It knows no exceptions.

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The process through which it works itself out may be long, but it is sure. When the number of those performing any industrial work in the system of modern life is necessarily limited to a few, the more powerful of those few will inevitably absorb into themselves the less powerful. The difficulty of the process is a mere question of degree; its duration is a mere question of time. That the railroad system of any country is in its essence a monopoly, although not necessarily a strict monopoly, has been pointed out *ad nauseam.* In America a great many agents are employed in the work of transportation, hence the monopoly is looser than it is in many other countries; hence, also, the process of bringing about a thorough combination of the monopolists is rendered more difficult and requires more time. None the less it goes on. The essential spirit of monopoly reveals itself even in the competition which is carried on; for, while the result of ordinary competition is to reduce and equalize prices, the result of railroad competition, as is perfectly well known and as was clearly seen in the case of Chicago and New York during the recent winter, is to produce local inequalities and to arbitrarily raise and depress prices.

This important truth is precisely what, through a long series of years, Chicago and New York have demonstrated at the expense of other points; and other points are now, for the time being, demonstrating it at the expense of New York and Chicago. It remains to show directly how this came about — through what process these cities were thus brought to a realizing sense of the unstable character of that railroad competition which had created their prosperity. When the railroad system of this country was established, more than forty years ago, it was established with an entire faith, shared by the whole community, in the effective character of railroad competition. The people of the country in their political capacity had faith in it. Indeed, not to have had faith in it at that time would have seemed almost to imply a doubt of the very principles upon which the government was established. The whole political experiment in America was based upon the theory that the government should have the least possible connection with all industrial undertakings, that these undertakings had been regulated in other countries far too much, and that now, in the New World, it was to be proved that they would regulate themselves best when most left alone. The exceptions to this rule had yet to develop themselves. Forty years ago they had not begun, or had hardly begun, to develop themselves at all. If the people, and through the people the government, had faith in competition, the private individuals who constructed the railroads seemed to have no fear of it. They built roads throughout the country, apparently in perfect confidence that the country would so develop as to support all the roads that could be built. Consequently railroads sprang up as if by magic, and after they were constructed, as it was impossible to remove them from places where they were not wanted to places where they were wanted, they lived upon the country where they could, and, when the business of the country would not support them, they lived, as best they might, upon each other. In their case an essential principle had been ignored; or rather a principle generally correct had been misapplied. To make this perfectly clear required time. The country was of immense extent, and its development under the stimulus of the new impetus was unprecedentedly rapid, while the evils sure to ensue from the violation of a fundamental law revealed themselves by slow degrees. At first, and during the lives of more than one generation, it really seemed as if the community had not relied upon this fundamental law of competition without cause. Nevertheless, there never was a time, since the first railroad was built, when he who sought to look for them could not find in almost any direction significant indications of the violation of a natural law. Local inequalities always existed, and the whole system was built up upon the principle of developing competing points at the

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expense of all others. There were certain localities in the country known as railroad centres; and these railroad centres were stimulated into an undue growth from the fact that competition was limited to them. The principles of free trade did not have full play; they were confined to favored localities. Hence resulted two things: in the first place the community suffered; then the railroads. Under the hard stress of local and through competition the most glaring inequalities were developed. The work of the railroad centres was done at a nominal profit, while the corporations recompensed themselves by extorting from other points not competing the highest profit which could be exacted. Nor was this all. The effect of competition and of the unnaturally rapid construction which had been going on was to force many railroad corporations into bankruptcy. Bankruptcy, again, became merely the process through which absorption was carried on, and from which combination resulted. The undue severity with which the railroads were forced to combat each other inevitably resulted either in alliances between them or in the fact that the larger took possession of the smaller. As long as the business of the country was good and development rapid, this might continue. Railroad construction went on with greater and greater speed. At times there were business disturbances, but the great crash did not come until the year 1873; then, suddenly, from various causes the country for the first time for many years practically stood still. All business seemed at once to die away, and the movement of the community was relaxed. Accordingly the railroads found themselves in a most difficult position. There were already too many of them for the largest amount of business which the community could do even in speculative times, and when that business fell away they found themselves in a position in which, being no longer able to live legitimately upon the country, they were forced to live upon each other. Not only was the competition between them therefore uncontrolled and beyond all control, but a new element entered into it, the effect of which could not well be calculated.

While competition existed in the main between solvent roads, it might be said to be carried on subject to some limitation. There was a point at which the owners of the railroads ceased to be willing to do business in a manner which seemed likely to result only in their inevitable ruin. The moment that point was reached, and the conviction was fairly forced upon the minds of the contending parties that a conflict further prolonged would lead to this result, and that shortly, then the moment for an agreement or for a combination had arrived. They invariably came together and sought to save themselves at the expense of the community. In other words, there was always a point, as long as solvent roads only were concerned, at which competition naturally and quietly resulted in combination. This, however, was true only of solvent corporations. But the effect of the crisis of 1873 was sharply to divide the railroad system of the whole country, and more particularly the railroad system of the West, into two classes: the solvent roads and the insolvent roads. The trunk lines mainly belonged to the former class, and the latter class comprised certain of the trunk lines and many, if indeed in the West not a majority, of what are known as the cross lines and the side lines.

Between the solvent roads and the roads thus bankrupt a new form of competition then developed itself. The bankrupt roads were operated not for profit, apparently, but to secure business; business at any price seemed to be their object. If it was paying business, so much the better; if, however, the business would not pay, it was better than no business at all. Accordingly, the position of the trunk lines soon became almost untenable. They found themselves forced to decide whether they preferred to lose their business entirely and to see it pass away from them to rival lines, or whether they preferred to retain that business by doing it at a dead loss, which seemed inevitably to

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endanger their ultimate solvency also. Such competition as this could not have its natural termination in a combination, and, therefore, either the difficulty had to be left to solve itself, or some new effort for its solution had to be devised.

Accordingly, in the summer of 1873 those managing the principal through lines running east and west met together in conference. Commodore Vanderbilt, who was supreme in the control of the most important of these lines, was then passing the vacation-time after his usual manner at Saratoga. There also the chiefs of the other lines found their way to meet him, and there took place that consultation among them which became subsequently famous as the "Saratoga conference." That conference resulted, it is true, only in a scheme which soon proved abortive; nevertheless it was deserving of all the temporary notoriety it achieved, for it will probably be found to have marked an era in the history of American railroad development. There were five rival through routes. Chief among them was the New York Central. North of the New York Central was the Grand Trunk, the through route of Canada. South of it lay three other competing lines: the Erie, the Pennsylvania, and the Baltimore & Ohio. Of those lines three only, with their connections, were represented at the Saratoga conference, or agreed to its conclusions. These were the New York Central, the Erie, and the Pennsylvania. At the time, the results of the Saratoga conference excited an amount of alarm and a popular clamor throughout the country which has rarely been equaled. It was looked upon as a movement against public policy, and the plan for operating the combined roads which resulted from its deliberations was denounced as one which, if successfully carried out, must necessarily result in the destruction of all competition for carriage between the sea-board and the West, and as consequently turning over the vital work of transporting the cereals of the interior to their market to a band of heartless monopolists. The cry of the "railroad kings" and "railroad extortioners" was at once raised from almost every quarter. Meanwhile this clamor, like most popular clamors, had little real cause. The essential principle of the Saratoga combination lay in fact merely in the substitution of an open and responsible organization for a secret and irresponsible one, which had for years been in existence. To any thoughtful and reflecting man it must at any time have seemed very questionable whether, after all, such a change was not directly to the advantage of the community; even more to the advantage of the community indeed than of the railroad corporations. That the whole business of transportation between the West and the sea-board, and the prices which should be charged for doing it, had long been performed under common tariffs binding on all the roads represented at Saratoga, and made by their agents at stated times, was a matter of common and public notoriety. The newspapers had for years contained among other regular news items the reports of the meetings of these freight agents of the different corporations, for the purpose of effecting these common tariffs, just as regularly as they had reported the doings of the state legislatures or of Congress. That such meetings should have been held and such common tariffs prepared and published was obviously a matter of mere necessity to the railroads. It would have been utterly impossible for them to live under the pressure of a war of rates, knowing no limitation, — a war in which rival lines would be continually forced to combine against each other until, as has actually been the case, freight of every description should be transported long distances absolutely for nothing. There was a time when cattle were brought over the competing roads in New York at a dollar a car. Such competition as this plainly opened the widest and shortest way to insolvency, and it was to avoid it that the conventions of freight agents met. There was no secrecy about their proceedings. The tariffs arranged by them were published in the papers. They took effect at stated periods, and they were subject to modifications at other periods. There

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was no more concealment about them, if indeed so much, as there was about the regular local tariffs in operation on the several roads represented. The only difference between the local and the through tariffs was that, whereas the former were fixed and rarely changed, the latter were subject to sudden and violent fluctuations. These fluctuations were known as railroad wars, and to these it was proposed to put a stop through the machinery devised in the Saratoga conference. It was not intended as the result of that conference to, as it is called, "pool" the profits of the different lines which were parties to it. On the contrary, each line was to be left free to procure all the business that it could, and charge the agreed-upon rates therefor, and to keep to itself all the profits that it could realize from it. There was nothing which looked to a common-purse arrangement. The attempt was solely to do away with wars of rates through the agency of arbitration. In place of leaving each company to assert its own rights and to maintain them if it was able, a central board was organized, the duty of which was to establish rules and tariffs which should be binding upon the various companies, and this central board it was intended should be clothed with sufficient powers to hold the companies firmly. It was an attempt in the first instance to substitute arbitration among railroads for a condition of perpetual warfare; consequently, though the roads through this board secured a much closer combination than had ever before been effected, yet, from the very fact of their so doing, they also concentrated responsibility upon the board and consequently upon themselves. The board of arbitration was their representative. It acted openly and publicly, before the whole country. It established rates, and it was responsible to the country and to public opinion for the rates thus established. Upon it, therefore, the whole force of public opinion could, at any time, be brought to bear, in place of being dissipated as before among a number of wholly irresponsible subordinate agencies. Apparently, therefore, to any one who looked below the mere surface of things, to any one who was not led astray by empty cries against railroad kings, and by the equally empty denunciation of monopolies, the Saratoga conference had resulted in no insignificant public benefit. It had substituted the responsible for the irresponsible; publicity for secrecy; it seemed, at last, to promise to bring the railroads together under one head, and that head directly accountable to public opinion.

Obviously, the adhesion of all the trunk lines was essential to the success of this experiment. The position would not be greatly altered from what it had been before, if, while the three central through lines between the West and the sea-board had effected a combination, they were yet flanked, as it were, on the one side and the other, by lines not parties to the arrangement; by the Grand Trunk Railroad upon the north, and by the Baltimore & Ohio on the south. This proved to be the fact. At the time of the conference, Mr. Garrett, the president of the Baltimore & Ohio road, was absent in Europe. Immediately on his return, ostensibly to pay him a visit of compliment, but in reality to induce him to give in his adhesion to the new arrangement, the representatives of the other lines paid a visit to Baltimore. It soon became apparent that trouble was impending. Mr. Garrett declined to surrender what he called the independent policy of his line. He stated the willingness of the corporation which he represented to agree to adhere to the rates established by the combined lines, but he refused to subject his company to the jurisdiction of the board of arbitration. He sought, in fact, to avoid all entangling alliance, keeping the Baltimore & Ohio in a position of absolute independence, to do what it pleased in view of the local interests which it had always been its policy to foster. The representatives of the three central lines returned, therefore, from Baltimore in no good humor. Nor were their apprehensions of impending trouble unfounded. Hardly was the board of arbitration under the Saratoga conference organized, when a bitter railroad war arose between the lines which they represent-

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ed and their southern neighbor. The more active hostilities were necessarily confined to the Pennsylvania road, which was brought immediately in contact with the Baltimore & Ohio. The war, though short, was very severe, and, for the time being, seemed to disorganize the railroad relations of half the country. It ended, as wars between solvent corporations always have ended and always must end, in an agreement. The Baltimore & Ohio became one of the combination of roads, upon the old footing of tariffs agreed upon in conferences of freight agents. It retained its independence. It was not subject to the jurisdiction, or bound by the action, of any board of arbitration, and consequently the board became a useless piece of lumber. Thus the one thing, practically, which the furious struggle had resulted in was the destruction of that which was best in the Saratoga arrangement. The worst features of the old system of irresponsible combination were restored. The railroads, in fact, returned into what might be called a state of nature; a condition in which it might be said that the railroad companies became again Rob Roys, so far as business was concerned: for "they might take who had the power, and they might keep who could." With the board of arbitration the two great principles of publicity and direct responsibility, which that board of arbitration necessarily represented, had also disappeared; there remained nothing but a loose understanding, such as it was, between four of the five through routes, which was binding upon them as long as they saw fit to be bound by it. Even this, however, did not perfect the combination. The Grand Trunk of Canada still refused to enter into it; and the Grand Trunk of Canada was not only thus a recusant road, but it also so happened that it was bankrupt. This, for the reasons already stated, sorely complicated the struggle. The combined and solvent roads were very loath to enter into a war of rates with an insolvent through line, aided, as it necessarily was, by the whole system of bankrupt Western connections. Therefore railroad competition in the winter of 1875 developed itself to its full extent, and hence the complaints of Chicago and New York. The Grand Trunk road led directly neither to the one nor to the other of these cities. Consequently, the combined roads being unwilling to meet that line in a war of rates at other points which it did not reach, it was left at liberty to compete at those points almost without restraint. Its rates, and those of the roads which connected with it, accordingly were marked down low enough to cause business to be turned away from the combined lines. This meant that business was diverted from Chicago and from New York, the centres which those lines especially connected. Meanwhile, though the Grand Trunk did not reach either Chicago or New York, it did through connecting roads reach the rival cities of Milwaukee and Boston. Hence it was that so long as that war of rates was suffered to continue, both New York and Chicago looked on, not without dismay, while the stream which flowed through their own channels seemed rapidly to be drying up, and that which flowed through the channels of their rivals was swollen beyond all precedent.

That such a condition of affairs should long be endured in silence was not to be expected. Accordingly the business communities of both cities soon began to bestir themselves, and the press of each to make itself heard. The course pursued in the two cases was almost diametrically opposite. In New York the merchants met together in conference, and a committee was appointed to wait upon the managers of the New York Central line and to point out to them the damage which was being done to what must after all, under any circumstances, remain the natural terminus of that line. The duty of protecting their own best customer, which devolved upon those managing the line, scarcely needed to be dwelt upon. The meeting between the committee and the officials was a very friendly one. No complaint was made as to the rates then charged by the New York Central. These were freely

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acknowledged to be reasonable and sufficiently low. But the competing rates of the other line were lower. On this point there was no dispute, the railroad officials freely admitting that the rates west from Boston were some fifty per cent. less than the rates at that same time from New York. It was not denied, either, that this condition of affairs necessarily resulted in great hardship, and must involve the destruction of many branches of New York business.

Under these circumstances, the Vanderbilts at once recognized and acknowledged the public duty which devolved upon them. They stated to the committee the circumstances under which they were placed, and promised at once that, at whatever cost, the interests of the city of New York should be protected.

A fierce railroad war now seemed impending. A bold announcement was at once put forth that the New York Central was prepared to enter into the field of competition, even with its bankrupt rival, and that rates would be marked down to any point necessary for the protection of New York interests, however low that point might prove to be. Accordingly they were at once reduced some sixty per cent. It was obvious that events must take one of two courses. Either there must be a destructive war, in which the New York Central, as the solvent line, would suffer the most; or it must be made worth the while of those managing the Grand Trunk to enter the combination and retire from the struggle. Events moved rapidly. Scarcely were the newspapers filled with the rumors of war and with the loud notes of preparation for it, when they also announced that a conference of the competing parties was about to be held in the city of New York. It was held there. The usual discussion took place in public, which promised, apparently, to produce small results. The parties seemed to stand too far apart from each other. These things, however, are not generally arranged in public, or in the presence of newspaper reporters. While the representatives of connecting roads, East and West, were discussing and hopelessly differing, those representing the three corporations most immediately concerned withdrew to the parlor of a neighboring hotel. In an hour or two they separated. What had taken place in that brief interview, no one knows. The deliberations have never been made public. All that is known is that the evening papers of New York for that day announced that all differences between the competing lines were adjusted, and that rates would at once be restored to a paying basis.

Thus in the East, so far as the through business to the interior was concerned, competition had played its full part and had resulted in combination — a combination crude, indeed, and imperfect; liable to fall to pieces at any moment, and inherently defective, so far as the community was concerned, in that it lacked the two essentials of publicity in its proceedings and an acknowledged and responsible head. Under its operation, however, local discriminations ceased, and the gross injustice of having forty and fifty per cent. difference in the rates between neighboring cities and the same points in the interior was no longer tolerated. In the West, however, even this distant approach to system and justice could not be attained. The process of evolution through which the railroad system has to pass could be studied there in one of its earlier phases. While at the East combination was possible, at the West competition was uncontrollable. At the very beginning of its sessions, therefore, the committee of the Chicago Board of Trade, to which the matter of the freight discriminations against that city had been referred, found itself confronted by a problem impossible of present solution. That problem involved the whole question of American railroad development, not only economically but politically. It included the relations which the system was in future to bear to the state, as well as the method in which it was to perform its duties to the community. The committee wholly failed to take in the situation. In its

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report it showed not only an inability to grasp the cause of the difficulty it had undertaken to investigate, but also its inability to suggest a remedy for it. The experience of New York and the proceedings of the Eastern roads ought apparently to have thrown some light on the course which events were inevitably taking. Apparently, however, they did not. It was a lesson lost. But the subject is one possessing an unusual interest for the people, not only of Chicago and the West, but of the whole country. The views about to be advanced upon it in these pages will to most appear paradoxical in the extreme, nor can they be properly developed in the space allotted to the present article.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

A SHAKER VILLAGE.

It was our fortune to spend six weeks of last summer in the neighborhood of a community of the people called Shakers — who are chiefly known to the world-outside by their apple-sauce, by their garden seeds so punctual in coming up when planted, by their brooms so well made that they sweep clean long after the ordinary new broom of proverb has retired upon its reputation, by the quaintness of their dress, and by the fame of their religious dances. It is well to have one's name such a synonym for honesty that anything called by it may be bought and sold with perfect confidence, and it is surely no harm to be noted for dressing out of the present fashion, or for dancing before the Lord. But when our summer had come to an end, and we had learned to know the Shakers for so many other qualities, we grew almost to resent their superficial renown among men. We saw in them a sect simple, sincere, and fervently persuaded of the truth of their doctrine, striving for the realization of a heavenly ideal upon earth; and amidst the hard and often sordid commonplace of our ordinary country life, their practice of the austerities to which men and women have devoted themselves in storied times and picturesque lands clothed these Yankee Shakers in something of the pathetic interest which always clings to our thoughts of monks and nuns.

Their doctrine has been so often explained that I need not dwell upon it here, but the more curious reader may turn to the volumes of The Atlantic Monthly of 1867 for an authoritative statement of all its points in the autobiography of Elder Evans of Mt. Lebanon. Mainly, their faith is their life; a life of charity, of labor, of celibacy, which they call the angelic life. Theologically, it can be most succinctly presented in their formula, Christ Jesus and Christ Ann, their belief being that the order of special prophecy was completed by the inspiration of Mother Ann Lee, the wife of the English blacksmith, Stanley. She is their second Christ; their divine mother, whom some of their hymns invoke; and for whom they cherish a filial love. The families of Shirley and Harvard, Massachusetts, were formed in her time, near the close of the last century; at the latter place they show the room in which she lived, and whence she was once dragged by the foolish mob which helps to found every new religion.

In regard to other points their minds vary. Generally they do not believe in the miraculous birth or divinity of Christ; he was a divinely good and perfect man, and any of us may become divine by being godlike. Generally, also, I should say that they reject the Puritanic ideas of future rewards and punishments, and accept something like the Swedenborgian notion of the life hereafter. They

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are all spiritualists, recognizing a succession of inspirations from the earliest times down to our own, when they claim to have been the first spiritual mediums. Five or six years before the spirits who have since animated so many table-legs, planchettes, phantom shapes, and what not began to knock at Rochester, the Shaker families in New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, and elsewhere were in full communion with the other world, and they were warned of the impending invasion of the world's parlor and dining-room sets. They feel by no means honored, however, by all the results. But they believe that the intercourse between the worlds can be rescued from the evil influences which have perverted it, and they have signs, they say, of an early renewal of the manifestations among themselves. In some ways these have in fact never ceased. Many of the Shaker hymns, words and music, are directly inspirational, coming to this brother or that sister without regard to his or her special genius; they are sung and written down, and are then brought into general use. The poetry is like that which the other world usually furnishes through its agents in this, — hardly up to our literary standard; but the music has always something strangely wild, sweet, and naïve.

The Shakers claim to be the purest and most Christian church, proceeding in a straight succession from the church which Christ's life of charity and celibacy established on earth; whereas, all the other churches are sprung from the first Gentile churches, to whose weakness and willfulness certain regrettable things, as slavery, war, private property, and marriage, were permitted. Acknowledging a measure of inspiration in all religions, they also recognize a kindred attraction to the angelic life in the celibate orders of every faith: the Roman vestals, the Peruvian virgins of the sun, and the Buddhist *bonzes*, as well as the monks and nuns of the Catholic Church. They complain that they have not been understood by such alien writers as have treated of them, and have represented them as chiefly useful in furnishing homes for helpless and destitute people of all ages and sexes. In the words of Elder Fraser, of Shirley, the Shakers claim that their system is "based on the fact that each man has in himself a higher and a lower life," and that Shakerism "is a manifestation of the higher to the exclusion of the lower life. Its object is to gather into one fold all who have risen above their natural propensities," and they think with Paul that though those who marry do well, yet those who do not marry do better. Their preaching and teaching is largely to this effect; and yet I do not find it quite strange that friends from the world-outside regard rather the spectacle of the Shakers' peaceful life, and think mostly of their quiet homes as refuges for those disabled against fate, the poor, the bruised, the hopeless; after all, Christ himself is but this. As I recall their plain, quaint village at Shirley, a sense of its exceeding peace fills me; I see its long, straight street, with the severely simple edifices on either hand; the gardens up-hill on one side and down-hill on the other; its fragrant orchards and its levels of clovery meadow-land stretching away to buckwheat fields, at the borders of whose milky bloom the bee paused, puzzled which sweet to choose; and it seems to me that one whom the world could flatter no more, one broken in hope, or health, or fortune, could not do better than come hither and meekly ask to be taken into that quiet fold, and kept forever from his sorrows and himself. But — such is the hardness of the natural heart — I cannot think of one's being a Shaker on any other terms, except, of course, a sincere conviction.

The first time that we saw the Shaker worship was on the occasion of Sister Julia's funeral, to which we were asked the day after her death. It was a hot afternoon at the end of July, and when we drove out of the woods, we were glad of the ash and maple trees that shade the village street in nearly its whole length. There were once three families at Shirley, but the South Family, so-called, has been absorbed by the Church Family, and its dwellings, barns, and

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shops are occupied by tenants and work-people of the community. The village is built on each side of the road, under the flank of a long ridge, and the land still falls, from the buildings on the eastern side, into a broad, beautiful valley (where between its sycamores the Nashua runs unseen) with gardens, orchards, patches of corn and potatoes, green meadows, and soft clumps of pine woods; beyond rise the fertile hills in a fold of which the village of the Harvard Shakers lies hid from their brethren at Shirley.

Between the South Family and the Church Family were two wayside monuments that always won my admiration and homage. One was a vast apple-tree, whose trunk was some three feet through, and whose towering top was heavy, even in an off-year for apples, with a mass of young fruit; apparently this veteran, after supplying cider and "sass" for at least a century, was resolute to continue its benefactions for another hundred years to come. The other reverend monument on this road was the horse-trough: not one of the perishable horse-troughs that our civilization, conscious of its own evanescence, scoops from a log, and leaves to soak and rot year by year, but a great, generous bowl, four feet across, and nearly as many deep, which some forgotten Shaker brother had patiently hollowed out of a mass of granite. A spring, led in pipes from the hill-side, fills it to the brim, with a continual soft bubble in the centre and silent drip of the moisture over the edges to keep fresh the cool, sober green with which in many passing years it has painted the gray stone. Our horse was hired from the Shakers, and was, if one may say it without disrespect, so bigoted a brother himself that he could scarcely be got to drink any water at our farm, but kept his thirst for this fount, which, even when he was not thirsty, he would fondly stop to kiss and loll his great head over. The brother to whom he belonged by courtesy (for of course he was owned in common, like everything else Shaker) had let him form the habit of snatching birch leaves and bushy tops of all sorts along the woodland roads, and we learned to indulge and even cherish this eccentricity. He was called Skip; apparently because he never skipped.

We stopped at the office of the Church Family, which is a large brick house, scrupulously plain, like all the rest, and appointed for the transaction of business and the entertainment of visitors. Here three sisters and one brother are in charge, and here are chambers for visitors staying overnight. The Shakers do not keep a public-house, and are far from inviting custom, but their theory of Christianity forbids them to turn any one unhoused or unfed from their doors; the rich pay a moderate charge, and the poor nothing — as that large and flourishing order of fellow-citizens, the tramps, very well know. These overripe fruits of our labor system lurk about in the woods and by-ways, and turn up at the Shakers' doors after dark, where they are secure of being fed and sheltered in the little dormitory set apart for them. "And some of them," said Elder Fraser, "really look as if the pit had vomited them up."

In the parlor of the office, we found our friends the office-sisters, and a number of Shakers and Shakeresses from Harvard, including two of the Harvard elders, who had come to the funeral, and who presently repaired to the plain, white-painted, hip-roofed church-building. Besides ourselves there were but few of the world-outside there, and these few were nearly all tenants from the South Family farm, so that the whole ceremony was unrestricted by reference to spectators, though I am bound to add that no Shaker ceremony that I have seen was embarrassed by the world's observation, however great the attendance of lookers-on. We were separated, the men from the women, as were the brethren and sisters, who sat facing each other on rows of long settees opposite the spectators. The sisters came in wearing their stiff gauze caps; the brothers with their broad straw-hats, which they took off and hung up on the wooden pegs set round the whole room.

There was silence for a little while,

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in which the Shakers took from their pockets and laid across their knees white handkerchiefs as great and thick as napkins, and then placed their hands palm down on the handkerchiefs, and waited till some one began to sing, when they all joined in the hymn. There was none of their characteristic dancing — or marching, rather — that day, but as they sang they all softly beat time with their hands upon their knees, and they sang with a fervent rapture that the self-possessed worship of our world's congregations no longer knows. Their hymns were now wild and sad, and now jubilant, but the music was always strong and sweet, as it came from lips on which it had been breathed by angelic inspiration. There seemed to be no leader, but after each silence some brother or sister began to sing, and the rest followed, except in one case, when it was announced that the hymn was Sister Julia's favorite and would be sung in compliance with her request. There was no prayer, or any set discourse, but the elders and eldresses, and many others spoke in commemoration of Sister Julia's duteous and faithful life, and in expression of their love for her. Their voices trembled, and the younger sisters, who had been most about her at the last, freely gave way to their tears. Each one who spoke had some special tribute to pay to her faithfulness, or some tender little testimony to bear to her goodness of heart; several read verses which they had written in memory of her, and amongst these was the elder of the Church Family, who conducted the ceremonies. What was most observable in it all was the familiar character; it was as if these were brothers and sisters by the ties of nature, who spoke of the dead. The faces of nearly all but our old friend Elder Fraser were strange to us, but they were none the less interesting, from the many-wrinkled front of the nonagenarian who has spent half his century in Shirley, to the dimpled visage of the small boy or girl last adopted into the family. They were peaceful faces, the older ones with the stamp of a strong discipline which sustained while it subdued. The women were in far the greater number, as they are in the world's assemblies in this quarter, and a good half were children or young girls who had not come to close question with themselves, and of whom it could not yet be finally affirmed that they were Shakeresses. The history which was not written could not be read, but it was not easy to believe of those who had passed their prime that they had devoted themselves to their ideal without regrets or misgivings, nor was it true of any. "We are women," one of them afterwards said, "and we have had our thoughts of homes and children of our own."

During our six weeks' stay near them we saw our Shaker friends nearly every day. Some of their fruit was now coming into season, and we were asked down to the village to see the first harvest of their new Wachuset blackberry, a recent discovery by Brother Leander, who noticed a vine one day by the wayside on which the berries hung ripe, while those on neighboring bushes were yet two weeks from their maturity. He observed also that the cane was almost free from thorns; he marked the vine, and when the leaves fell, transplanted it. In the garden we found a dozen brothers and sisters busy on either side of the rows of bushes which bowed beneath their weight of ripe berries in those first days of August.

In the afternoon we found the office-sisters in the basement of their dwelling, putting up the berries in boxes, which they did with Shaker scrupulosity as to ripeness and justness of measure. The Shakers are very diligent people, and yet seem always to have any desired leisure, as one may notice in large, old-fashioned families where people do their own work. The industries at Shirley are broom-making (at which the minister, Elder John Whiteley,[1] and several of the brothers work), raising blackberries,

[1] Elder Whiteley is an Englishman, who before coming to this country had heard the Shakers mentioned by Robert Owen as successful communists, and shortly after his arrival, in 1843, heard the scrupulous honesty of the sect spoken of. He tried to learn something about their belief at this time, but

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drying sweet corn, and making apple-sauce and jellies. In former times, before the wickedness of fermented drinks was clearly established, one brother made wine from the bacchanal grape as well as the self-righteous elderberry, and some bottles of his vintage yet linger in the office-cellar. But no wine has been made for many years, now; for the Shakers are very strictly abstemious. Yet if a brother's natural man insist upon a draught now and then, they consider all the circumstances, and do not forbid, while they deplore. A similar tolerance they use toward the Virginian weed, and I have seen a snuffing as well as a chewing brother. They generally avoid also tea and coffee, shortened biscuit, doughnuts, and the whole unwholesome line of country cookery, while they accept and practice the new gospel of oat-meal porridge and brown-bread gems in its fullness. Many of the younger people are averse from meat, following the example and precept of our good Elder Fraser, who for the last thirty-five years has kept his tough Scotch bloom fresh upon a diet that involves harm to no living creature, and at seventy looks as ruddy as few Americans at any time of life.

But after this testimony to their healthful regimen, shall I confess that the Shakers did not seem to me especially healthful-looking? They do not look so fresh nor so strong as the same number of well-to-do city people; and they are not, as a community, exempt in notable degree from the ills we are all heir to. Is it possibly true that our climate is healthful only in proportion as it is shut out by brick walls and plate-glass, and battened down under cobble and flag stones; that the less fresh air we have the better, and that Nature here is at best only a step-mother to our race? But perhaps it is too much to expect a single generation, gathered from the common stock of an unwisely-feeding ancestry, to show the good effects of a more reasonable regimen. The Shakers labor under the disadvantage of not being able to transmit a cumulative force of good example in their descendants; they must always be dealing, even in their own body, with the sons of pie and the daughters of doughnut; and Elder Fraser, who one Sunday spoke outright against these abominations, addressing the strangers present, will have to preach long and often the better culinary faith, which the Shakers received from the spirits (as they claim), before he can reach the stomachs, at once poor and proud, of the dyspeptical world-outside.

We went regularly to the Shaker meeting, which in summer is held every Sunday in the church-building I have mentioned; in winter the meetings are privately held in the large room kept for that purpose in every Shaker dwelling, and used throughout the year for family gatherings, social and devotional. The seats for spectators in the church were filled, and sometimes to overflowing, by people from the country and the villages round about, as well as by summer-boarders from the neighboring town of Lancaster, whose modish silks and millinery distinguished them from the rural congregation; but all were respectful and attentive to the worship which they had come to look at, and which, in its most fantastic phase, I should think could move only a silly person to laughter. The meetings opened with singing, and then Elder Wetherbee, of the Church Family, briefly addressed the brethren

it was not till five years later that he succeeded. Then a fellow-workman (he was a wool-sorter by trade) lent him some of the doctrinal books of the Shakers, which he read aloud with his wife in the winter evenings. They both "gathered faith" in the Shaker life, and shortly after they made the acquaintance of some Shakers visiting friends in Andover, where Elder Whiteley lived, and by their invitation returned with them to Shirley. Hither, two months later, they came again, bringing their children, and lived together nearly four years in the South Family. At the end of that time Elder Whiteley was asked to take charge of the temporal affairs of the North Family, and the test of their faith had come. The father and mother, who had known each other from childhood, parted, and gave up their children to the charge of the community. In a few years he became elder of the North Family, and about five years ago he was chosen to his present place in the ministry.

Elder Whiteley relates that on his voyage to America he had a dream or vision of his future home here, so vivid that he wrote down its particulars. When he first came to Shirley he recognized at once the scene prefigured in his dream

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and sisters in terms which were commonly a grateful recognition of the beauty of their "gospel relation" to each other, and of their safety from sin in a world of evil. The words were not always ready, but the sincere affection and conviction which breathed from them were characteristic of all the addresses which followed. After the elder sat down, they sang again, and then the minister, John Whiteley, read a chapter of the Bible, and made a few remarks; then, with alternate singing and speaking (the speaking was mostly from the men, though now and then a sister rose and bore her testimony to her heartfelt happiness in Shakerism, or declared her intention to take up a cross against such or such a tendency of her nature), the services proceeded till the time for the marching came. Till this time the brothers and sisters had sat confronting each other on settees, which they now lifted and set out of the way against the wall. A group formed in an ellipse in the middle, with two lines of marchers outside of them, headed by Elder Wetherbee. Some one struck into one of their stirring march tunes, and those in the ellipse began to rock back and forth on their feet, and to sway their bodies to the music, while the marchers with a sort of rising motion began their round, all beating time with a quick outward gesture of the arms and an upward gesture of the open palms. It was always a thrilling sight, fantastic, as I said, but not ludicrous, and it never failed to tempt the nerves to so much Shakerism at least as lay in the march. To the worshipers this part of their rite was evidently that sort of joy which, if physical, is next to spiritual transport. Their faces were enraptured, they rose and rose in their march with a glad exultation; suddenly the singing ceased, the march instantly ended, and the arms of each sank slowly down to the side. Some brother now spoke again, and when he closed, another song was raised, and the march resumed, till in the course of the singing and speaking those forming the central ellipse had been relieved and enabled to join the march. When it ended, the settees were drawn up again, and the brethren and sisters sat down as before. Generally, one or two of the younger sisters would at this point read some article or poem from The Shaker and Shakeress, — the organ of the sect published at Mt. Lebanon, New York, and made up of contributions by members of the different families throughout the country. If the extract was particularly to the minds of the listeners, one of them pronounced it "good," and there was a general testimony to this effect. When these were finished, Elder Fraser, of the North Family, came forward between the rows of Shakers, and addressed the world in the principal discourse of the day. I always liked his speaking, for, if I did not accept his Shakerism, I felt bound to accept his good sense; and besides, it is pleasant, after the generalizing of the pulpits, to have the sins of one's fellow-men frankly named and fully rebuked; in this sort of satisfaction I sometimes almost felt myself without reproach. I suppose that what Elder Fraser and Elder Wetherbee and Elder John Whiteley preached is what is called morality by those who make a distinction between that and religion; but there was constant reference to Christ in their praise of the virtues they wished us to practice. Elder Fraser's discourses took a wide range at times, and he enforced his faith in language which, while it was always simple, was seldom wanting in strength, clearness, and literary excellence. He and Minister Whiteley are readers of most of the late books of religious and scientific controversy, from the most hopeless of which they come back confirmed and refreshed in their Shaker belief.

It was very pleasant to hear Elder Fraser, not only in the church, but also among his raspberries and grape-vines, to the culture of which he brought a spirit by no means bowed to the clod. He was fond of drawing illustrations from nature in his most daring theories of the universe, and the sucker that his hoe lopped away, or the vine bud that his thumb and forefinger sacrificed to the prosperity of the clusters, furnished him argument as he worked and talked.

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He is lately from Mt. Lebanon, where his years and services had justly retired him from all labors but those he chose to add to his literary pursuits; yet he came back to active life in Shirley at the intimation that his presence there would be to the advantage of the North Family, and he bears his little cross (as the Shakers call any trouble they would make light of) with the cheerfulest content.[1] The boys, the sweet corn, the tomatoes, the grapes, the pears, flourish equally in his care at the North Family, and I do not know where else one should find such clumps of cockscomb and prince's feather and beds of balsam as grow under his kindly smile and diligent hand.

I am not sure whether the different faces in the march had a greater or less fascination to us after we came to know their different owners personally. Each showed his or her transport in a different way, and each had some peculiarity of step or movement that took our idle minds and made us curious about their history and character. Among them, none was more striking than the nonagenarian, whose bent frame kept its place in the round, but whose nerveless hands beat time after a very fugitive and erratic fashion. Father Abraham is very deaf, and in the singing some final bit of belated melody always stuck in his throat, and came scratching and scrambling up after the others had ceased in a manner that was rather hard to bear. But it was wonderful that he should know what tunes they sang when they sang without book. He is the author of a system of musical notation which the Shakers used exclusively until very lately, and which many of them still prefer. At his great age he still works every day at basket-making, in which he is very skillful and conscientious. But it is superfluous to say this; Shaker work is always the best of its kind. He is rarely sick, and he takes part in all the details of the worship, as he did when he came, sixty years ago. He was then a young man, and it is said that he visited the community from idle curiosity, with his betrothed. Its life and faith made an instant impression upon him, and he proposed to the young girl that they should both become Shakers; but after due thought she refused. She said that she would not be a hindrance to his wish in the matter; if he was called to this belief, she gave him back his promise. To the Shakers it seems right that he should have accepted her sacrifice; to some of the world-outside it will seem tragic. Who knows? He has never regretted his course; she took another mate, saw her children about her knee, and died long ago, after a life that was no doubt as happy as most. But perhaps in an affair like that, a girl's heart had supreme claims. Perhaps there are some things that one ought not to do even with the hope of winning heaven.

After this old man, some of the little ones, left by death or their parents' poverty or worthlessness to the care of the Shakers, were the most interesting figures in the march, through which they moved with such a pretty pleasure. The meeting must have been a delight to them, though their faces kept a soberness which was an edifying proof of their discipline. This is the effect of vigilance and moral suasion; I believe the Shakers never strike their little wards, or employ any harsh measures with them.

One has somehow the impression that the young people of the Shakers are held in compulsory allegiance, but of course this is not at all the fact. As soon as they are old enough to take care of themselves they are entirely free to go or to stay. Undoubtedly they are constantly taught the advantages of the community over the world, and the superior merit of the virgin life over the married state, which they may be inclined to think of as they grow to be men and women. Marriage is not held to be sinful or dishonorable. "Few things," said one of the elders, "are more pleasing to us than the sight of a

[1] Those who care to taste his theological quality, and get at the same time a potent draught of Shakerism, can send to Shirley for his characteristic little tract on The Divine Afflatus in History.

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happy young couple, living rightly in their order," but marriage is earthly and human, and celibacy is divine; as the thoughts are turned to higher things, they forsake husband or wife. Nevertheless, if their young women will marry, the Shakers claim the satisfaction of thinking that they have received in the community the best possible training for wives and mothers, — that they have been taught diligence, economy, and all branches of domestic knowledge. More than once there have been secessions of young people, which are nearly always stealthy, not because there could be any constraint, but because they dreaded to face the disappointed hopes of their elders. In after years, these delinquents from the angelic condition sometimes return to thank their benefactors, and to declare that they owe most of their worldly prosperity to their unworldly precepts. The proportion of those reared in Shakerism whom the Shakers expect to keep is small; they count quite as much for their increase upon accessions of mature men and women from outside, whom the Shaker life and doctrine persuade. These they invite now, as always, very cordially to join them, and they look forward to a time when their dwindling communities shall be restored to more than their old numbers.

One bad effect of the present decrease, which all thoughtful Shakers deplore, is the employment of hired labor. This, as communists, they feel to be wrong; but they are loath either to alienate their land or to let it lie idle. A strange and sad state of things results: the most profitable crop that they can now raise is timber, which they harvest once in thirty years, and which it costs nothing to cultivate, whereas it costs more to plant and reap the ordinary farm-crops, at the present rate of farm labor, than the crops will sell for. This is the melancholy experience of shrewd managers and economical agriculturists. The farmer who can till his own fields and take care of his own stock can live by farming, but no other can. One might not regret this, for it tends to encourage the subdivision of land, but the farm which one man's labor can till is too small to support a family; and the farmer cannot count upon the help of his children, for these, as soon as they grow up, leave the homestead, the girls to be teachers, factory operatives, table-girls, shop-girls; the boys for the cities and the West.

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay,"

and perhaps one ought to take heart from the fact that these rural districts are as poor as ever, though they have not half the population they had fifty years ago. Yet it was not easy to be cheerful when in our drives about the country we came from time to time upon some grass-grown cellar where a farm-house had once stood, or counted, within the circuit of a mile about the corners where we sojourned, a score of these monuments of adversity. It is not that the soil is so poor, but that it lacks the tilth of an owner's hands. How shall it be restored to prosperity? It is within thirty-five miles of Boston, where we all know to our sorrow that provisions are dearer than anywhere in the country, — not to specify the whole planet, — and where consequently the best market is; yet the land grows up to woods. Who shall inherit this legacy of the Puritans, won at such bitter cost from the wilderness? Other races and another religion, it appears; here and there the Irish have found foothold; a good part of the population is Canadian; the farm laborers are all either Irish or French.

The decay of numbers, then, which the Shakers confess with so great regret, is but their share of the common blight, and how to arrest it is their share of the common perplexity. I could not encourage Elder Fraser to indulge great hopes, when one day in a burst of zeal for Shakerism he said, "We want cultivated people — half the subscribers to The Atlantic Monthly — to come and fill up our vacant ranks." I represented to him that our readers, though perhaps well-meaning persons, were practically unregenerate, and were consoled in their unregeneracy by a degree of worldly

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comfort not favorable to the acceptance of a life and a creed requiring so many sacrifices, pampered, as they were every month, with the most delightful literature the age produces. These were not the people, I said, among whom to make converts; the disappointed, the poor, the destitute, were the field from which to reap; and very probably the habitual readers of other magazines might find it a refuge and a relief to become Shakers. We often touched upon this subject of the decay of Shakerism, which they face bravely and not unhopefully, and yet with a care concerning it that was not less than touching. What could it matter to those childless men and women whether any like them should inherit them in this world, to which, while living, they had turned so cold a shoulder? Very little indeed, one would have said, and yet they were clearly anxious that Shakerism should flourish after them. Their anxiety was not so unnatural; none of us can bear to think of leaving the fruits of our long endeavor to chance and the stranger. But I may attribute the largest share of the Shaker reluctance to perish from the earth to zeal for the perpetuation of the true faith — faith which was founded, like all others, in persecution, built up amidst ridicule and obloquy, and now, when its practical expression is received with respect by all the neighboring world, is in some danger of ceasing among men, not through the indifference of believers, but through their inevitable mortal decay. There are several reasons for the present decrease, besides that decrease of the whole rural population which I have mentioned. The impulse of the age is towards a scientific, a sensuous, an æsthetic life. Men no longer remain on the lonely farms, or in the little towns where they were born, brooding upon the ways of God to man; if they think of God, it is too often to despair of knowing him; while the age calls upon them to learn this, that, and the other, to get gain and live at ease, to buy pianos and pictures, and take books out of the circulating library. The new condition is always vulgar, and amidst the modern ferment we may look back upon the old stagnation and call it repose. Whatever it was, it was a time when men's minds turned fervidly from the hard work-days of this world to the Sabbaths of another; from the winter, the wilderness, the privation of New England, to the eternal summer and glory and fruition of the New Jerusalem. How to get there was their care; it was for this that wives and husbands rent themselves asunder, and shared their children with strangers; it was for this that the lover left his love, and the young girl forbade her heart's yearning; we may be sure that it was zeal for heaven, for the imagined service of God, that built up the Shaker communities.

Their peculiar dress remembers the now quaint days of their origin; it is not a costume invented or assumed by them; it is the American dress of a hundred years ago, as our rustic great-grandparents wore it, with such changes as convenience, not fashion, has suggested to the Shakers since. With all its quaintness it has a charm which equally appears whether it is worn by old or by young. To the old, the modest soberness of the colors, the white kerchief crossed upon the breast, the clean stiff cap, were singularly becoming; and the young had in their simple white Sunday dresses a look of maidenly purity which is after all the finest ornament. The colors we noticed at meeting were for the young mostly white, for the middle-aged and elderly the subdued tints of drab, bronze, and lead-color, which also prevailed with the men of all ages. Both sexes wear collars that cover the whole neck, and both eschew the vanity of neck-ties; some of the brothers suffered themselves the gayety of showing at the ends of their trousers-legs the brighter selvage of the cloth; if indeed this was a gayety, and not, as one clothed in the world's taste might have accounted it, an added mortification of the spirit.

The Shakers used to spin and weave all the stuff they wore, but to do this now would be a waste of time; they buy the alpaca and linen which both sexes wear in summer, and their substantial

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woolens for the winter. Some relics of their former skill and taste remain in the handsome counterpanes in their guest-chambers at the office, which were dyed, spun, and woven in the family, and the sisters are still skilled in braiding palm-leaf hats and in the old-fashioned art of hooking rugs. But I would not persuade the reader that any Shaker family is otherwise a school of art; one painting I did indeed see, a vigorous sketch in oil of a Durham bull, but this was nailed to the side of a stall far up in the vast gray barn. It was the work of a boy who was in the family years ago; but he never became a Shaker. It would be interesting to know what he did become.

In a community it must be that the individual genius is largely sacrificed to the common purpose and tendency, and yet I believe that among the Shakers the sacrifice is compelled only by the private conscience. So it is with regard to everything. On joining the community the new member gives up nothing, and is cautioned against a too early surrender of his property. He wears, so long as he likes, the fashions of the world, but these make him look as odd in the family as the Shaker dress would outside of it, and he is commonly anxious to assume the garb of simplicity before his mundane clothing is worn out. After due time he may give his property to the family; if he ever leaves it, he receives back the principal of his contribution without interest; for his labor he has already received his support. There are no formalities observed when a new brother or sister comes among the Shakers. It is understood that they are to go as freely as they have come; and this provision is recalled, as a rule that works both ways, to the mind of any brother whose room is finally found to be better than his company. But this very rarely happens: in twenty-five years Minister Whiteley had been obliged to dismiss only one undesirable brother.

The whole polity of the family is very simple. Its affairs are conducted by trustees, who hold the property and handle the funds, and to whom any member goes for money to purchase things not provided for the common use. Reasonable requests of this sort are readily allowed; but it is easy to understand how the indulgence of even very simple private tastes adds to the cost of the common living, already enhanced by the decrease of members, and the necessity of keeping in repair the buildings left only partially occupied. There are no longer carpenters, blacksmiths, and shoemakers among the Shakers at Shirley, because their work can be more cheaply performed by the world-outside, and the shops once devoted to these trades now stand empty. The community still has the advantage of buying all provisions and materials at wholesale prices, but I doubt whether the cost of living within it is much less than it is among its uncommunized neighbors. This, however, is an impression for which I have not the figures.

At the head of each family there is an elder and an eldress, to whom all complaints are first addressed, and by whom difficulties are settled. I believe there is also a species of confessional, in which those who desire can confide their repentance and good intentions to the elders. Disputes in which the decision of the elders is not satisfactory are appealed to the ministers, whose mind is final in such matters. Of these ministers there are three, two being sisters; they reside alternate months in Shirley and Harvard, and have completely appointed dwelling-houses in both communities. I could not see that they took a more prominent part in public worship than the elders, and I do not know in what their religious eminence consists. but they are held in peculiar regard by the community.

Of course, nothing like ceremony must be inferred concerning the expression of this regard. They, and all the other brothers and sisters, are addressed by their first names, and it is liked that strangers in addressing the Shakers should be simple and direct, eschewing the forms and titles which could not be accorded in return. The speech of the Shakers is Yea, yea, and Nay, nay (they

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pronounce the former words *yee*, *yee*, for reasons of their own), but it does not otherwise vary from the surrounding Yankee. They are plain and homely in their phrase, but they are very courteous, and it is impossible to know them and not perceive how little politeness consists in the tedious palaver that commonly passes by that name. Their sincerity gives them dignity and repose; it appears that you have but to renounce the world, and you cannot be afraid of it.

I should be sorry to give the notion of a gloomy asceticism in the Shaker life. I saw nothing of this, though I saw self-restraint, discipline, quiet, and heard sober, considered, conscientious speech. They had their jesting, also; and those brothers and sisters who were of a humorous mind seemed all the better liked for their gift of laughing and making laugh. The sum of Shaker asceticism is this: they neither marry nor give in marriage; but this is a good deal. Certain things they would think indecorous rather than wicked, and I do not suppose a Shaker would go twice to the opera bouffe; but such an entertainment as a lecture by our right-hearted humorist, Mark Twain, had been attended by one of the brethren not only without self-reproach, but with great enjoyment. They had also some of them read Mr. Bret Harte's books without apparent fear of consequences. They are rather strict in the observance of the Sabbath, but not so much, I thought, from conscience as from custom.

Our Shaker friends are sometimes embarrassed by visitors who ask to be shown all over their buildings, forgetting that their houses are private houses; and I cannot promise the curious reader visiting Shirley a repetition of the favors done us, whom the Shakers were good enough to show all of their communal life that one could see. In each village is an edifice known as the Dwelling-House, which is separate from the office and the other buildings. In this are the rooms of the brothers and sisters, the kitchen and dining-room, and a large room for family meetings. The first impression of all is cleanliness, with a suggestion of bareness which is not inconsistent, however, with comfort, and which comes chiefly from the aspect of the unpapered walls, the scrubbed floors hidden only by rugs and strips of carpeting, and the plain, flat finish of the wood-work. Each chamber accommodates two brothers or two sisters, and is appointed with two beds, two rocking-chairs, two wash-stands, and a wood-stove, with abundance of rugs. The rooms of the younger people are above, so that (as was explained to us) if the young sisters, especially, wish to talk after they go to bed, they need not disturb their elders. There were few tokens of personal taste in the arrangement of the rooms; the most decided expression of character was that of the nonagenarian, who required his bed to be made up with a hollow in the middle from top to bottom, which he called his trough, and which he strictly forbade any one to meddle with; that was all he asked of earth after ninety-six years, not to disturb his trough. It seemed right that the simple demand should be indulged.

The dining-room was provided with two large tables, at one of which the brothers sat, and at the other the sisters. The monastic rule of silence at meals is observed, because, as we were told, the confusion would be too great if all talked together. In the kitchen was an immense cook-stove, with every housekeeping convenience; and everywhere opened pantry and store-room doors, with capacious cellars underneath — all scoured and scrubbed to the last degree of neatness.

The family *ménage* is completed by a wash-house and a dairy-house; there is an infirmary, and a shop for women's work, and under the same roof with the latter, at Shirley, a large school-room, in which the children of the community are taught the usual English branches by Sister Rose. The Shaker village forms a school-district, and their school is under the control of the town committee.

One day, toward the end of our sojourn, the office-sisters asked us to spend

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an afternoon and take tea with them. After tea we sat down in the office-parlor, and the best singers of the family came in with their music books, and sang those tunes which we had severally liked most. It was all done with the friendliest simplicity, and we could not but be charmed. Most of the singers were young girls, who looked their best in fresh white dresses and fresh gauze caps; and Elder William, Brother Lorenzo, and Brother Thomas were there in Sabbath trim. One song followed another till long after dark, and then there was a little commotion: the married sister of one of the young Shakeresses arrived with her baby to spend the night. She was young and pretty, and was duly tied back, overskirted, and furbelowed, and her little one was arrayed in its finest, when by and by she came into the room where we sat. By some juggle the baby found himself on the knees of one of the brothers, and sat looking up into his weather-beaten face with a kindly embarrassment which the good brother plainly shared, while the white dresses and white caps of the sisters flocked round in worship of that deplorable heir of the Adamic order of life; his mother stood outside of the group with complacently folded hands. Somehow the sight was pathetic. If she were right and they wrong, how much of heaven they had lost in renouncing the supreme good of earth!

W. D. Howells.

PERPLEXED.

Which is the truth — the fierce, cold wind that wildly
  Raves at my window in the storm's mad din,
Or the sweet voice ruling the red glow mildly
  And merrily within?

Which is the truth — the poignant pangs and sorrows
  That wring the soul and pierce the flesh of man,
Or the bright joys and dreams of rapturous morrows
  That gild life's little span?

And shall my tears flow like a mimic river,
  Or shall my face be lit with ceaseless smile?
Ah, heaven is full of happiness forever, —
  Here let me weep awhile!

Celeste M. A. Winslow.

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OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

XI.

Alfred Tennyson had only just gathered his earliest laurels. My brother John gave me the first copy of his poems I ever possessed, with a prophecy of his future fame and excellence written on the fly-leaf of it. I have never ceased to exult in my possession of that copy of the first edition of those poems, which became the songs of our every day and every hour, almost; we delighted in them and knew them by heart, and read and said them over and over again, incessantly; they were our pictures, our music, and infinite was the scorn and indignation with which we received the slightest word of adverse criticism upon them. I remember Mrs. Milman, one evening at my father's house, challenging me laughingly about my enthusiasm for Tennyson, and asking me if I had read a certain severely caustic and condemnatory article in the Quarterly, upon his poems. "Have you read it?" said she; "it is so amusing! Shall I send it to you?" "No, thank you," said I; "have you read the poems, may I ask?" "I cannot say that I have," said she, laughing. "Oh, then," said I (not laughing), "perhaps it would be better that I should send you those?" The article in question may have been written by Dr. Milman himself, who was then one of the principal contributors to the great Tory periodical, and he perhaps had read the poems, but apparently without much edification.

It has always been incomprehensible to me how the author of those poems ever brought himself to alter them, as he did, in so many instances — all (as it seemed to me) for the worse rather than the better. I certainly could hardly love his verses better than he did himself, but the various changes he made in them have always appeared to me cruel disfigurements of the original thoughts and expressions, which were to me treasures not to be touched even by his hand; and his changing lines which I had thought perfect, omitting beautiful stanzas that I loved and interpolating others that I hated, and disfiguring and maiming his own exquisite creations with second thoughts (none of which were best to me), has caused me to rejoice, while I mourn, over my copy of the first version of The May Queen, Œnone, The Miller's Daughter, and all the subsequently *improved* poems, of which the improvements were to me desecrations. In justice to Tennyson I must add that the present generation of his readers swear by their version of his poems as we did by ours, for the same reason, — they knew it first.

The early death of Arthur Hallam and the imperishable monument of love raised by Tennyson's genius to his memory have tended to give him a preeminence among the companions of his youth which I do not think his abilities would have won for him had he lived; though they were undoubtedly of a high order. There was a gentleness and purity almost virginal in his voice, manner, and countenance; and the upper part of his face, his forehead and eyes (perhaps in readiness for his early translation), wore the angelic radiance that they still must wear in heaven. Some time or other, at some rare moments of the divine spirit's supremacy in our souls, we all put on the heavenly face that will be ours hereafter, and for a brief lightning space our friends behold us as we shall look when this mortal has put on immortality. On Arthur Hallam's brow and eyes this heavenly light, so fugitive on other human faces, rested habitually, as if he was thinking and seeing in heaven.

Of all those very remarkable young men, John Stirling was by far the most brilliant and striking in his conversation, and the one of whose future eminence we should all of us have augured most

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confidently. But though his life was cut off prematurely, it was sufficiently prolonged to disprove this estimate of his powers. The extreme vividness of his look, manner, and speech gave a wonderful impression of latent vitality and power; perhaps some of this lambent, flashing brightness may have been but the result of the morbid physical conditions of his existence; like the flush on his cheek and the fire in his eye, the over stimulated and excited intellectual activity, the offspring of disease, mistaken by us for morning instead of sunset splendor, promise of future light and heat instead of prognostication of approaching darkness and decay. It certainly has always struck me as singular that Stirling, who in his life accomplished so little and left so little of the work by which men are generally pronounced to be gifted with exceptional ability, should have been the subject of two such interesting biographies as those written of him by Julius Hare and Carlyle. I think he must have been one of those persons in whom genius makes itself felt and acknowledged chiefly through the medium of personal intercourse; a not infrequent thing, I think, with women, and perhaps men, wanting the full vigor of normal health. I suppose it is some failure not so much in the power possessed as in the power of producing it in a less evanescent form than that of spoken words, and the looks that with such organizations are more than the words themselves. Stirling's genius was his *Wesen*, himself, and he could detach no portion of it that retained anything like the power and beauty one would have expected. After all, the world has twice been moved (once intellectually and once morally), as never before or since, by those whose spoken words, gathered up by others, are all that remain of them. Personal influence is the strongest and the most subtle of powers, and Stirling impressed all who knew him as a man of undoubted genius; those who never knew him will perhaps always wonder why.

My life was rather sad at this time; my brother's failure at college was a source of disappointment and distress to my parents, and I, who admired him extremely and believed in him implicitly, was grieved at his miscarriage and his absence from England, while the darkening prospects of the theatre threw a gloom over us all. My hitherto frequent interchange of letters with my dear friend, H—— S——, had become interrupted and almost suspended by the prolonged and dangerous illness of her brother; and I was thrown almost entirely upon myself and was finding my life monotonously dreary, when events occurred that changed its whole tenor almost suddenly, and determined my future career with less of deliberation than would probably have satisfied either my parents or myself, under less stringent circumstances.

It was in the autumn of 1829, my father being then absent on a professional tour in Ireland, that my mother, coming in from walking one day, threw herself into a chair and burst into tears. She had been evidently much depressed for some time past, and I was alarmed at her distress, of which I begged her to tell me the cause. "Oh, it has come at last!" she answered; "our property is to be sold. I have seen that fine building all covered with placards and bills of sale; the theatre must be closed, and I know not how many hundred poor people will be turned adrift without employment!" I believe the theatre employed regularly seven hundred persons in all its different departments, without reckoning the great number of what were called supernumeraries, who were hired by the night at Christmas, Easter, and on all occasions of any specially showy spectacle. Seized with a sort of terror, like the Lady of Shallott, that "the curse had come upon me," I comforted my mother with expressions of pity and affection, and, as soon as I left her, wrote a most urgent entreaty to my father that he would allow me to act for myself, and seek employment as a governess, so as to relieve him at once at least of the burden of my maintenance. I brought this letter to my mother and begged her permission to send it, to which she consented, but, as I afterwards learnt, she

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wrote by the same post to my father, requesting him not to give a positive answer to my letter until his return to town. The next day she asked me whether I seriously thought I had any real talent for the stage. My school-day triumphs in Racine's Andromaque were far enough behind me, and I could only answer, with as much perplexity as good faith, that I had not the slightest idea whether I had or not. She begged me to learn some part and say it to her, that she might form some opinion of my power; and I chose Shakespeare's Portia, then as now my ideal of a perfect woman —

> "The noble woman nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort, and command;
> The creature not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food;
> For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
> Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles;"

the wise, witty woman, loving with all her soul, and submitting with all her heart to a man whom everybody but herself (who was the best judge) would have judged her inferior; the laughter-loving, light-hearted, true-hearted, deep-hearted woman, full of keen perception, of active efficiency, of wisdom prompted by love, of tenderest unselfishness, of generous magnanimity; noble, simple, humble, pure; true, dutiful, religious, and full of fun; delightful above all others, the woman of women. Having learnt it by heart, I recited Portia to my mother, whose only comment was, "There is hardly passion enough in this part to test any tragic power. I wish you would study Juliet for me." Study to me then, as unfortunately long afterwards, simply meant to learn by heart, which I did again, and repeated my lesson to my mother, who again heard me without any observation whatever. Meantime my father returned to town and my letter remained unanswered, and I was wondering in my mind what reply I should receive to my urgent entreaty, when one morning my mother told me she wished me to recite Juliet to my father; and so in the evening I stood up before them both, and with indescribable trepidation repeated my first lesson in tragedy.

They neither of them said anything beyond "Very well, — very nice, my dear," with many kisses and caresses, from which I escaped to sit down on the stairs half-way between the drawing-room and my bedroom, and get rid of the repressed nervous fear I had struggled with while reciting, in floods of tears. A few days after this, my father told me he wished to take me to the theatre with him to try whether my voice was of sufficient strength to fill the building; so thither I went. That strange-looking place, the stage, with its racks of pasteboard and canvas — streets, forests, banqueting-halls, and dungeons — drawn apart on either side, was empty and silent; not a soul was stirring in the indistinct recesses of its mysterious depths, which seemed to stretch indefinitely behind me. In front, the great amphitheatre, equally empty and silent, wrapped in its gray holland covers, would have been absolutely dark but for a long, sharp, thin shaft of light that darted here and there from some height and distance far above me, and alighted in a sudden, vivid spot of brightness on the stage. Set down in the midst of twilight space, as it were, with only my father's voice coming to me from where he stood hardly distinguishable in the gloom, in those poetical utterances of pathetic passion I was seized with the spirit of the thing; my voice resounded through the great vault above and before me, and, completely carried away by the inspiration of the wonderful play, I acted Juliet as I do not believe I ever acted it again, for I had no visible Romeo, and no audience to thwart my imagination; at least, I had no consciousness of any, though in truth I had one. In the back of one of the private boxes, commanding the stage but perfectly invisible to me, sat an old and warmly attached friend of my father's, Major D——, a man of the world, — of London society, — a passionate lover of the stage, an amateur actor of no mean merit, one of the members of the famous Cheltenham dramatic company, a first-rate critic in all things connected with art and literature, a refined and courtly, courteous gentleman; the best judge, in many respects, that my father could have selected, of

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my capacity for my profession and my chance of success in it. Not till after the event had justified my kind old friend's prophecy did I know that he had witnessed that morning's performance, and joining my father at the end of it had said, "Bring her out at once; it will be a great success." And so three weeks from that time I was brought out, and it was a "great success." Three weeks was not much time for preparation of any sort for such an experiment, but I had no more, to become acquainted with my fellow actors and actresses, not one of whom I had ever spoken with or seen — off the stage — before; to learn all the technical *business*, as it is called, of the stage; how to carry myself towards the audience, which was not — but was to be — before me; how to concert my movements with the movements of those I was acting with, so as not to impede or intercept their efforts, while giving the greatest effect of which I was capable to my own.

I do not wonder, when I remember this brief apprenticeship to my profession, that Mr. Macready once said that I did not know the elements of it. Three weeks of morning rehearsals of the play at the theatre, and evening consultations at home as to colors and forms of costume, what I should wear, how my hair should be dressed, etc., etc., — in all which I remained absolutely passive in the hands of others, taking no part and not much interest in the matter, — ended in my mother's putting aside all suggestions of innovation like the adoption of the real picturesque costume of mediæval Verona (which was, of course, Juliet's proper dress), and determining in favor of the traditional stage costume for the part, which was simply a dress of plain white satin with a long train, with short sleeves and a low body; my hair was dressed in the fashion in which I usually wore it; a girdle of fine paste brilliants, and a small comb of the same, which held up my hair, were the only theatrical parts of the dress, which was as perfectly simple and as absolutely unlike anything Juliet ever wore as possible.

Poor Mrs. Jameson made infinite protests against this decision of my mother's, her fine artistic taste and sense of fitness being intolerably shocked by the violation of every propriety in a Juliet attired in a modern white satin ball dress amid scenery representing the streets and palaces of Verona in the fourteenth century, and all the other characters dressed with some reference to the supposed place and period of the tragedy. Visions too, no doubt, of sundry portraits of Raphael, Titian, Giorgione, Bronzino, — beautiful alike in color and fashion, — vexed her with suggestions, with which she plied my mother; who, however, determined as I have said, thinking the body more than raiment, and arguing that the unincumbered use of the person and the natural grace of young arms, neck, and head, and unimpeded movement of the limbs (all which she thought more compatible with the simple white satin dress than the picturesque mediæval costume) were points of paramount importance. My mother, though undoubtedly very anxious that I should look well, was of course far more desirous that I should act well, and judged that whatever rendered my dress most entirely subservient to my acting, and least an object of preoccupation and strange embarrassment to myself, was, under the circumstances of my total inexperience and brief period of preparation, the thing to be chosen, and I am sure that in the main she judged wisely. The mere appendage of a train — three yards of white satin — following me wherever I went was to me a new, and would have been a difficult experience to most girls. As it was, I never knew, after the first scene of the play, what became of my train, and was greatly amused when Lady Dare told me, the next morning, that as soon as my troubles began I had snatched it up and carried it on my arm, which I did quite unconsciously, because I found something in the way of *Juliet's feet.*

I have often admired the consummate good sense with which, confronting a whole array of authorities, historical, artistical, æsthetical, my mother stoutly

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maintained in their despite that nothing was to be adopted on the stage that was in itself ugly, ungraceful, or even curiously antiquated and singular, however correct it might be with reference to the particular period, or even to authoritative portraits of individual characters of the play. The passions, sentiments, actions, and sufferings of human beings, she argued, were the main concern of a fine drama, not the clothes they wore. I think she even preferred an unobtrusive indifference to a pedantic accuracy, which, she said, few people appreciated, and which, if anything, rather took the attention from the acting than added to its effect, when it was really fine.

She always said, when pictures and engravings were consulted, "Remember, this presents but one view of the person, and does not change its position; how will this dress look when it walks, runs, rushes, kneels, sits down, falls, and turns its back?" I think an edge was added to my mother's keen, rational, and highly artistic sense of this matter of costume because it was the special hobby of her "favorite aversion," Mr. E——, who had studied with great zeal and industry antiquarian questions connected with the subject of stage representations, and was perpetually suggesting to my father improvements on the old ignorant, careless system which prevailed under former managements.

It is very true that, as she said, Garrick acted Macbeth in a full court suit of scarlet, — knee-breeches, powdered wig, pigtail, and all; and Mrs. Siddons acted the Grecian Daughter in piles of powdered curls with a forest of feathers on the top of them, high-heeled shoes, and a portentous hoop; and both made the audience believe that they looked just as they should do. But for all that, actors and actresses who were neither Garrick nor Mrs. Siddons were not less like the parts they represented by being at least dressed as they should be; and the fine accuracy of the Shakespearean revivals of Mr. Macready and Charles Kean was in itself a great enjoyment; nobody was even told to omit the tithing of mint and cummin, though other matters were more important; and Kean's Othello would have been the grand performance it was, even with the advantage of Mr. Fechter's clever and picturesque "getting up" of the play, as a frame to it; as Mademoiselle Rachel's wonderful fainting exclamation of "Oh, mon cher Curiace!" lost none of its poignant pathos, though she knew how every fold of her drapery fell and rested on the chair on which she sank in apparent unconsciousness. Criticising a portrait of herself in that scene, she said to the painter, "Ma robe ne fait pas ce pli la; elle fait, au contraire, celui-ci." The artist, inclined to defend his picture, asked her how, while she was lying with her eyes shut and feigning utter insensibility, she could possibly tell anything about the plaits of her dress. "Allez-y-voir," replied Rachel; and the next time she played Camille, the artist was able to convince himself by more careful observation that she was right, and that there was probably no moment of the piece at which this consummate artist was not aware of the effect produced by every line and fold of the exquisite costume of which she had studied and prepared every detail as carefully as the wonderful movements of her graceful limbs, the intonations of her awful voice, and the changing expressions of her terribly beautiful countenance.

In later years, after I became the directress of my own stage costumes, I adopted one for Juliet made after a beautiful design of my friend, Mrs. Jameson, which combined my mother's *sine qua non* of simplicity with a form and fashion in keeping with the supposed period of the play.

My frame of mind under the preparations that were going forward for my *début* appears to me now curious enough. Though I had found out that I could act, and had acted with a sort of frenzy of passion and entire self-forgetfulness the first time I ever uttered the wonderful conception I had undertaken to represent, my going on the stage was absolutely an act of duty and conformity to the will of my parents, strengthened

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by my own conviction that I was bound to help them by every means in my power. The theatrical profession was, however, utterly distasteful to me, though *acting* itself, that is to say, dramatic personation, was not; and every detail of my future vocation, from the preparations behind the scenes to the representations before the curtain, was more or less repugnant to me. Nor did custom ever render this aversion less; and liking my work so little, and being so devoid of enthusiasm, respect, or love for it, it is wonderful to me that I ever achieved *any* success in it at all. The dramatic element inherent in my organization must have been very powerful, to have enabled me without either study of or love for my profession to do anything worth anything in it.

But this is the reason why, with an unusual gift and many unusual advantages for it, I did really so little; why my performances were always uneven in themselves and perfectly unequal with each other, never complete as a whole, however striking in occasional parts, and never at the same level two nights together; depending for their effect upon the state of my nerves and spirits, instead of being the result of deliberate thought and consideration, — study, in short, carefully and conscientiously applied to my work; the permanent element which preserves the artist, however inevitably he must feel the influence of moods of mind and body, from ever being at their mercy.

I brought but one half the necessary material to the exercise of my profession, that which nature gave me; and never added the cultivation and labor requisite to produce any fine performance in the right sense of the word; and, coming of a family of *real* artists, have never felt that I deserved that honorable name.

A letter written at this time to Miss S—— shows how comparatively small a part my approaching ordeal engrossed of my thoughts.

James Street, *September* 24, 1829.

My dearest H——: Your letter grieved me very much, but it did not surprise me; of your brother's serious illness I had heard from my cousin, Horace Twiss. But is there indeed cause for the terrible anxiety you express? I know how impossible it is to argue with the apprehensions of affection, and should have forborne this letter altogether, but that I felt very deeply your kindness in writing to me at such a time, and that I would fain assure you of my heart-felt sympathy, however unavailing it may be. To you who have a steadfast anchor for your hopes, I ought not, perhaps, to say, "Do not despond." Yet, dearest H——, do not despond: is there *any* occasion when despair is justified? I know how lightly all soothing counsel must be held, in a case of such sorrow as yours, but among fellow-Christians such words still have some significance; for the most unworthy of that holy profession may point unfalteringly to the only consolations adequate to the need of those far above them in every endowment of mind and heart and religious attainment. Dear H——, I hardly know how to tell you how much I feel for you, how sincerely I hope your fears may prove groundless, and how earnestly I pray that, should they prove prophetic, you may be enabled to bear the affliction, to meet which I doubt not strength will be given you. This is all I dare say; those who love you best will hardly venture to say more. To put away entirely the idea of an evil which one may be called upon at any moment to encounter would hardly be wise, even if it were possible in this world where every happiness one enjoys is but a loan, the repayment of which may be exacted at the very moment, perhaps, when we are forgetting in its possession the precarious tenure by which alone it is ours.

My dear father and mother have both been very unwell; the former is a little recovered, but the latter is still in a sad state of bodily suffering and mental anxiety. Our two boys are well and happy, and I am very well and not otherwise than happy. I regret to say Mrs. Henry Siddons will leave London in a very short time; this is a great loss to me. I owe more to her than I can ever repay;

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for though abundant pains had been bestowed upon me previously to my going to her, it was she who caused to spring whatever scattered seeds of good were in me, which almost seemed as if they had been cast into the soil in vain.

My dear H——, I am going on the stage: the nearest period talked of for my début is the first of October, at the opening of the theatre; the furthest, November; but I almost think I should prefer the nearest, for it is a very serious trial to look forward to, and I wish it were over. Juliet is to be my opening part, but not to my father's Romeo; there would be many objections to that; he will do Mercutio for me. I do not enter more fully upon this because I know how few things can be of interest to you in your present state of feeling, but I wished you not to find the first notice of my entrance on the stage of life in a newspaper. God bless you, dearest H——, and grant you better hopes.

Your most affectionate, FANNY.

My father not acting Romeo with me deprived me of the most poetical and graceful stage lover of his day; but the public, who had long been familiar with his rendering of the part of Romeo, gained as much as I lost, by his taking that of Mercutio, which has never since been so admirably represented, and I dare affirm will never be given more perfectly. The graceful ease and airy, sparkling brilliancy of his delivery of the witty fancies of that merry gentleman, the gallant defiance of his bearing towards the enemies of his house, and his heroically pathetic and humorous death-scene were beyond description charming. He was one of the best Romeos, and incomparably *the* best Mercutio, that ever trod the English stage.

My father was Miss O'Neill's Romeo throughout her whole theatrical career, during which no other Juliet was tolerated by the English public. This amiable and excellent woman was always an attached friend of our family, and one day, when she was about to take leave of me at the end of a morning visit, I begged her to let my father have the pleasure of seeing her, and ran to his study to tell him whom I had with me. He followed me hastily to the drawing-room, and stopping at the door extended his arms towards her, exclaiming, "Ah, Juliet!" Lady Beecher ran to him and embraced him with a pretty, affectionate grace, and the scene was pathetical as well as comical, for they were both white-haired, she being considerably upwards of sixty and he of seventy years old; but she still retained the slender elegance of her exquisite figure, and he some traces of his preëminent personal beauty.

My mother had a great admiration and personal regard for Lady Beecher, and told me an anecdote of her early life which transmitted those feelings of hers to me. Lord F——, eldest son of the Earl of E——, a personally and mentally attractive young man, fell desperately in love with Miss O'Neill, who was (what the popular theatrical heroine of the day always is) the realization of their ideal to the youth, male and female, of her time, the stage star of her contemporaries. Lord F——'s family had nothing to say against the character, conduct, or personal endowments of the beautiful actress who had enchanted, to such serious purpose as marriage, the heir of their house; but much, reasonably and rightly enough, against marriages disproportionate to such a degree as that, and the objectionable nature of the young woman's peculiar circumstances and public calling. Both Miss O'Neill, however, and Lord F—— were enough in earnest in their mutual regard to accept the test of a year's separation and suspension of all intercourse. She remained to utter herself in Juliet to the English public, and her lover went and traveled abroad, both believing in themselves and each other. No letters or communication passed between them, but towards the end of their year of probation vague rumors came flying to England of the life of dissipation led by the young man, and of the unworthy companions with whom he entertained the most intimate relations. After this came more explicit tales of positive entangle-

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ment with one particular person, and reports of an entire devotion to one object quite incompatible with the constancy professed and promised to his English mistress.

Probably aware that every effort would, till the last, be made by Lord F——'s family to detach them from each other, bound by her promise to hold no intercourse with him, but determined to take the verdict of her fate from no one but himself, Miss O'Neill obtained a brief leave of absence from her theatrical duties, went with her brother and sister to Calais, whence she traveled alone to Paris (poor, fair Juliet! when I think of her, not as I ever knew her, but such as I know she must then have been, no more pathetic image presents itself to my mind), and took effectual measures to ascertain beyond all shadow of doubt the bitter truth of the evil reports of her fickle lover's mode of life. His devotion to one lady, the more respectable form of infidelity which must inevitably have canceled their contract of love, was not indeed true, and probably the story had been fabricated because the mere general accusation of profligacy might easily have been turned into an appeal to her mercy, as the result of reckless despondency and of his utter separation from her; and a woman in her circumstances might not have been hard to find who would have persuaded herself that she might overlook "all that," reclaim her lover, and be an earl's wife. Miss O'Neill rejoined her family at Calais, wrote to Lord F——'s father, the Earl of E——, her final and irrevocable rejection of his son's suit, fell ill of love and sorrow, and lay for some space between life and death for the sake of her unworthy lover, rallied bravely, recovered, resumed her work, — her sway over thousands of human hearts, — and, after lapse of healing and forgiving and forgetting time, married Sir William Wrixon Beecher.

The peculiar excellence of her acting lay in the expression of pathos, sorrow, anguish, — the sentimental and suffering element of tragedy. She was expressly devised for a representative victim; she had, too, a rare endowment for her especial range of characters, in an easily-excited, superficial sensibility, which caused her to cry, as she once said to me, "buckets full," and enabled her to exercise the (to most men) irresistible influence of a beautiful woman in tears. The power (or weakness) of abundant weeping without disfigurement is an attribute of deficient rather than excessive feeling. In such persons the tears are poured from their crystal cups without muscular distortion of the rest of the face. In proportion to the violence or depth of emotion, and the acute or profound sensibility of the temperament, is the disturbance of the countenance. In sensitive organizations the muscles round the nostrils and lips quiver and are distorted, the throat and temples swell, and a grimace, which but for its miserable significance would be grotesque, convulses the whole face. Men's tears always seem to me as if they were pumped up from their heels and strained through every drop of blood in their veins; women's, to start as under a knife stroke, direct with a gush from their heart, abundant and beneficent; but again, women of the temperament I have alluded to above have fountains of lovely tears behind their lovely eyes, and their weeping, which is indescribably beautiful, is comparatively painless, and yet pathetic enough to challenge tender compassion. I have twice seen such tears shed, and never forgotten them: once from heaven-blue eyes, and the face looked like a flower with pearly dew-drops sliding over it; and again, once from magnificent, dark, uplifted orbs, from which the falling tears looked like diamond rain-drops by moonlight.

Miss O'Neill was a supremely touching but neither a powerful nor a passionate actress. Personally she was the very beau ideal of feminine weakness in its most attractive form, — delicacy. She was tall, slender, elegantly formed, and extremely graceful; her features were regular and finely chiseled, and her hair beautiful; her eyes were too light, and her eyebrows and eyelashes too pale for expression; her voice wanted variety and

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brilliancy for comic intonation, but was deep and sonorous, and of a fine pathetic and tragic quality.

It was not an easy matter to find a Romeo for me, and in the emergency my father and mother even thought of my brother Henry's trying the part. He was in the first bloom of youth, and really might be called beautiful; and certainly, a few years later, might have been the very ideal of a Romeo. But he looked too young for the part, as indeed he was, being three years my junior. The overwhelming objection, however, was his own insuperable dislike to the idea of acting, and his ludicrous incapacity for assuming the faintest appearance of any sentiment. However, he learnt the words, and never shall I forget the explosion of laughter which shook my father, my mother, and myself, when, after hearing him recite the balcony scene with the most indescribable mixture of shy terror and nervous convulsions of suppressed giggling, my father threw down the books, and Henry gave vent to his feelings by clapping his elbows against his sides and bursting into a series of triumphant cock-crows — an expression of mental relief so ludicrously in contrast with his sweet, sentimental face, and the part he had just been pretending to assume, that I thought we never should have recovered from the fits it sent us into. We were literally all crying with laughter, and a more farcical scene cannot be imagined. This of course ended all idea of that young chanticleer being my Romeo; and yet the young rascal was, or fancied he was, over head and ears in love at this very time, and an exquisite sketch Hayter had just made of him might with the utmost propriety have been sent to the exhibition with no other title than Portrait of a Lover.

The part of Romeo was given to Mr. Abbot, an old-established favorite with the public, a very amiable and worthy man, old enough to have been my father, whose performance, not certainly of the highest order, was nevertheless not below inoffensive mediocrity. But the public, who were bent upon doing more than justice to me, were less than just to him; and the abuse showered upon his Romeo, especially by my more enthusiastic admirers of the male sex, might, I should think, have embittered his stage relations with me to the point of making me an object of detestation to him, all through our theatrical loves. A tragi-comic incident was related to me by one of the parties concerned in it, which certainly proved that poor Mr. Abbot was quite aware of the little favor his Romeo found with my particular friends. One of them, the son of our kind and valued friends, the G——s, an excellent, good-hearted, but not very wise young fellow, invariably occupied a certain favorite and favorable position in the midst of the third row of the pit every night that I acted. There were no stalls or reserved seats then, though not long after I came out the majority of the seats in the orchestra were let to spectators and generally occupied by a set of young gentlemen whom Sir Thomas Lawrence always designated as my "body guard." This, however, had not yet been instituted, and my friend G—— had often to wait long hours and even to fight for the privilege of his peculiar seat, where he rendered himself, I am sorry to say, not a little ludicrous, and not seldom rather obnoxious to everybody in his vicinity, by the vehement demonstrations of his enthusiasm: his frantic cries of "bravo," his furious applause, and his irrepressible exclamations of ecstasy and agony during the whole play. He became as familiar to the public as the stage lamps themselves, and some of his immediate neighbors complained rather bitterly of the incessant din and clatter of his approbation, and the bruises, thumps, contusions, and constant fears which his lively sentiments inflicted upon them. This *fanatico* of mine, walking home from the theatre one night with two other like-minded individuals, indulged himself in obstreperous abuse of poor Mr. Abbot, in which he was heartily joined by his companions. Towards Cavendish Square the broad, quiet streets rang with the uproarious mirth with which they recapitulated his "damnable faces," "strange

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postures," uncouth gestures, and ungainly deportment; imitation followed imitation of the poor actor's peculiar declamation, and the night became noisy with the shouts of mingled derision and execration of his critics; when suddenly, as they came to a gas-light at the corner of a crossing, a solitary figure which had been preceding them, without possibility of escape, down the long avenue of Harley Street, where G—— lived, turned abruptly round and confronted them with Mr. Abbot's peculiarly *un*impressive countenance. "Gentlemen," he said, "no one can be more aware than myself of the defects of my performance of Romeo, no one more conscious of its entire unworthiness of Miss Kemble's Juliet; but all I can say is that I do not act the part by my own choice, and shall be delighted to resign it to either of you who may feel more capable than I am of doing it justice." The young gentlemen, though admiring me "not wisely, but too well," were good-hearted fellows, and were struck with the manly and moderate tone of Mr. Abbot's rebuke, and shocked at having unintentionally wounded the feelings of a person who (except as Romeo) was every way deserving of their respect. Of course they could not swallow all their foolish words, and Abbot bowed and was gone before they could stutter an apology. I have no doubt that his next appearance as Romeo was hailed with some very cordial remorseful applause, addressed to him personally as some relief to their feelings, by my indiscreet partisans. My friend G——, not very long after this theatrical passion of his, became what is sometimes called "religious," and had thoughts of going into the church and giving up the play-house. He confided to my mother, who was his mother's intimate friend, and of whom he was very fond, his conscientious scruples, which she in no wise combated; though she probably thought more moderation in going to the theatre, and a little more self-control when there, might not in any event be undesirable changes in his practice, whether his taking holy orders cut him off entirely from what was then his principal pleasure, or not. One night when the venerable Prebend of St. Paul's, her old friend, Dr. Hughes, was in her box with her, witnessing my performance (which my mother never failed to attend), she pointed out G——, *scrimmaging* about, as usual, in his wonted place in the pit, and said, "There is a poor lad who is terribly disturbed in his mind about the very thing he is doing at this moment. He is thinking of going into the church, and more than half believes that he ought to give up coming to the play." "That depends, I should say," replied dear old Dr. Hughes, "upon his own conviction in the matter, and nothing else; meantime, pray give him my compliments, and tell him *I* have enjoyed the performance tonight extremely."

Mr. Abbot was in truth not a bad actor, though a perfectly uninteresting one in tragedy; he had a good figure, face, and voice, the carriage and appearance of a well-bred person, and, in what is called genteel comedy, precisely the air and manner which is most difficult to assume, that of a gentleman. He had been in the army and had left it for the stage, where his performances were always respectable, though seldom anything more. Wanting passion and expression in tragedy, he naturally resorted to vehemence to supply their place, and was exaggerated and violent from the absence of all dramatic feeling and imagination. Moreover, in moments of powerful emotion he was apt to become unsteady on his legs, and always filled me with terror lest in some of his headlong runs and rushes about the stage he should lose his balance and fall; as indeed he once did, to my unspeakable distress, in the play of The Grecian Daughter, in which he enacted my husband, Phocion, and flying to embrace me, after a period of painful and eventful separation, he completely overbalanced himself, and swinging round with me in his arms we both came to the ground together. "Oh, Mr. Abbot!" was all I could ejaculate; he, poor man, literally pale green with dismay, picked me up in profound silence, and the au-

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dience kindly covered our confusion and comforted us by vehement applause, not, indeed, unmixed with laughter. But my friends and admirers were none the more his after that exploit; and I remained in mortal dread of his stage-embraces forever after, steadying myself carefully on my feet, and bracing my whole figure to "stand fast," whenever he made the smallest affectionate approach towards me. It is not often that such a piece of awkwardness as this is perpetrated on the stage, but dramatic heroines are nevertheless liable to sundry disagreeable difficulties of a very unromantic nature. If a gentleman in a ball-room places his hand round a lady's waist to waltz with her, she can, without any shock to the "situation," beg him to release the end spray of her flowery garland, or the floating ribbons of her head-dress, which he may have imprisoned; but in the middle of a scene of tragedy grief or horror, of the unreality of which by dint of the effort of your imagination you are no longer conscious, to be obliged to say, in your distraction, to your distracted partner in woe, "Please lift your arm from my waist, you are pulling my head down backwards," is a distraction too, of its kind.

The only occasion on which I ever acted Juliet to a Romeo who looked the part was one when Miss Ellen Tree sustained it. The acting of Romeo or any other man's part by a woman (in spite of Mrs. Siddons's Hamlet), is, in my judgment, contrary to every artistic and perhaps natural propriety, but I cannot deny that the stature "more than common tall," and the beautiful face, of which the fine features were too marked in their classical regularity to look feeble or even effeminate, of my fair female lover made her physically an appropriate representative of Romeo. Miss Ellen Tree looked beautiful and not unmanly in the part; she was broad-shouldered as well as tall, and her long limbs had the fine proportions of the huntress Diana; altogether, she made a very "pretty fellow," as the saying was formerly, as all who saw her in her graceful performance of Talfourd's Ion will testify; but assumption of that character, which in its ideal classical purity is almost without sex, was less open to objection than that of the fighting young Veronese noble of the fourteenth century. She fenced very well, however, and acquitted herself quite manfully in her duel with Tybalt; the only hitch in the usual "business" of the part was between herself and me, and I do not imagine the public, for one night, were much aggrieved by the omission of the usual clap-trap performance (part of Garrick's interpolation, which indeed belongs to the original story, but which Shakespeare's true poet's sense had discarded) of Romeo's plucking Juliet up from her bier and rushing with her, still stiff and motionless in her death trance, down to the foot-lights. This feat Miss Tree insisted upon attempting with me, and I as stoutly resisted all her entreaties to let her do so. I was a very slender-looking girl, but very heavy for all that. (A friend of mine, on my first voyage to America, lifting me from a small height, set me down upon the deck exclaiming, "Oh, you solid little lady!" and my cousin, John Mason, the first time he acted Romeo with me, though a very powerful, muscular young man, whispered to me as he carried my corpse down the stage with a fine semblance of frenzy, "Jove, Fanny, you are a lift!") Finding that all argument and remonstrance was unavailing, and that Miss Tree, though by no means other than a good friend and fellow-worker of mine, was bent upon performing this gymnastic feat, I said at last, "If you attempt to lift or carry me down the stage, I will kick and scream till you set me down," which ended the controversy. I do not know whether she believed me, but she did not venture upon the experiment.

I consider that I was quite justified in using even this naughty child's threat to prevent Miss Tree from doing what might very well have ended in some dangerous and ludicrous accident; nor did I feel at all guilty towards her of the species of malice prepense which

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Malibran exhibited towards Sontag, when they sang in the opera of Romeo and Juliet on the first occasion of their appearing together during their brilliant public career in England. Malibran's mischievousness partook of the force and versatility of her extraordinary genius, and having tormented poor Mademoiselle Sontag with every inconceivable freak and caprice during the whole rehearsal of the opera, at length, when requested by her to say in what part of the stage she intended to fall in the last scene, she, Malibran, replied that she "really did n't know," that she "really could n't tell;" sometimes she "died in one place, sometimes in another, just as it happened, or the humor took her at the moment." As Sontag was bound to expire in loving proximity to her, and was, I take it, much less liable to spontaneous inspiration than her fiery rival, this was by no means satisfactory. She had nothing like the original genius of the other woman, but was nevertheless a more perfect artist. Wanting weight and power and passion for such parts as Norma, Medea, Semiramide, etc., she was perfect in the tenderer and more pathetic parts of Amina, Lucia di Lammermoor, Linda di Chamouni; exquisite in the Rosina and Carolina of the Barbiere and Matrimonio Segreto; and, in my opinion, quite unrivaled in her Countess, in the Nozze, and indeed in all rendering of Mozart's music, to whose peculiar and preëminent genius hers seemed to me in some degree allied, and of whose works she was the only interpreter I ever heard, gifted alike with the profound German understanding of music and the enchanting Italian power of rendering it. Her mode of uttering sound, of putting forth her voice (the test which all but Italians or most carefully Italian-trained singers fail in), was as purely unteutonic as possible. She was one of the most perfect singers I ever heard, and suggests to my memory the quaint praise of the gypsy vocal performance in the ballad of Johnny Faa:

> "They sang so sweet
> So very *complete*."

She was the first Rosina I ever heard who introduced into the scene of the music-lesson Rhodes Air, with the famous violin variations, which she performed by way of a *vocalise*, to the utter amazement of her noble music master, I should think, as well as her audience. Mademoiselle Nilsson is the only prima donna since her day who has at all reminded me of Sontag, who was lovely to look at, delightful to listen to, good, amiable, and charming, and, compared with Malibran, like the evening star to a comet.

Defeated by Malibran's viciousness in rehearsing her death-scene, she resigned herself to the impromptu imposed upon her, and prepared to follow her Romeo, wherever *she* might choose to die; but when the evening came, Malibran contrived to die close to the footlights and in front of the curtain; Sontag of necessity followed, and fell beside her there; the drop came down, and there lay the two fair corpses in full view of the audience, of course unable to rise or move, till a couple of stage footmen in red plush breeches ran in to the rescue, took the dead Capulet and Montague each by the shoulders, and dragged them off at the side scenes; the Spanish woman in the heroism of her maliciousness submitting to this ignominy for the pleasure of subjecting her gentle German rival to it.

Madame Malibran was always an object of the greatest interest to me, not only on account of her extraordinary genius, and great and various gifts, but because of the many details I heard of her youth from M. de la Forest, the French consul in New York, who knew her as Marie Garcia, a wild and wayward but most wonderful girl, under her father's tyrannical and harsh rule during the time they spent in the United States. He said that there was not a piece of furniture in their apartment that had not been thrown by the father at the daughter's head, in the course of the moral and artistic training he bestowed upon her; it is perhaps wonderful that success in either direction should have been the result of such a system; but upon the whole the singer seems to

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have profited more than the woman from it, as might have been expected. Garcia was an incomparable artist, actor, and singer (no such Don Giovanni has ever been heard or seen since), and bestowed upon all his children the finest musical education that ever made great natural gifts available to the utmost to their possessors. I suppose it was from him, too, that Marie derived with her Spanish blood the vehement, uncontrollable nature of which M. de la Forest told me he had witnessed such extraordinary exhibitions in her girlhood. He said she would fly into passions of rage in which she would set her teeth in the sleeve of her silk gown, and tear and rend great pieces out of the thick texture as if it were muslin; a test of the strength of those beautiful teeth, as well as of the fury of her passion. She then would fall rigid on the floor, without motion, breath, pulse, or color, though not fainting, in a sort of catalepsy of rage.

Her marriage with the old French merchant Malibran was speedily followed by their separation; he went to France, leaving his divine devil of a wife in New York, and during his absence she used to write letters to him which she frequently showed to M. de la Forest, who was her intimate friend and adviser and took a paternal interest in all her affairs. These epistles often expressed so much cordial kindness and warmth of feeling towards her husband that M. de la Forest, who knew her separation from him to have been entirely her own act and choice, and any decent agreement and harmonious life between them absolutely impossible, was completely puzzled by such professions towards a man with whom she was determined never to live, and occasionally said to her, "What do you mean? Do you wish your husband to come here to you? or do you contemplate going to him? In short, what is your intention in writing with all this affection to a man from whom you have separated yourself?" Upon this view of her epistle, which did not appear to have struck her, M. de la Forest said, she would (instead of rewriting it) tack on to it with the most ludicrous inconsistency a sort of revocatory codicil, in the shape of a postscript, expressing her decided desire that her husband should remain where he was, and her own explicit determination never again to enter into any more intimate relations with him than were compatible with a correspondence from opposite sides of the Atlantic, whatever personal regard or affection for him her letter might appear to express to the contrary notwithstanding.

To my great regret I only saw her act once, though I heard her sing at concerts and in private repeatedly. My only personal encounter with her took place in a curious fashion. My father and myself were acting at Manchester, and had just finished performing the parts of Mr. and Mrs. Beverley, one night, in The Gamester. On our return from the theatre, as I was slowly and in considerable exhaustion following my father up the hotel stairs, thinking less of the woes I had been feigning than of the tea and bread and butter of which they had left me in great need; as we reached the landing by our sitting-room, a door immediately opposite to it flew open, and a lady dressed like Tilburina's Confidante, all in white muslin, rushed out of it and fell upon my father's breast, sobbing out hysterically, "Oh, Mr. Kembel, my deare, deare Mr. Kembel!" This was Madame Malibran, under the effect of my father's performance of The Gamester, which she had just witnessed. "Come, come," quoth my father (who was old enough to have been hers, and knew her very well), patting her consolingly on the back, "Come now, my dear Madame Malibran, compose yourself; don't now, Marie, don't, my dear child!" all which was taking place on the public stair-case, while I looked on in wide-eyed amazement behind. Madame Malibran, having suffered herself to be led into our room, gradually composed herself, ate her supper with us, expressed herself with much kind enthusiasm about my performance, and gave me a word of advice as to not losing any of my height (of which I had none to spare)

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by stooping, saying very amiably that, being at a disadvantage as to her own stature, she had never wasted a quarter of an inch of it. This little reflection upon her own proportions must have been meant as a panacea to my vanity for her criticism of my deportment. My person was indeed of the shortest; I was that thing abhorred of Byron, a "dumpy woman;" but she had the figure of a nymph, and was rather above than below middle height. There was in other respects some likeness between us; she was certainly not really handsome, but her eyes were magnificent, and her whole countenance was very striking.

The first time I ever saw her sister, Madame Viardot, she was sitting with mine, who introduced me to her; Pauline Viardot continued talking, now and then, however, stopping to look fixedly at me, and at last exclaimed, "Mais comme elle ressemble à ma Marie!" and one evening at a private concert in London, having arrived late, I remained standing by the folding-doors of the drawing-room, while Lablache finished a song which he had begun before I came in, at the end of which he came up to me and said, "You cannot think how you frightened me, when first I saw you standing in that door-way; you looked so absolutely like Malibran, que je ne savais en vérité pas ce que c'était." Malibran's appearance was a memorable event in the whole musical world of Europe, throughout which her progress from capital to capital was one uninterrupted triumph; the enthusiasm, as is general in such cases, growing with its further and wider spread, so that at Venice she was allowed, in spite of old established law and custom, to go about in a gold and crimson gondola as fine as the Bucentaur itself, instead of the floating hearses that haunt the sea-paved thoroughfares, and that did not please her gay and magnificent taste.

Her début in England was an absolute conquest of the nation; and when it was shocked by the news of her untimely death, hundreds of those unsympathetic, unæsthetic, unenthusiastic English people put mourning on for the wonderfully gifted young woman snatched away in the midst of her brilliant career. Madame Malibran composed some charming songs, but her great reputation derives little of its lustre from them, — that great reputation already a mere tradition.

At a challenge I would not decline, I ventured upon the following harsh and ungraceful but literal translation of some of the stanzas from Alfred de Musset's fine lament for Malibran. My poetical competitor produced an admirable version of them, and has achieved translations of other of his verses, as perfect as translations can be; a literary feat of extraordinary difficulty with the works of so essentially national a writer, a genius so peculiarly French, as De Musset.

"Oh, Maria Felicia! the painter and bard
Behind them, in dying, leave undying heirs.
The night of oblivion their memory spares,
And their great, eager souls, other action debarred,
Against death, against time, having valiantly warred,
Though struck down in the strife, claim its trophies as theirs.

"In the iron engraved one his thought leaves enshrined;
With a golden-sweet cadence another's entwined
Makes forever all those who shall hear it his friends.
Though he died, on the canvas lives Raphael's mind;
And from death's darkest doom till this world of ours ends,
The mother-clasped infant his glory defends.

"As the lamp guards the flame, so the bare, marble halls
Of the Parthenon keep, in their desolate space,
The memory of Phidias enshrined in their walls.
And Praxiteles' child, the young Venus, yet calls
From the altar, where smiling she still holds her place,
The centuries conquered, to worship her grace.

"Thus from age after age, while new life they receive,
To rest at God's feet the old glories are gone;
And the accents of genius their echoes still weave
With the great human voice, till their speech is but one.
And of thee, dead but yesterday, all thy fame leaves
But a cross in the dim chapel's darkness, alone.

"A cross and oblivion, silence, and death!
Hark! the wind's softest sob, hark! the ocean's deep breath!
Hark! the fisher-boy singing his way o'er the plains!
Of thy glory, thy hope, thy young beauty's bright wreath,
Not a trace, not a sigh, not an echo remains."

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Those Garcia sisters were among the most remarkable people of their day, not only for their peculiar high artistic gifts, their admirable musical and dramatic powers, but for the vivid originality of their genius and great general cultivation. Malibran danced almost as well as she sang, and once took a principal part in a ballet. She drew and painted well, as did her sister Pauline Viardot, whose spirited caricatures of her friends and herself were admirable specimens both of likenesses and of humorous talent in delineating them. Both sisters conversed brilliantly, speaking fluently four languages, and executed the music of different nations and composers with a perception of the peculiar character of each that was extraordinary. They were mistresses of all the different schools of religious, dramatic, and national compositions, and Gluck, Jomelli, Pergolese, Bach, Händel, Haydn, Mozart, Rossini, Bellini, Scotch and Irish melodies, Neapolitan canzonette, and the popular airs of their own country, were all rendered by them with equal mastery.

To resume my story (which is very like that of the knife-grinder). When I returned to the stage, many years after I had first appeared on it, I restored the beautiful end of Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet as he wrote it (in spite of Garrick and the original story), thinking it mere profanation to intrude sharp discords of piercing agony into the divine harmony of woe with which it closes.

"Thus with a kiss I die,"
"Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead,"

are full enough of bitter-sweet despair for the last chords of that ineffable, passionate strain, — the swoon of sorrow ending that brief, palpitating ecstasy, the proper, dirge-like close to that triumphant hymn of love and youth and beauty. All the frantic rushing and tortured writhing and uproar of noisy anguish of the usual stage ending seemed utter desecration to me; but Garrick was an actor, the first of actors, and his death scene of the lovers and ending of the play is much more theatrically effective than Shakespeare's.

The report of my approaching appearance on the stage excited a good deal of interest among the acquaintances and friends of my family, and occasioned a renewal of cordial relations which had formerly existed, but ceased for some time, between Sir Thomas Lawrence and my father and mother.

Lawrence's enthusiastic admiration for my uncle John and Mrs. Siddons, testified by the numerous striking portraits in which he has recorded their personal beauty and dramatic picturesqueness, led to a most intimate and close friendship between the great painter and the eminent actors, and subsequently to very painful circumstances, which estranged him for years from all our family, and forbade all renewal of the relations between himself and Mrs. Siddons which had been so cruelly interrupted.

While frequenting her house upon terms of the most affectionate intimacy, he proposed to her eldest daughter, my cousin Sarah, and was accepted by her. Before long, however, he became deeply dejected, moody, restless, and evidently extremely and unaccountably wretched. Violent scenes of the most painful emotion, of which the cause was inexplicable and incomprehensible, took place repeatedly between himself and Mrs. Siddons, to whom he finally, in a paroxysm of self-abandoned misery, confessed that he had mistaken his own feelings, and that her younger daughter, and not the elder, was the real object of his affection, and ended by imploring permission to transfer his addresses from the one to the other sister. How this most extraordinary change was accomplished I know not; but only that it took place, and that Maria Siddons became engaged to her sister's faithless lover. To neither of them, however, was he destined ever to be united; they were both exceedingly delicate young women, with a tendency to consumption, which was probably developed and accelerated in its progress in no small measure by all the bitterness and complicated difficulties of this disastrous double courtship.

Maria, the youngest, an exceedingly

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beautiful girl, died first, and on her death-bed exacted from her sister a promise that she would never become Lawrence's wife; the promise was given, and she died, and had not lain long in her untimely grave when her sister was laid in it beside her. The death of these two lovely and amiable women broke off all connection between Sir Thomas Lawrence and my aunt, and from that time they never saw or had any intercourse with each other.

Frances Anne Kemble.

AFFINITIES.

I.

SPEEDING across blank, lonely wastes of snow
From your pale palace, reared with wild device
In a strange, shadowy land of Arctic ice,
O north wind, bitter north wind, whither do you blow?

"Southward, to find my tender, languid love,
Who drowses in a clime of tropic haze,
Where, through the heavy-odored, silent nights,
Great mellow, fervid stars beam out above,
And where one sees, through sultry, golden days,
The mighty Indian temples rear proud heights,
And the rich-crested palm her green plume raise!
And I, the spirit strong to wreck and kill,
I, the stern north wind, terrible to chill,
When her warm kisses through my cold lips thrill,
I have no will that is not her sweet will!"

II.

Bearing to lavish leaves your cadence low,
From far-off, indolent lands of bloomful ease,
Of gaudy birds and iridescent seas,
O south wind, fragrant south wind, whither do you blow?

"Northward, to find my cruel, white-limbed love,
Who dwells where all strange polar glories blaze;
Where, through the scintillant-starred, long-lasting nights,
Auroral splendors up the dark heaven move,
And where one sees, through scant-lit, freezing days,
Colossal ice-plinths, full of emerald lights,
House the huge walrus in their crystal maze!
And I, the spirit whom all soft dreams fill,
I, the bland south wind, that can work no ill,
When her cold kisses through my warm lips thrill,
My life grows her life, and my will her will!"

Edgar Fawcett.

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THE QUAINTNESS OF "THE JUDICIOUS HOOKER."

Of course, in a certain sense, Richard Hooker needs no formal introduction to people of culture, who know him as they know any other great writer of his day. His life was uneventful, to be sure, and placid like his disposition, but, after all, in many respects unusual. Stormy times circled about him, raging wars of religious thought were in progress, yet from out his quiet soul comes not a word of harshness, no bitter reproaches, scarcely even a well-deserved reproof. His self-control is one of the most beautiful features of a beautiful character. In that turbulent age, wealth and dignities, bishoprics and honors ecclesiastical, were freely showered on others, but he sought none of them. Living above them all, he was, most exceptionally, a man "in the world, but not of the world."

He was born within the precincts of Exeter, in 1553. His parents, though industrious, were in straitened circumstances, hardly above the level of poverty. As a lad his modest intelligence won the good-will of the school-master who had him in charge. This worthy man persuaded the boy's uncle, John Hooker, then chamberlain of Exeter, to maintain him for one year in the university. At the end of this time, John Jewel, Bishop of Salisbury, became his patron, sending him to Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

We have one bright glimpse of his college life, an account of a journey which he took on foot, with one of his fellow-students, from Oxford to Exeter, taking Salisbury in his way purposely to see the good bishop, who made them both dine with him at his own table. "At parting with Mr. Hooker," says the narrative, "the bishop gave him good counsel and his benediction, but forgot to give him money; which when the bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him; and on Richard's return, the bishop said to him, 'Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse which hath carried me for many a mile, and, I thank God, with much ease;' and presently delivered into his hand a walking-staff, with which he professed he had traveled through many parts of Germany. And he said, 'Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse; be sure you be honest and bring my horse back to me at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter; and here is ten groats more which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her I send her a bishop's benediction with it and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more, to carry you on foot to the college; and so God bless you, good Richard.' And this, you may believe, was performed by both parties."

In September, 1571, Bishop Jewel died, but the lad found another friend in Edwin Sandys, Bishop of London, and, later, Archbishop of York. As a student, young Hooker made his mark at once. He appears to have been a profound Hebraist, besides standing high in general scholarship. Moreover, his biographer makes pointed mention of his eminent modesty and piety, qualities which seem to have recommended a collegian in those days. In his nineteenth year he was admitted to be one of the twenty scholars of the foundation, and was thus perfectly incorporated into Corpus Christi, then noted for a large library, strict students, and remarkable scholars. In 1577, four years after, he took his degree and became a fellow of the college.

For most of these facts we are indebted to Walton's Life of Hooker, which is by far the best extant. It rambles, to be sure, yet every page has graphic touches. Honest Isaac, angling in many brooks besides the one he sets out to follow, contrives to bring in an excellent

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basket of fish. His anecdotes are entertaining, in particular those touching the good bishops who were Hooker's patrons. Their money was certainly well expended; and we can see how the influences thus early brought to bear made Hooker, in after life, a staunch supporter of Prelacy, as against Romanism on the one hand and Independency on the other.

After three years more of college life, he received holy orders in the Church of England, and was appointed to preach in London for the first time, at St. Paul's Cross. Going thither, he took lodgings at the Shunamite's House, "which," says Walton, "is so called for that, besides the stipend paid the preacher, there is provision made also for his lodging and diet for two days before and one day after his sermon." To this hostelry, then kept by a certain John Churchman, our good man came in an evil hour, and from henceforth we behold him in affliction. He had made the wearisome journey in a fierce storm, arriving, at last, worn and weather-beaten. Moreover, "such a faintness and fear possessed him," says the chronicler, "that he would not be persuaded two days' rest and quietness, or any other means, could be used to make him able to preach his Sunday's sermon; but a warm bed, rest, and drink proper for a cold, given him by Mrs. Churchman, and her diligent attendance added unto it, enabled him to perform the office for the day, which was in or about the year 1581."

In this his first public appearance, his sermon held the following point of doctrine, which roused some opposition: "That in God there were two wills; an antecedent and consequent will: his first will, that all mankind should be saved; but his second will was that those only should be saved that did live answerable to that degree of grace which he had offered or afforded them." "But the justifying of this doctrine," adds our historian, gliding from one point to another in the soberest way, "did not prove of so bad consequence as the kindness of Mrs. Churchman's curing him of his late distemper and cold; for that was so gratefully apprehended by Mr. Hooker that he thought himself bound in conscience to believe all she said: so that the good man came to be persuaded by her 'that it was best for him to have a wife, that might prove a nurse to him, to prolong his life and make it more comfortable; and such a one she could and would provide for him, if he thought fit to marry.' And he, not considering that the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light, . . . trusted her to choose for him, promising on a fair summons to return to London and accept of her choice; and he did so in that or about the year following. Now the wife provided for him was her daughter Joan, who brought him neither beauty nor portion; and for her conditions they were too like that wife's which is by Solomon compared to a dripping house."

By this marriage he was drawn from his college, and became the unlucky occupant of a country parsonage. His parish was Drayton Beauchamp, in Buckinghamshire, not far from Aylesbury in the diocese of Lincoln.

About a year later, his two former pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, paid him a visit. "They found him with a book in his hand," tending a few sheep in a common field, which he told them he was forced to do because his servant had gone home to assist his wife about some necessary household concerns. After his servant returned to release him, they went into the house, "where their best entertainment was his quiet company, which was presently denied them; for Richard was called to rock the cradle;' and the rest of their welcome was so like this," that they took leave early next morning. At parting, Mr. Cranmer said, "Good tutor, I am sorry that your lot is fallen in no better ground as to your parsonage, and more sorry that your wife proves not a more comfortable companion after you have wearied your thoughts in your restless studies." And the good man replied, "My dear George, if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine

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at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me, but labor (as indeed I do daily) to submit to his will, and possess my soul in patience and peace."

In experimental philosophy of this practical kind Richard Hooker was certainly in advance of Lord Bacon. It is hard to imagine our judicious divine tending sheep and rocking the cradle, with the English Polity Ecclesiastical sandwiched in between these weighty duties, by way of light, incidental thinking. His visitors failed to see the beauties of this arrangement, and went home with piteous tales of Hooker's condition.

A good bishop came to his aid in this strait also. The mastership of the Temple was then vacant through the death of Dr. Alvie, who had held it acceptably for years. John Whitgift, Archbishop of Canterbury, was anxious that Richard Hooker should have the place; but the Earl of Leicester and Lord Burleigh seem to have set their hearts on having it given to one Travers, a preacher of doubtful ordination, imbued with the doctrines of Geneva, and far from sound in the established faith. It is pleasant to see how the schemes of these wily statesmen, who had an eye to certain church lands, were brought to nought by the queen's shrewdness and the archbishop's integrity. This John Whitgift was a man of solid piety. He built a large almshouse near his own palace at Croydon in Surrey, not forgetting to endow it amply. He would call its poor inmates brothers and sisters; and whenever the queen condescended to dine with him at his palace, he would usually go, the day after, to dine with his poor friends at the hospital; "at which time," says the narrator, "you may believe, there was joy at the table." He also built a free school at Croydon, which gave Boyse Sisi, then ambassador for the King of France, occasion to say that "the bishop had published many learned books; but a free school to train up youth, and an hospital to maintain aged and poor people, were the best evidences of Christian learning that a bishop could leave to posterity." The queen regarded him with unusual favor, calling him "her little black husband," and his servants "her servants," and would often declare "she pitied him because she trusted him, and had laid all the burden of her clergy-cares on his shoulders, which he managed with prudence and piety."

Such was the man who now took Hooker under his protection; no wonder that the two agreed excellently. Through his influence the queen was led to thwart the unscrupulous plans of her statesmen, bestowing Father Alvie's place on quiet Richard Hooker, who had not sought the position, to the exclusion of Travers and one Dr. Bond, who had. Hooker accepted it somewhat reluctantly, and was made Master of the Temple by patent for life, March 17, 1585.

He found his opponent, Walter Travers, already installed there as preacher of the evening sermons; and, having no good reason for setting him aside, Travers being a man of blameless life, he soon found himself engaged in controversies of the tedious kind, "many of which," we are told, "were concerning the doctrines and ceremonies of this church; in so much that as St. Paul withstood St. Peter to his face, so did they withstand each other in their sermons; for as one hath pleasantly expressed it, 'The forenoon sermon spake Canterbury, and the afternoon Geneva.'"

The religious dissensions of Queen Elizabeth's reign were extremely bitter. Plots against church and state fomented by the Romanists, scurrilous pamphlets on prelacy disseminated by non-conformists and other restless men of no peculiar tenets, yet bold in asserting that "papists could not be saved," fanatical preaching filling ignorant minds with discontent and sedition, venomous attacks on the church and personal abuse of the men who held her bishoprics, — all this and much more of the same sort formed the moral atmosphere of the times.

But Hooker's controversies were conducted in the right spirit. To sundry exceptions made against him by Mr. Travers his answer is, "Your next ar-

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gument consists of railing and reasons. To your railing I say nothing; to your reasons I say what follows." And so we come to his great work on Ecclesiastical Polity, which was commenced here and grew out of these disputations with Travers. It opens with a dedication to the primate, and a preface addressed to "them that seek (as they term it) the reformation of the laws and orders ecclesiastical in the Church of England." Then come the eight books of actual argument, the first dealing with the principles of law in general, and those following with church canons and special laws ecclesiastical; the whole forming a sober, deliberate treatise on the polity of the English Church.

Meanwhile the strife in the Temple continued to vex the soul of its peaceable master. Many of his trials proceeded from the Earl of Leicester, who still defended Travers. The following letter to the archbishop speaks for itself in a tone of genuine pathos: "My lord, when I lost the freedom of my cell, which was my college, yet I found some degree of it in my quiet country parsonage; but I am weary of the noise and oppositions of this place, and indeed, God and nature did not intend me for contentions, but for study and quietness. My lord, my particular contests with Mr. Travers here have proved the more unpleasant to me because I believe him to be a good man; and that belief hath occasioned me to examine mine own conscience concerning his opinions; and to satisfy that, I have consulted the Scripture, and other laws both human and divine, whether the conscience of him and others of his judgment ought to be so far complied with as to alter our frame of church government, our manner of God's worship, our praising and praying to him, and our established ceremonies, as often as his and others' tender consciences shall require us; and, in this examination, I have not only satisfied myself, but have begun a treatise in which I intend a justification of the laws of our ecclesiastical polity; in which design God and his holy angels shall at the last great day bear me that witness which my conscience now does, that my meaning is not to provoke any, but rather to satisfy all tender consciences. And I shall never be able to do this, but where I may study and pray for God's blessing upon my endeavors and keep myself in peace and privacy, and behold God's blessing spring out of my mother earth, and eat my own bread without oppositions; and therefore, if your Grace can judge me worthy of such a favor, let me beg it, that I may perfect what I have begun."

In response to this appeal, the archbishop secured for him the living of Boscum, a small country town, where he remained till 1595, when he was transferred to the better parish of Bishopsbourne, in the county of Kent. During his residence at Boscum, he published the first four books of his treatise. The fifth appeared separately in 1597. On the remaining three he spent the last years of his life. The rural quiet of Boscum and Bishopsbourne seems to have suited him, enabling him to maintain the inner calm essential to the preparation of his work. He died at the latter place, in the year 1600, after a somewhat lingering illness, during which his chief anxiety was for the completion of his books.

Soon after his death the archbishop sent by one of his chaplains to ask Mrs. Hooker about the remainder of the great treatise, which the world was now eagerly awaiting. Judge of their indignation when she said that "one Mr. Chark and another minister that dwelt near Canterbury came to her and desired that they might go into her husband's study and look upon some of his writings; that there they two burnt and tore many of them, assuring her they were writings not fit to be seen; and that she knew nothing more concerning them." As a final outburst of spite, a last touch of her quality, Madam Hooker could have devised nothing better than this! Nor could the world ask better proof of the venom and cowardice of Hooker's adversaries. The last three books of the eight we now possess were completed from rough drafts and imperfect copies which escaped destruction.

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The treatise found a welcome both in England and on the Continent. We are told that an Englishman, the learned Dr. Stapleton, who was in Italy at the time with some friends, boasted to Pope Clement "that, though he had lately said he had never met with an English book whose writer deserved the name of an author, yet there now appeared a wonder to them, and it would be so to his Holiness, if it were in Latin; for a poor, obscure English priest had writ four such books of laws and church polity, and in a style that expressed so grave and so humble a majesty, with such clear demonstration of reason, that in all their readings they had not met with any that exceeded him." Upon this, the pope requested Dr. Stapleton to bring the books and read a part of them to him in Latin. The Englishman did so, and, at the close of Book First, the pope said to him, "There is no learning this man hath not searched into — nothing too hard for his understanding; this man, in deed, deserves the name of an author, his books will get reverence by age, for there is in them such seeds of eternity that, if the rest be like this, they shall last till the last fire shall consume all learning."

Accepting this judgment of their general merits, as a careful examination of the books themselves will force us to do, their peculiarities of style remain to be considered. Let us look at these with our own eyes.

Much of the quaintness so prominent in Hooker's English depends upon words of his own coinage, words expressing his thought at once so fully and so concisely as to bear the unmistakable mint-mark of his personality. They are found in the dictionaries, marked "Hooker," and rarely occur elsewhere. Take, for instance, the adjective "unemptiable," a most ungainly combination. Yet how excellent as the old sermonizer created it and set it in the heart of his sentence: "Whatsoever either man on earth or angels of heaven do know, it is as a drop of that unemptiable fountain of Wisdom."

The quaintness, however, often arises from the use of words now obsolete or employed in a new sense. A mere glance at these, in the surface-fashion of amateur philology, will show the changes going on in our mother-tongue and may even lead to some perception of their meaning.

In a masterly statement concerning the Law of Nature, at the beginning of Book First, our author has the following sentence: "If the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loose and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubility turn themselves any way as might happen, what would become of man himself, whom these things now serve?" Here the word "volubility" is used in its primary sense of revolution or rotation, and it has a strange classical sound. We have learned to think of the term "voluble" as it occurs in Keats's beautiful line, —

> "But to her heart her heart was voluble,"

or as we find it in Shakespeare, —

> "So sweet and voluble was his discourse."

How the word has contrived to stray, both in Latin and in English, from the starry spheres to the chatter of the fireside; whether the motions of the tongue have some affinity with those of the planets as being equally continuous, unwearied, and in most cases past finding out; whether certain gossips are possessed of a talent only to be described as "irregular volubility" somewhat on the comet order, — all this would be an investigation more amusing than profitable.

Returning to the Ecclesiastical Polity, we come almost at once upon a word whose changes mark a process of deterioration. "Jerome and Chrysostom," declares Hooker, "both speak of the clergy and their weed at the same time, when they administer the blessed sacrament; and of the self-same kind of weed, a white garment, so far as we have wit to conceive." The epithet "weed," applied to a surplice, would puzzle one unfamiliar with the history of the word. It originally signified a garment, as in Spenser's line, —

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"A goodly lady, clad in hunter's weed."

Later it came to mean an outer garment, and is here so used by Hooker of the white surplice. Now, it indicates black worn as mourning. Thus it has not only changed meaning, but has changed color as well, and is become a sort of "white blackbird." Yet love, dashing rose-color on all things, contrives to hit even this funereal word. Sir Philip Sidney, distressed at a sudden pallor on the countenance of his lady-love, gives us the following bit of daintiness: —

"Where be those roses gone which sweetened so our eyes?
Who hath the crimson weeds stol'n from my morning skies?"

In some cases a word has lost an intensive syllable in coming down to us. The forcible noun "exulceration" shows such a change. "Which exulceration of mind made him apt to take all occasions of contradiction," says Hooker, speaking of an opponent. What could better depict the state of mind he seeks to indicate? We see before us at once that hand-to-hand struggle of controversy, not speculative as in our own day, but intensely practical, the flames of actual martyrdom so closely of the past that their embers were still smoking far and near, and the peaceable master of the Temple striving to quench the smoldering fires and to pacify those "froward, exulcerated, and seditious spirits."

Sometimes the last syllable has fallen from the end of the word, as in the term "sophister," which we make simply "sophist." In the Defense of Poesy it retains the old form. "Truly," says Sir Philip, "they have made me think of the sophister that with too much subtlety would prove two eggs three — and, though he might be counted a sophister, had none for his labor."

Three hundred years ago, the term "speculation" carried none of the money ideas now connected with it. "In prayer we behold God by speculation," says our pious author, quite as if the statement were in no wise remarkable. And he continues, "The mind delighted with that contemplative sight of God taketh everywhere new inflammations to pray; the riches of the mysteries of heavenly wisdom continually stirring up in us correspondent desires towards them." Note the wording of this excellent passage. Understood as the writer would have it, "new inflammations to pray" conveys a beautiful thought.

In fact, these cumbrous nouns work in admirably. They give a peculiar music of their own to passages where the thought is simply argumentative. "Admit this," reasons Hooker, very earnestly, "and what shall the Scripture be but a snare and torment to weak consciences; filling them with infinite perplexities, scrupulosities, doubts insoluble, and extreme despairs." It would be hard to find a better example of rhythmical prose than the last clause in the foregoing sentence; yet its delicately balanced modulations drop in one by one, easily, unconsciously, as if the aim of the writer had been far above and beyond niceties like these.

It is impossible to overestimate the closeness of thought behind these graceful combinations, a closeness largely due to the connectives. "Sithhence," Anglo-Saxon "siththan," "whereas," "howbeit," "hereof," "whereby," "sith," "hereat," "whereunto," "out of which premises," "wherein whatsoever," "in which kind notwithstanding," are all unwieldy forms, scarcely intelligible. Yet the substitution of everyday words for these obsolete ones certainly weakens the context. This is true of substantives as well as of prepositions and conjunctions. But the latter fare worst. Like clumsy but massive bolts, the old connectives hold that grand machinery together, and are more than strong enough to do it. No rivets of modern manufacture are equal to the task. If any one is inclined to question this, let him try the experiment of such substitution, as I have done.

Yet why should this be? In regard to nouns, the homely associations wont to cluster round familiar words may explain our more favorable impressions of the stately old ones. Substitute "ornament" for "exornation," and we have

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a vision of jewelry and gewgaws. Something of dignity has been lost. The whole phrase is cheapened.

The other side of the case cannot be so readily explained. The difficulty with the connectives points to a radical change in certain mental processes. As thinkers of the nineteenth century, we are apt to let our ideas float along loosely; we are not given, generally speaking, to inferential deductions, to the close, logical reasoning which makes the solidity of work like Hooker's. The language of our day conforms to this mode of thought, and our really accurate connectives are given over to the lawyer's clerk.

But let us examine a few more of these quaint substantives. How many of us would venture a guess at the meaning of the word "loover"? Our author is quoting from one of his adversaries: "Albeit the loover of antichristian building were not, ye say, as then set up, yet the foundations thereof were secretly and under the ground laid in the Apostle's times." This is a corruption of Norman French *l'ouvert*, the opening or aperture. Spenser gives the French, correctly spelled. "The ancient manner of building in Cornwall was to set hearths in the midst of rooms, which vented the smoke at a louver (or opening) in the top." (Carew, Survey of Cornwall.) Thus we get a glimpse of the primitive simplicity which antedated the era of chimneys.

The old-fashioned feminine recurs in many words which have now lost it: "To prescribe the order of doing in all things is a peculiar prerogative which Wisdom hath, as a queen or sovereign commandress over other virtues." So far Hooker. Sir Philip Sidney uses an expression equally quaint, in the following line from the eighty-eighth sonnet:

"From my dear captainess to run away."

The proper noun "admonitioners" is worthy of note. Trench has a few words on titles of this kind which are to the point. He thinks that "almost all the sects and parties, religious and political, which have risen up in times past in England, are known by names which will repay study. 'Puritans,' 'fifth-monarchy men,' 'seekers,' 'independents,' 'friends,' 'latitudinarians,' these titles, with many more, have each its significance; and would you understand what they meant, you must first understand what they were called." Hooker's explanation of the name admonitioners is definite. "Under the happy reign of her Majesty that now is, the greatest matter awhile contended for was the wearing of the cap and surplice, till there came admonitions directed unto the high court of Parliament by men who, concealing their names, thought it glory enough to discover their minds and affections, which now were universally bent against all the orders and laws wherein this church is found unconformable to the platform of Geneva." The men issuing this remarkable paper were styled admonitioners. In the course of years these proper nouns meet with eccentric transformations, especially those which have been names of places. Any one in the habit of using Worcestershire sauce on his table will have learned from the red label on every bottle that it is kept for sale in St. Paul's Churchyard.

We find other curious nouns in our treatise: such as "well-willers" for well-wishers, "exornations," which, freely rendered by modern irreverence, may be termed "extra touches," "suppage," "deodate," and "cavillation," which has now lost two syllables. Nearly all changes of form in the last century have been in the interests of brevity. Our forefathers lived more leisurely lives than we; and their dignified language had nothing in it of our fretful, impatient worry.

The Ecclesiastical Polity contains adjectives and adverbs as peculiar as its nouns. In the first book we find this queerly entangled passage: "In goodness, therefore, there is a latitude or extent whereby it cometh to pass that even of good actions some are better than other some; whereas otherwise one man could not excel another, but all should be either absolutely good, as hitting jump that indivisible point or centre wherein goodness consisteth; or else, missing it, they should be excluded out of the num-

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ber of well-doers." Here "jump" must mean exactly or precisely as in Hamlet,

> "Jump at this dead hour,"

but is quite comical in such connection.

Another sentence runs as follows: "The law of angels we cannot judge altogether *impertinent* unto the church of God." "Impertinent," which now denotes rude, officious intermeddling, is here used in its primary meaning, "irrelevant."

Closely related to Hooker's noun "sedulity" (which, by the way, is preferable to our word "sedulousness") is the adjective "industrious." Our author quotes a passage from some Greek poet, translating it thus: "The fiery throne of God is attended on by those most industrious angels." This adjective, industrious, strikes us as inappropriate. Yet without close analysis of the point it is difficult to tell why. Sedulity comes from *assidere* whence our words "assiduous," "sedulous," and "sedentary," terms which express steady attention to an occupation or pursuit. Sedulous, however, implies that this attention has become habitual. "Be sedulous to discharge thy trust," says Bishop Taylor. "Be zealous for souls and careless of money." Now, coming to our term industrious, Barrow says, "A scholar is industrious who doth assiduously bend his mind to study." This idea of assiduity, of sedentary labor, of the weariness which nestles into an armchair, is not in keeping with a vision of angels. It belongs to our poor humanity; while the notion of pain and laborious toil, also involved in the term industrious, makes it a word dyed ingrain and tinct with earthliness. Ask any artist you meet for his idea of an industrious angel. Ten to one he will sketch a sweet young woman at her sewing!

Comparatives and superlatives condensed more closely than those now in use occur throughout our treatise. "Ancienter," "ancientest," "faithfuller," "seemlier," "learnedest," are exceptions to the modern rule of contraction. Instead of keeping the beautiful dactylic forms, we compare such adjectives by means of the adverbs "more" and "most." What we gain by so doing is hard to divine.

In the following sentence we come upon the word "chiefest," a sort of double superlative. It occurs in a discourse on the sumptuousness of churches. "This kind of bounteous expenses serveth to the world for a witness of his almightiness whom we outwardly honor with the chiefest of outward things, as being of all things himself incomparably the greatest." This is like the scriptural form "Most Highest." A similar expression occurs in the Prayer-Book version of the seventy-eighth Psalm: "The most principal and mightiest in the dwellings of Ham." These grand pleonasms are dignified and yet forcible; as if language in its utmost strength barely upheld the unsearchable thought.

The old verb "to meddle" will repay examination. "A medled estate of the orders of the gospel and the ceremonies of popery," writes Hooker. This obsolete form of the verb "to mingle" still survives in our noun "medley." Wickliffe's translation of Matthew xxvii. 34 runs thus: "They gave him to drink wine meddled with gall."

The Anglo-Saxon verb "to bray" has a double meaning, which leads to absurd results. "The savor of the word is more sweet, being brayed," says Hooker, "and more able to nourish being divided by preaching than by only reading." Here the sense is that of the proverb, "though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar." Yet the secondary meaning is the one naturally attached to the word, and conveys an insinuation rather severe on the preachers!

No less amusing is the queer statement we find farther on, that in his first epistle "St. Paul pincheth the Corinths."

The graceful and musical verb "surcease" is an old word revived by the poets. Hooker seems to favor its participial form. Edgar Poe makes it quite effective in The Raven:—

> "Vainly had I sought to borrow
> From my books surcease of sorrow."

Our language incurs detriment when such words fall into disuse. This one deserves its new lease of life.

Caroline D. Swan.

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THE EARLY DEAD.

"To a boon southern country they have fled."
MATTHEW ARNOLD

No process slow of dull decay
  The fire of life abated,
With garlands fresh and dewy they
  Its banquet left unsated.
They vanished in the mists of death
  Ere o'er them fell a shadow,
And now they draw immortal breath
  In happy isle or meadow.

More blest than we, who mourned their fate,
  These guests who early hasted;
They lingered not like us too late,
  But left the lees untasted.
They quaffed the bubbles on the brim
  From beakers full and flowing;
Our mirth was hushed, our eyes were dim
  With tears, at their outgoing.

But soon we wiped our tears away;
  Again the viol sounding
Bade joy resume its festal sway
  And kept our pulses bounding.
Long since the noise of revel died,
  Our pulses lost their madness,
And in the calm of eventide
  We feel the touch of sadness.

From that boon country in the South,
  To which they sped before us,
Oft come those long-lost mates of youth
  In dreams, and hover o'er us.
Our locks are gray; our hearts are worn;
  Care e'en our sleep invadeth;
They come from bowers of youth and morn,
  Where leaf nor blossom fadeth.

They come with airs and scents of May,
  These guests from vales Elysian;
They shun the glare and din of day,
  But haunt the nightly vision.
Oh well for us that dreamland opes
  At night its mystic portal,
Through which, rekindling faded hopes,
  Glide visitants immortal!

B. W. Ball

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IN THE QUANTICK STAGE.

On a brisk, sunny October morning a yellow-bodied old stage, smelling strongly of stables and well-worn harnesses, rattled off the pebble pavements of a New England capital, into the soothing silence of the heavy, sandy pike leading sixteen miles up-hill to Quantick, having inside five passengers, all women, and all, save one, more or less familiarly known to each other.

On the front seat, riding with her back to the horses, in supreme contempt of the feeble-minded notion that headache and nausea are readily engendered in that position, sat Aunt Nabby Tanner, the Sehannet tailoress, Sehannet being a post village six miles this side of Quantick, and the trading and educational centre of one of the sleepiest farming communities in New England.

Aunt Nabby's surprisingly tall, thin figure was held erect with military precision; her hair was white as years and cares could bleach it, but in her strong-nosed, keen, sensible old face there was no token that time had weakened a high spirit and strong will, or made serious ravages upon somewhat formidable powers of observation and judgment.

Her dress, unaffected by any fleeting fashion of the last dozen or fifteen years, was creaseless and spotless; even her black cotton gloves refused to grow rusty, and snuff-taking and the management of the snuff-taker's terrible second handkerchief, the bandanna, or checked gingham one, she achieved with a certain stern dignity that defied criticism.

Nobody was more respected than Aunt Nabby in the whole Sehannet neighborhood, where for more than forty years she had wielded her shears, press-board, and goose, and sewed miles of heavy seams with "blunts" and "betweens." Long ago she might have rested from her labors, for she had inherited one of the best farms in Sehannet; but unluckily, a little after the farm came to her there happened along a clever, plausible widower, who pictured in violent colors the troubles that befall the lone woman who has land to look after, descanted eloquently upon the ease, the sheltered lot, the happiness, of that woman who should be protected, served, by himself and his three or four half-grown boys, and these considerations, aided, certainly not hindered, by reported philandering of a nature almost too soft and moving for Sehannet credence, impelled Aunt Nabby to the commission of the sole great folly of her life, the installing of this smooth-tongued stranger in her father's scarce-cold great arm-chair, master of herself and her possessions. The marriage was hardly a week old before, from the distant county that had been the bridegroom's home, there came a flying cloud of debts for settlement, and well-attested stories of the hardships his first wife had endured through his hopeless laziness — hardships she was well content to end, or change, by death.

The man *could* do almost anything; his judgment in all farming matters was excellent, he was a good surveyor, and a good wheelwright; he invented labor-saving contrivances, could repair clocks and watches, make fiddles, flutes, banjoes; he was a really admirable musician, and a self-taught naturalist, and he could talk to wile the bird off the bough; but he *would* do nothing that involved severe or even continuous labor.

He was an imposing figure, after an elder, huge-framed, muscular, yet massive type; his digestion accommodated itself perfectly to four mighty meals per day, and to as many collations as he could interpose between his newspapers, his naps upon the lounge, and long gossips in the barns of certain favored neighbors; and he was unable to get through the night without several repasts to support exhausted nature. He became the foremost man of the neighborhood in political and Masonic matters, represented the town for some years in the As-

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sembly, and at election periods, whether he was or was not a candidate, bestirred himself to much purpose, devoting such vigilance, so many persuasive visits, to a despised rocky fastness of the town where dwelt a poverty-smitten population of Free Lances, amongst whom the school-master was forever abroad, that not the booziest charcoal-peddling shack amongst them, whose most comprehensive views of town-meetin' never stretched beyond its being an occasion when a little money and limitless rum and hard cider were easily come by, — perhaps, too, a broken head, and certainly a deal of tedious zigzagging into ditches on the route homeward, and many doleful pauses exacted by a stomach seasick to utter rebellion, — failed to present himself punctually at the polls, prepared manfully to do his duty by his country.

Meantime Aunt Nabby, confessing frankly to one or two old friends how woefully she had been deceived, how hopeless the error into which she had been led, held her tongue bravely from self-lamentations and useless reproaches, rose earlier, lay down later, spent more hours at her needle, scrimped her own attire that her husband's vast bulk might be suitably clad, paid for his books, newspapers, and costly tools and materials required for the many begun and never-finished bits of fine work that cumbered house and shop, and carefully consulted his despotic taste in the food prepared for him, even though she were obliged to cook it, and to keep herself warm by a "flashy" fire of rotten chestnut rails robbed from the nearest fence, chopped into available lengths by her own busy hands, while cords of wood were crying for the ax in the forest that covered a third of her farm; she clothed, educated and started fairly in life her husband's boys, and had the one sweet drop in her cup in the affection, great as could have been given their own mother, with which the young men regarded her. But, brave as Aunt Nabby was, it is to be hoped no sympathizing friend ever related to her how, in moments when beverages more potent than coffee and tea had rendered the senator more expansive, confidential, not to say sentimental, than his wont was, he had been heard to regret that his second matrimonial choice had been too rashly made; undoubtedly there was something severe, ha'sh, in an old maid's manner and habit of viewing things; he could not but feel, often, that a younger, more affectionate woman would have made him a more suitable companion. Ah, if he had his life to live over again! People were too worldly in their marriages. A woman might be likely, forehanded, and stirrin', and not make a wife a man could live easily and happily with. The disposition, that was the main thing to consider; and the younger a woman was, the less likely to be sot in her ways. And so on.

Beside Aunt Nabby, overflowing all the ample remaining space of the seat intended for three persons, sat Mrs. Jubal Hawkins, wife of a very well-to-do Sehannet publican. Mrs. Hawkins had a jovial great face like a peony, and a pair of black eyes that, as she herself put it, never quailed before the face of mortial man; and her garments, of costly textures, bore a look of disarray not uncharacteristic of the attire of people who have sagged and bulged beyond all possibilities of getting other than sectional views of themselves.

Upon the middle seat, opposite Mrs. Hawkins, was the wife of a Western settler, a Sehannet woman, returning after years of absence to visit the old home and friends, Mrs. Job Burdick by name.

Upon the back seat, directly behind Mrs. Burdick, sat a lady, stranger to us all. She was a little woman, with a face more than middle-aged, — a fact that the brilliant black of her hair, and its jaunty, youthful arrangement of crimps, braids, and artfully artless ringlets escaping here and there, impressed upon the most casual gazer. She had probably been plentifully admired a good many years before, as a neat-featured, prettily-colored beauty of a popular fashion, and it was clearly difficult to forget her successes. Her toilet was a careful reproduction of the last mode, and profusely trimmed, but the materials were trashy, her ornaments only sim-

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ulations. Her somewhat pinched cheeks still bore two spots of brilliant carmine, not artificial, and her faded eyes kept a sparkle that might be shrewishness or vivacity, according to circumstances. Most men would have called her a fine little woman still, and women, noting her toil-worn hands, and her resolute air of putting the best foot forward, would have been merciful to her vanity, juvenility, and make-shifts.

In the opposite corner sat the chronicler, myself, — a young woman whose fathers, grandfathers, and upward have dwelt or been known in Sehannet since the days when its worn-out pastures waved with the forest primeval.

Only greetings had been exchanged while we were on the deafening pavement, but the instant the clatter died away into the pleasant sound of crunching through reluctant sand, Mrs. Hawkins began, in a tremendously subterranean, husky voice, that was constantly losing itself in a wheeze, —

"There! Thank goodness, that 's the last o' them pesky pavements! When I 'm away from home I 'm never fairly easy till I 'm headed for our bare old hills ag'in, an' the very minnit we jounce off the cobble-stones, I kind o' consate that I begin to smell our pines and hemlocks! And so you 've got back at last, Fanny" (to me). "Schoolin 's done now, an't it? You can talk their lingo with all the furriners now, I expect. I need n't ast if *you 're* well, but *do* tell me how yer mar is. I 've charged Jubal this three weeks, every time he come into the city, to be sure an' stop at yer par's office and ast after Mis' Latham, but law! — a man! Show Jubal a horse 't he could make a good trade for, 'n' I tell him he 'd forgit t' order me a coffin 'f I lay in the house a month waitin' to be buried! But how *is* yer mar, 'n' how 'd she bear the voyage home?"

I explained.

"Sho, now! you don't say so! And got to start ag'in next month! Wal, Florida an't so fur off as where she has ben, but it 's hard for a woman with all that houseful of boys an' girls to see to. But I 'm real glad to hear she 's better 'n she was, 'n' I suppose yer aunt Mariar can make the young folks gee pretty well? Yer aunt don't like Sehannet 's well 's the rest o' your folks. She 's hed the children off down the bay the two summers you 've ben gone, 'n' it looked lonesome to see your house most all shet up, 'n' none on ye drivin' through the village, but I knew you 'd come and take a look at the old place 's soon 's you got back. We shall be a-lookin' for you over, to-morrow or next day. My cake-pail 's full o' seed cakes and them sugar jumbles you used to like, 'n' I guess M'nervy 'll hev a batch o' pumpkin pies ready by this time. Jubal 's ben a-makin' wine this year out o' pretty nigh everything that grows. You 'll hev to taste all the kinds, 'n' he 'll expect you to say they don't make nothin' in furrin parts to come up to his elderberry stuff. Some 't he made two years ago *is* pretty good with hot water 'n' sugar of a cold night, but the critter 's so sot up about it that I won't praise it a mite!

"But talkin' of eatin' reminds me 't I 've got some capsheafs in my bag; I always want somethin' t' gnaw upon in the stage; 't kinder gits the time over." And the good soul had presently supplied each one in the stage with two or three of her fat, smooth, brown-skinned, butter-fleshed pears, and no one would have disputed that gnawing upon them did while away the time agreeably. The little woman, my neighbor, as she threw back her veil and smiled her thanks for her portion, disclosed a feature that held me as did the eye of the Ancient Mariner his auditor; so ample, so fully exposed an array of false teeth, square-cut, blue-white, glittering, glaring, that the menacing prophecy, "There shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth," took instantly a new and grim realism to me. They were dreadful to look upon, and I could not look away! Who ever beheld such a color? And what broad grooves they cut in the firm pears! I gazed and gazed, forgetting quite where we were, and whom we were, and was somehow back in the beginning of things, filling a chief *rôle* in the ter-

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rible tragedy. "Oh, grandma! what great teeth you've got!" and "The better to *eat* you with, my dear!" fell on my inner ear so clearly that I jumped to avoid wolfish spring and clutch, and woke up to wrench away my fascinated eyes and turn my back upon my neighbor until her fruit was disposed of, and the teeth, as she did not speak at all, quiet and hidden.

By this time the three other occupants of the stage had embarked upon a swift stream of talk, Mrs. Burdick questioning concerning the places, the people she remembered, who was married, who was dead, how so-and-so had given his property, what so-and-so was worth. Suddenly she leaned from her window to look at a farmer who had passed us, seated on his wagon-load of vegetables.

"Wal, I declare for 't," she exclaimed, drawing back her head, "if that wa' n't Deacon 'Lish' Manchester! I thought he could n't grow no homelier, but he has, though he don't look as if he 'd given up to be an old man, yet. You 'd think, to look at his team and his whole rig, that he wa' n't worth ten dollars in the world, but I know whoever 's lost money 't a'n't Deacon 'Lish' Manchester! Is poor Mis' Manchester a-livin' yet?"

"Not the one you knowed," replied Aunt Nabby. "The Lord must ha' thought she 'd suffered enough, even for a woman, to be let out of this world. She died last March — very onexpected at the last. Her darters can't seem to git reconciled to it, no way. They say they can't but be thankful she 's gone, but they can't forgit how she suffered, how hard her life was, and that she never had, since they can any of them remember, a single well or happy day. The gals all sot everything by their mother, and their father carried sail so when she died, and has done ever since, sayin' an' doin' the cuttin'est things, that they think it an't no use to be close-mouthed over their feelin's an' troubles. They 're determined the neighbors shall know what their mother had to endure."

"Everybody always knew that Deacon Manchester was a hard man, near as the bark to a tree, and dreadful pompous," returned Mrs. Burdick, "and they pitied Mis' Manchester because she was always sick; but she never went anywhere, or invited any company to her own house, and in my time folks used to think she was rather stand-offish, and odd."

"Why, bless you, 'Senath Burdick," burst out Aunt Nabby, with unusual heat, "the poor woman *could n't* go nowhere! A great deal of the time, for years, she wa' n't fit to be out of her bed, and would n't ha' ben, only there was all that farm work to be done, and nobody else to do it while she could crawl. An' she had to crawl to do it, sometimes. One of the neighbors, a man, told me himself that he went in there one day and found Mis' Manchester a-creepin' up the cellar-stairs with a great piece o' pork in her hand. She said she felt too weak to stand, the deacon was off to the city as usual with his garden stuff, and somebody 'd got to git the dinner for a dozen haymakers. The man asked her why the deacon did n't find somebody to help her, but she said Mr. Manchester did n't know much what it was to be sick, and she guessed she should feel stronger after a while. The man said the tears come into his eyes as he looked at her, he pitied her so. The darters say now that their father had always grumbled at their mother for feeling weak and miserable; said sick folks were a nuisance, and talked as if they had n't no right to be left in the world the minute they wa' n't able to work like plowmen. When two or three of his children, that were always kind o' sickly, died, he said he was glad on 't; it was better for them and for everybody else. When 'Lisha Manchester married Faithful Wheelock, she was as rugged a gal as you could find: solid-built, and with cheeks like red apples. But there an't many women that can do, alone, all the work that belongs to women-folks on a great farm, — mend and make, scrub, wash, 'tend to the dairy-work, cook for gangs of hired men, — and have nine children in eleven years, and a husband with no more feelin' than a stone, and

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come out young, strong, and well at the end on 't!"

"Yes," broke in Mrs. Hawkins, "and them above only knows what she suffered on her children's account! You remember the oldest gal, don't you, Mis' Burdick — Almiry Manchester? She married Hubbard Kimball's son Cyrus. Wal, her an' me was a-talkin' about it the other day, an' she says she never gits over bein' amazed at the way her children follow their father round, wish an' watch for him when he 's away, an' at the frolics they hev with him when he gits back, hangin' all over him, an' divin' into his pockets an' bundles to see what he 's brought for everybody. When she an' her brothers an' sisters was little, at home, she said *their* only happy time was when their father was off somewhere, an' if ever they asked when he 'd git back 't was only to know how much longer their good time would last. When he was to home they 'd curl up together in some corner, whist as mice, an' if one of 'em snickered out at anything, the old man 'd snarl, 'There, brats, none o' that! Be off to bed!' An' she 'd never forgot how one day in winter her father 'd come in from outdoors and was sweepin' the snow off his boots, when a little brother that died when he was six years old — he was about four, then, an' a wonderful tender-hearted, affectionate little fellow — run behind his father and clasped his arms round one of his father's legs. 'Out o' the way, brat!' his father called out. The child let go, but watched his chance, and in a minute caught his father by the other leg, and this time his father raised the broom he was usin', struck the child square in the face with it, an' knocked him flat upon the floor. The little thing scrambled up, looked at his father as if he could n't onderstand it, then said pitifully, 'Father, you *hurt* me!' an' begun to cry as if his heart was broke.

"'Hurt ye? I *meant* to hurt ye!' snarled the old tiger, 'an' if that roarin' an't shet up in one minute you 'll be hurt ag'in!'

"And that was about the way 't was all along. They never hed a plaything, they never dast to hev a school-mate at the house, an' when they went to school, or anywhere amongst other children, they went hangin' their heads down because their clothes wa' n't sech as anybody else had. As soon as they got big enough to earn anything, their father made 'em go to work an' take care of themselves. He said he should come on the town with such a family as his stayin' round to home, an' except for their mother they was all glad enough to git away.

"The old deacon 's always ben comin' on the town! Almiry said her mother dreaded to hev a neighbor come into the house at meal-time worse 'n a whippin', for it mortified her to death not to ast 'em to sit up to the table an' eat, an' if she ast 'em the old man would scold half the night at her for bringin' him to the poorhouse! He bought everything that was got, and Mis' Manchester never hed a cent unless she could sell some eggs or butter on the sly. When 'Lish' Manchester married, he was a poor man, with mebbe a hundred or two dollars he 'd laid up keepin' school; an' the twenty-five hundred dollars that old Mr. Wheelock gin Faithful was what started him on the farm where he lives now, but she never hed a cent on 't, principal nor int'rest, an' would no more 'a' dast to hev gone to his purse than to the greatest stranger's. Deacon Manchester pays taxes now on thirty thousand dollars, and he owns more woodland than any two farmers in Sehannet, but in his wife's last sickness, if he could ketch her alone in her room, he 'd complain of the wood that was burnt in her fire, pick off every brand but one, an' set 'em up endways in the corners of the fire-place, an' then, mebbe, go out, pious old critter, and lead in fam'ly prayers!"

"But his onfeelin'ness was the worst of all," went on Aunt Nabby. "Mis' Manchester knew well enough that she 'd owed her hard life to a cruel master; if ever she said anything about married life, you could see 't she felt as bitter as gall about it; an' yet she could n't help carin' for her husband, worryin' about

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him when he was out in a storm, and that he should have everything to his mind in the house; and when he 'd come into her room and snap at her, or stay out on 't for days, it cut her dreadfully. He never come a-nigh her for three days afore she died, and each mornin' she 'd ask one o' the gals, 'Has your father gone to the city another day without comin' in to see me?' and then sigh, turn away her face, and keep very still a good while. The gals got so beat out with his doin's at last that they spoke out about them to whoever was by, and one day, when we thought Mis' Manchester was asleep, Sophrony was a-tellin' me how 't when her mother was took worse, two or three weeks before, it was at night. She coughed terribly, and at last got up after some medicine, and before she could git back she found herself all to oncet quite helpless, and fell on her face across the foot of the bed. Then the deacon got up, and says he, 'If you're a-goin' to keep up sech a barkin' and racket I must clear out; I can't stand bein' broke o' my rest!' and off he went, leavin' her lyin' there, and Sophrony thought she might ha' smothered, only she heerd her moanin' and jumped up and ran in to her. Sophrony was scoldin' about this to me, when Mis' Manchester heerd her. 'Oh, Sophrony, don't!' she called out; 'he 's your father!' He was off on the market wagon when she died. He come home, and was fussin' round as usual with his bags and baskets, and gittin' his exes greased, and at last one of his darters went to the door. 'Father,' says she, 'did you know mother is gone?' He only nodded, went on with his work, and when he come in, eat his supper and sot down to his account books as if there wa' n't nothin' more 'n common the matter."

"And a chirker widower than he was, the very day o' the funeral, you never see!" struck in Mrs. Jubal — Strophe in this raven duet. "Before that he 'd been frettin' at the gals because they would hev their mother buried with her false teeth in. The teeth wa' n't none o' his gettin', but he said they could be made over for him, or they 'd fetch somethin' to sell, and it was a dretful waste to bury 'em, and he kept on so about 'em that they hed to watch him pretty close for fear he 'd take 'em out, say what they would! But he hed to give 'em up at last, and then at the supper, arter they 'd got back from carryin' her over to the old Wheelock place, he was as chipper, jokin' about marryin' ag'in, boastin' how young he felt, what a day's work he could do, — the critter was sickenin'!

"Widowers in gineral ha'n't much sense nor decency to boast on, but Deacon Manchester beat all!"

"You say she died in March," said Mrs. Burdick; "has he begun to look for another wife yet?"

"*Begun!*" returned Mrs. Jubal, her deep voice at its huskiest from concentrated emotions, "the man 's ben married nigh two months!"

And Mrs. Burdick, "You don't say so! Married a'ready! Who on airth 'd he find to have him?"

"Nobody round here, you may be sure and sartin," replied Mrs. Jubal. "Women *are* great fools, but there an't many so fur gone as to marry Deacon 'Lish' Manchester with their eyes open! He tried hard enough, though, here. He begun in May, and there wa' n't hardly an old maid or widder in the town, 'specially if they 'd got a little proputty, that he did n't write to or go to see. It got so that if a single woman see him a-comin' toward her house she locked the door, and run and hid. But you know what a pompous critter he is, and he never seemed to think there was nobody 't he could n't hev."

"Pooh!" chanted Anti-Strophe, Aunt Nabby, contemptuously, "he was only like all men in that. Don't you suppose that Tom Pope, a-drivin' this stage, thinks it 'd be only to ask and have, if he wanted to marry Fanny, here? He might say 't her folks was pretty grand, but he 'd think money made 'em so, and he would n't know that eddication, or anything else, made a difference, or was a hindrance. A man 's a man, and a woman 's a woman, and all women are

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bent on marryin' — men never git much beyond that."

"Things happen sometimes so kind o' cur'us that they do 'most justify some of the men, don't they, Aunt Nabby?" returned Strophe, gazing innocently into Anti-Strophe's face.

"Don't you be a-stabbin' me, and lookin' as if butter would n't melt in your mouth!" replied Aunt Nabby, good-naturedly. "I never sot up for any great wisdom, and if a body 's got a hard row to hoe, it don't make it any easier to know it 's their own fault. And folks that have made a mistake have the best right to speak, though all the speakin' in the world won't vally, neither. We 've all got our lesson to larn, and some 'll git it by only havin' it p'inted out, and there 'll always be some that 'll have to have it knocked into 'em!"

Silence for a little, and we all look discreetly out at the asters and gentians that border our way along a reach of springy hill-side.

Presently Mrs. Burdick resumes, —

"Wal, who *did* Deacon 'Lisha find at last for a wife?"

"A Widder Scranton, that lived to Fall River," answered Mrs. Hawkins. "Somebody must ha' recommended her to him, for she don't belong anywhere in these parts. Mis' Dr. Nuttin' visits in Fall River, and she 's heerd her spoken on a good deal. She 's called a very likely woman, smart as a steel-trap, and with a great notion o' pushin' forrard in the world. She was left a widder with four or five little children, and hardly any money, but she put the oldest ones into the factory, took in sewin', did anything that come handy, and got along very well. She kept everything lookin' wonderful slick, and was very airy and dressy herself, Mis' Nuttin' said. The widder come up to the deacon's about a month before she married him, to kind o' see how the land lay, of course. Beulah Williams has ben a keepin' house for the deacon sence Mis' Manchester died, and she hed to entertain the widder. She said the woman never ast nothin' about the deacon's temper, nor about how he got along with his first wife, nor if he was a good Christian man. But she wanted to know jest what he was said to be wuth, and what the money was in, and if he 'd made a will, and how much of the proputty come by the first Mis' Manchester; and then she had Beulah go all over the house with her, and she ast who the beddin' belonged to, and the different pieces o' furnitoor, and then told how *she* should hev things there: the house all furbished and finnified, water brought into 't, an' a hired maid to do the heavy work. She should hev the deacon git a new kerrige, too, an' robes. She could n't hev clothes all covered with hairs from them old horse blankets that the deacon hes on his horses, and over his vegetables, and then tucked over your lap! And then she ast about the meetin' folks; said she 'd always took an active part wherever she went to meetin', and that she would want the society to meet often at her house, and she should see 't was lively in the evenin' so 's to dror the young folks in; that she liked to hev a neighborhood kind o' gay and sociable: picnics and festivals and mite societies and oyster suppers. Beulah said she wanted to laugh, and she wanted to cry, all to oncet, when she heerd the critter a-runnin' on so; she could n't help pityin' on her, and she tried to hint that the deacon was a close man with his money, and hed brought up his own family in the barest kind o' way, jest clothes enough to cover 'em, and no store groceries but the cheapest flour and tea, brown sugar, black molasses, and stacks o' codfish; but law! the widder would n't hear nothin' to that. She said the deacon hed told her that his first wife was a shiftless, peevish kind o' woman, not much force, and with no idees about gittin' along, that he reely hed n't hed a wife, to call one, for twenty year, and that she sp'ilt her children so 't he never got much good out of 'em, out doors or in; but she guessed things would go ruther diff'runt now. She 'd resk managin' any man 't ever *she* see!

"Almiry was so mad when she heerd what her father 'd told the widder, that

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she says if the widder only *will* manage him, rule him with a rod of iron, she shan't care if the proputty 's every cent spent; she shall say 't the Lord's hand is in it, avengin' her mother 't was murdered by inches!"

"I don't see how any woman could stomach to marry him," said Mrs. Burdick, "even if she did n't know what a tyrannical, little-souled — and worse — creature he was. A disagreeable, ontidy, stubbly old man; to look at him 's enough, *I* should think!"

"Oh, she says, plain out, that it 's the money she thinks about. Times has ben awful bad at the factories for more 'n a year, and it was hard to git along any way, and she thought here was a home and livin' offered her 'n' her children, and an eddication for them, and she must n't refuse it; she marries for proputty, he for convenience; and he 's Deacon 'Lish' Manchester! *Mebbe* 't will turn out well!" Strophe, thus.

"The Lord help her!" fairly groaned Anti-Strophe. "I ha'n't no gret opinion of a woman 't 's lived long enough to know better, marryin' an old man within six months of his wife's death, and won't be told nothin' about him, and comes swellin' into the house that t' other woman has hardly left, and finds fault with everything, and boasts of the changes *she* shall make, and the way things has got to go now, and hints that all the trouble was the first woman's fault; but I *know* that what Mis' Manchester had to bear — things that can't be spoken on — an't for any woman to bear, and I hope, whoever hes the wust on 't now, 't won't be the Widder Scranton!"

By this time we had paused to water the horses at the toll-gate-house. Two roads led from this house to the village. We swept, when the stage started, into the old, circuitous, infrequently-used one.

"Why, I wonder what we 're a comin' round here for?" queried Mrs. Hawkins. "Must be somebody on top that 's got to git off at the Burnt Hill Fork."

We drove on, up a gentle ascent, and then, with a grand flourish that sent a flock of hens scurrying wildly amongst the scaffolds of shining milk pans and drying apples, made a huge, glossy-breasted gobbler forget his dignity so far as to run a few paces, then stop and gobble himself apoplectic at his and our indecorum, and brought a brindled mastiff angrily upon the scene, we drove upon the uninclosed, sloping greensward in front of a large, yellow, gambrel-roofed farm-house, and stopped.

"Why, if 't an't Deacon Manchester's!" broke out Mrs. Jubal, in her surprise. "Who on airth" — she stopped, for the driver flung down the steps with a clang, and the little woman, my neighbor of the teeth, lifted up the back belt of the middle seat and stepped to the door. One moment she paused there, looking Aunt Nabby full in the face.

"Perhaps it is a pity I did n't ride in this stage three months ago!" she said. "But good morning, ladies. *I* am the 'Widder Scranton!'" And before we knew that our heads were all cut off, Mis' Manchester No. 2 had gained the shelter of her doorway, and Beulah Williams had come forward to see to the putting off of parcels and boxes.

Aunt Nabby found her voice, first.

"Wal, of all things! — of all things! Who 'd ha' thought o' the critter's bein' here? We heerd she wa' n't a-goin' to break up in Fall River and come here before spring. Of all the cur'us things! Wal, I 'm glad on 't! I hate tale-bearin' and stirrin' up strife, and I would n't ha' said it if I 'd knowed; but as 't was, she 's heerd a little truth, and I 'm glad on 't! Mis' Hawkins, why don't you say somethin'?"

"Mis' Hawkins" could n't, simply. Her face was as purple as the gobbler's head had been.

She struggled to speak, gasped, and waved her hand impatiently at us to signify her inability.

By and by, "Oh, I can't," she got out. "It 's like the swearin' man with the ashes; I can't do it justice. But I 'd give, — yes, willin'ly, — I 'd give a hundred dollars ruther 'n to hev Jubal, and all that ruck o' men 'at set round in the post-office and store year in, year out, a-cacklin' at nothin', git hold on 't!"

S. F. Hopkins.

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HYMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, PHILADELPHIA, MAY 10, 1876.

Words by JOHN G. WHITTIER. Music by JOHN K. PAINE.

Maestoso. (♩ = 88.)

SOPRANO.

1. Our fa-thers' God! from out whose hand The cen-turies fall like grains of

ALTO.

TENOR.

1. Our fa-thers' God! from out whose hand The cen-turies fall like grains of

BASS.

PIANO.

sand, We meet to-day, u - ni - ted, free, And loy - al to our land and

sand, We meet to-day, u - ni - ted, free, And loy - al to our land and

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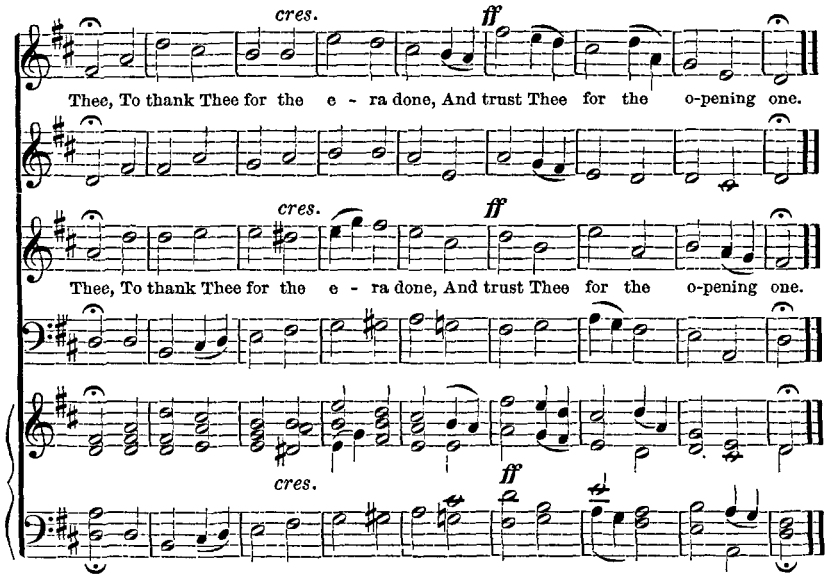

I.

Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

II.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

III.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalship of hand and brain.

IV.

Thou, who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfill
The Orient's mission of good-will,
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,
Send back its Argonauts of peace.

V.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee; but, withal, we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold!

VI.

Oh make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law;
And, cast in some diviner mold,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

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RECENT LITERATURE.

It is upwards of twelve years since Mr. Austin published The Human Tragedy.[1] It was withdrawn from circulation some time ago, with a view to presenting it again "recast and completed," as the author tells us in one of those discursive prefaces of which he is so fond, and since then he has, as it were, suspended the public verdict by references to its reappearance, as if no fair or final judgment of his powers could anticipate that event. It is about three years since this announcement was first made, and it has been frequently repeated; last year formally, on the title-page of The Tower of Babel, a new work by the same hand, which stated that The Human Tragedy would appear in the autumn of 1875. Thus far, however, the publishing lists have said nothing about it as come or coming. Meanwhile, in view of the catalogue before us, — all, except The Season, subsequent to The Human Tragedy, — no one can be charged with haste who forms an opinion upon them. It is easy, moreover, to see how Madonna's Child and Rome or Death will be made to fit into The Human Tragedy, so that we do not feel ourselves guilty of injustice in turning back to the original edition to include that in our general review. The first stanza is as follows: —

"Of continental cities that are known to me
In this decrepit, money-ridden, crass age,
Although the best of them can scarce atone to me
For the discomforts of a seasick passage,
Now that the world's grand sights and sounds have grown to me
Less sweet than in a younger and more rash age;
The one when there I hold in least abhorrence
Is ex-grand-ducal, Arno-girdled Florence."

Most people would require that the rest of the poem should be extraordinarily fine to make amends for such a beginning. The remainder is not equally bad, possibly this is the worst; but there is nothing actually to redeem it. The rather grandiose name points expectation towards sorrows of universal or at least common familiarity, those sorrows whose poignancy is intensified by the sense of the inevitable; but we have, instead, the history of a flirtation which verges on the heroine's seduction before her marriage and accomplishes it afterwards, — a story fortunately not of everybody's experience. The tone is frankly licentious, although there is plenty of declamation against the debasing effects of business and the professions; against profligate idleness there is none, whatever tacit reprobation we may infer. This being the plot, filled in with the hero's minor adventures, and a specimen of the verse having been given, it remains only to mention the inexpressible vulgarity and cheap smartness of the performance. One is reminded of Byron, and of De Musset in his Byronic period, but it is like seeing some low Leporello in Don Juan's cast-off clothes. Whatever merit the poem possesses is absolutely lost in the disgust it excites. There is an arrogance throughout which is at once ludicrous and exasperating. The above sample of Mr. Austin's verse sufficiently exhibits his dexterity, but he devotes a page and a half of the second canto to enlarging on his mastery of Pegasus, in metaphors which irresistibly recall the dissertations of some cockneys on their horsemanship. This conceit and the air of a man *à bonnes fortunes* which he assumes combine to produce an odious and offensive style of writing.

But this is not the author's only work; he has published two satires, The Season and The Golden Age. A poet of the present day who appropriates the scourge of the satirist before he has won his laurels shows great self-sufficiency as to both moral and intellectual qualifications. He might be left alone, however, to the enjoyment of his self-esteem, but that these productions have been highly praised both in England and by the Revue des Deux Mondes, on whose staff Mr. Austin has an enthusiastic admirer, M. Theodore Bentzon, — the pseudonym, we have heard, and repeat it with due respect, of a female contributor. This makes it worth while to examine his pretensions. He cunningly forestalls criticism, and keeps up a running commentary on his own verses, by means of prefaces and foot-notes, a little after the fashion of the stage directions by which M. Feuillet endeavors to elucidate the unutterable climaxes of his dramas. By this means every

[1] *The Human Tragedy. The Season. Interludes. The Golden Age. Madonna's Child. Rome or Death. The Tower of Babel.* By Alfred Austin. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons.

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poet may be his own critic, but the arrangement, however convenient, is inadmissible, not because it robs us of our function, but because an author so well aware of his own defects should correct them in the original text and not at the bottom of the page. Mr. Austin makes use of this mode of proceeding to sneer at possible objections and defy his censors in advance, and the tone of these remarks is ineffably absurd, like a school-boy's attempts to be sardonic. As to the verses themselves, the matter and measure recall the satirists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; those are good models, and many of Mr. Austin's lines have energy and vigor; his lash sometimes whistles as it falls. But other passages remind one of the more ponderous and less pointed irony of the late Lord Lytton's New Timon. Like most people who find fault with the present, he has no particular moment in the past to point to as his ideal; he is not happy as the *laudator temporis acti* when he cries, —

"We see our glories one by one expire,
A Nelson's flag, *a Churchill's flashing blade*,
Debased to menials of rapacious trade."

Those who within the brief space of twenty years have witnessed the abolition of slavery in America, the emancipation of the Russian serfs, the fall of the temporal power, and the overthrow of the Second Empire, not to speak of the disestablishment of the Irish Church and the righting of many another long-standing wrong, cannot feel that their generation has been wholly ignoble and degenerate, notwithstanding actual evils against which Mr. Austin's denouncing voice is but one of a vast chorus. It is, on the whole, a cheap form of scorn and satire which attacks such well-abused evils as the adulteration of food, bribery, baby-farming, infanticide, and the Prince of Wales. The sewing-girl's sufferings have been already sung, and in a far more moving strain, in the Song of a Shirt; the poet's wish has been often and better expressed before, from Horace to Rogers, and mock-heroics sounded with more magniloquence by Pope; but the same presumption which leads Mr. Austin to sneer at Tennyson and Longfellow, in a way as unbecoming as it is undeserved, enables him to strut unabashed in the footsteps of such noble predecessors.

Nevertheless, it is with a much greater respect for his ability than when we threw down The Human Tragedy that we close the satires and open Madonna's Child and Rome or Death, two poems which came out in quick succession, and which, with another still unwritten, are to complete The Human Tragedy. The impression left by the first is of trite and hackneyed treatment of a commonplace subject, sparsely sprinkled with lines and couplets of some beauty. The plot is not original; verse, prose, and real life have shown us graceful vestals who pass their lives in bringing flowers to deck empty sanctuaries, beguiled from their pastime by interesting unbelievers, while sometimes heavenly love proves victorious over earthly, and a broken heart is laid on the altar as a final offering. The first point which strikes us is an absence of imagination and fancy; there are long descriptions of sea and land, sun and storm, night and day, minute as a catalogue but with nothing poetical or pictorial in them, nothing which calls up an image or wakes an emotion. There are pretty bits such as this, describing a flowering branch shaken over a brook: —

"And all the bloom came raining down like snow,
Dappling the dark stream with a milk-white track;"

but not a stanza worth quoting entire, unless it be this picture of the unvisited shrine dressed with flowers: —

"The chapel doors stood open wide; the air,
Within, was sweet and fragrant as the clove;
Gold-dappled bees were humming everywhere,
Fancying Madonna's shrine a honeyed grove;
And overhead, fluttered by coming care,
A little bird flew to and fro, and strove
To find some niche secure from savage rude,
Where it might build its nest and rear its brood.

"Over the marble pavement, pure as snow,
Faint yellow butterflies flickered, gayly dight,
Whose shifting shadows to the gaze did show
Like golden flaws within the spotless white.
But for the rest, around, above, below,
There was no breath, no stir, no sound, no sight;
It was as quiet as could quiet be,
And all the place seemed lapped in vacancy."

There is nothing in this to prepare one for the spirited opening of Rome or Death, which bursts upon us like the bugles of a cavalry charge. Mr. Austin always ranges higher when he reaches Italy, and this poem is all of Italy. It is the story of Garibaldi's unfortunate campaign of October, 1867, in which, the author informs us, he took part. It is really a little epic, full of poetic and martial inspiration, with the clangor of battle resounding through it. The measure is against it, Mr. Austin having chosen the *ottava rima;* but from the muster of the volunteers through the advance on Rome, the success at Monte Rotondo, and the defeat at Mentone, the impe-

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tus carries the verse along without pause or slackening, hurrying us with it until we stop breathless, at the end, with a sense of throbbing pulses and tightening muscles. The narrative rushes through sixty stanzas, many of which, though singly fine, lose half their power by being separated from the rest. Not the finest, but some which best bear isolating, are those in which Garibaldi posts his little force: —

"But as they gazed, and every bosom rose
High, leavened at the thought of combat nigh,
Far off they saw, as when a ground-mist grows,
Or distant copse shows feathery to the eye
When first the early-budding sallow blows,
About the walls a haze ambiguous lie,
Which, when it once had shape and substance ta'en,
Rolled itself out and crept along the plain.

"Shortly the moving mist began to gleam
And glitter, as when tips of Orient rays
Glint on the ripples of a rolling stream,
Until it glowed, one scintillating blaze,
Flickering and flashing in each morning beam.
And then they knew it was no vaporous haze,
But foe come forth, bayonet, blade, and gun
Shining and shimmering in the dancing sun.

. . . . . .

"Then, with brief words and indicating hand,
Along the heights and broken slopes he spread
The little cohorts of his clustered band.
Some in the shrunken streamlet's stony bed
He showed to crouch, and others bade to stand
Behind the waving ridge's sheltering head,
And watch, with eye alert and firelock low,
To deal dark death on the presumptuous foe.

"For those in loose, sporadic order ranged,
Cover he found in vineyards densely green.
As with the wand of conjuring Mars, he changed
To panoply of war their peaceful screen,
From all sweet pristine purposes estranged.
Terraced and sloped to form the fruitful scene
Of happy toil, behold them frowning fort
And cruel jungle for man's tigerish sport.

And where the gray-trunked olive's purpling beads
Glistened among its shifting, colored sprays,
He dotted children of the mountain-meads,
Who mark the chamois with unerring gaze
On track that only to the snow-line leads;
Whilst others in the cut-down corn and maize,
Cut but unstacked, he bade in ambush wait,
Patient as vengeance, pitiless as fate."

Lines of nervous vigor run like strong tendons through the verse: —

"Now every brawny babe was gat of Mars,
And suckled by a she-wolf."

There are, besides, some beautiful, tranquil pictures. Mr. Austin's old defects are still to be found, especially the inveterate tendency to commonplace, but the whole is so inspiriting and full of passion that they pass almost unnoticed. The worst fault is the introduction of a sort of double love-story, which is altogether out of place, destroying the unity and hampering the action. There is nothing in modern English poetry comparable to Rome or Death except Macaulay's Lays, of which we are here occasionally reminded; but even those stirring ballads are not so rousing, so kindling, as this, and although the author of Horatius and Ivry may have a distinction which Mr. Austin has not, he has not more fire, and has nowhere made so prolonged an effort as to relate a whole campaign.

The immeasurable superiority of this over Mr. Austin's previous productions led us to hope that he had found his wings, and that the world had a new poet. We heard the title of his next book, The Tower of Babel, with dismay and misgiving, and read it with deep disappointment. It is a drama in blank verse, of which the *dramatis personæ* are the dwellers in the plain of Shinar, B. C. 2300. The main interest lies in the love of Afrael, a spirit, for Noema, wife of Aarn, chief builder of the tower. Now Moore's Loves of the Angels, and Lamartine's Chute d'un Ange, which are both based on the same idea, are neither of them masterpieces, but they are superior to the Tower of Babel, even in giving a more elevated conception and treatment of the subject. The loves of Afrael and Noema are merely a celestial flirtation; the incident of his coming to take her to *fly* on a night when her husband is to be absent is too much like a lively lady of our own days going to drive on the sly. Mr. Austin, in his preface, states that he has "not concerned himself to eschew what are commonly called anachronisms," and in this he has done wisely if he wished his work to have any life; but certainly the tone of common life is unsuitable to a theme dignified to us as all scriptural subjects are by a traditional sacredness. Mr. Austin has either not felt this, or been unable to keep up the pitch; he struggles between bombast and bathos, between high-flown sentiment and gross familiarity. The language and conduct of the angelic visitant constantly remind one of Sir Harry or Lady Bab, in High Life below Stairs, where the servants play at being great gentlefolk. Afrael preaches free love to Noema, but maternal instinct keeps her straight; when the violent death of Aran, at the destruction of the tower, leaves her a widow, she weds Afrael, who forsakes his home in the planet Venus, doffs his wings, settles on earth, and makes a good husband and stepfather, while awaiting his turn as *pater fa-*

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milias. The group who build the tower, or oppose its building, represent modern personages or party-types, the drama being a satire within an allegory, of which one is forced to find the application for one's self. But there is too much expenditure of mind when it requires as much to read a work as to write it.

Such is the groundwork of this singular structure; it contains some fine passages and powerful lines, not much beauty, but a good deal of prettiness, which is out of place; yet let us give one or two instances:

"Fledged with lightness, flit from star to star;"

"Exact as echo to a calling voice,
. thou respondest ere
I could complete my song to call thee forth."

But the chief strength lies in a certain stringent pathos in Noema's speeches: —

"That is the deepest tragedy of all,
When Love immortal dies! When two fair beings,
Who were the morning in each other's eyes,
Fade into irrecoverable night,
And hear each other through the darkness call,
But never find each other's faces more!"

"I am a slave!
I have a husband, a contracted lord,
Who drags my body and service after him,
As in the patient camel's desert march
The fore foot draws the hinder."

The lines in which she refuses to leave her child for her spirit lover vibrate as if a woman had written them: —

"Amid the splendid vastness of the skies,
My ears would listen for his little shout,
My lips grow drouthy for his April kiss,
And all my heart feel empty, because drained
Of the sweet, freshening waters which he struck
Straight from this arid desert rock, when first
I felt him struggling feebly in my womb."

Although the scene of the destruction of the tower is extravagant and preposterous, there is something striking and spirited in the idea of its overthrow by a tremendous storm, and the downfall of the defiant hosts upon its battlements.

The Interludes are minor poems, for the most part in the vein of what fifty years ago was called the cockney school; a few remind one of some of Mr. Tennyson's least successful early poems, wherein he tried to be sprightly. So that, in spite of Mr. Austin's contemptuous review of his fellow-singers in his essay entitled The Poetry of the Present, he recalls almost every poet of the half-century, and always to his own disadvantage.

After trying to do full justice to his talent, in summing up his characteristics we should say that if Messrs. Swinburne and Rossetti had not accustomed the public to indecency, his coarseness would not be tolerated. For his vulgarity one or two specimens will suffice: —

"Our wives would cut up rough."

"Who blames a pretty woman with a dimple,
Or roguish chin, for letting it be smacked?"

Notwithstanding the high lyrical quality he shows now and then, especially in Rome or Death, there is something essentially unpoetic in his tone of thought, which betrays itself in ignoble and prosaic comparisons, in a perpetual tendency to commonplace, in expressions so unlucky as to be ludicrous, as when he describes Garibaldi's volunteers rushing like streams from their mountain-homes, and adds, "or in a flight of stares," etc., which at first strikes one as a misprint, but is seen by the context to mean starlings. Since the long-past days when we were set to learn "An Austrian army awfully arrayed," we have never seen alliteration's artful aid so resorted to as in many of Mr. Austin's lines: —

"Rudely rumbled hollow-boweled drum."

"The stealthy shaveling slip-shod creeps along."

His rhythm is often defective, although in his later poems it runs freer and more smoothly than in earlier ones. But the ear winces under rhymes like "quiet, riot," "well, terrible," "Hymen, Timon," "Madonna, honor." There is a great show of meaning and significance in Mr. Austin's verses, even when he does not wield the censor's scourge; but it is not easy to make out their moral. Perhaps it is condensed in a short poem called The Two Visions, in which he describes a marble city, a pleasant place where he sees "a noble-looking maiden" lay down Dante and go to the wash-tub, where a poet makes verses and chops wood, where there are no churches, but coöperative stores, the marriage service is done away with, and the dead are disposed of by cremation. This is the golden Jerusalem of communism, and it may well be Mr. Austin's celestial country, for, as we have heard it expounded, in that millennium skilled labor will be at no premium; indeed, nobody will be permitted to do anything better than anybody else, including, no doubt, writing poetry.

—The best essays in Mr. Fiske's new volume[1] are the two reviews of the recent work of Messrs. Tait and Stewart, and the excellent paper on Athenian and American

[1] *The Unseen World and other Essays.* By JOHN FISKE, M. A. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

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Life. The others follow these in a variety of interest, merit, and date. There are critical notices, more or less extended, of Taine's Philosophy of Art, Longfellow's Dante, Motley's United Netherlands, Renan's Jesus, Paine's Oratorio of St. Peter, Draper's Conflict of Science and Religion, etc., some of which were written within a year or two, but most of which appeared seven or eight years ago. Such as were meant for newspaper reviews of the books mentioned have the characteristics of that sort of writing. They are of the best of their kind, but they are of their kind; and they give the collection a somewhat scrappy effect; here and there they remain quite needlessly marred by expressions of partisan political feeling, not very pertinent to their subjects at any time, and now of no value whatever.

But the book has a unity and a charm quite superior to all these slight defects, in the clearness of the thought and the beauty of such a style as was perhaps never before brought to the illustration of the topics with which Mr. Fiske habitually deals. There is something better still in the admirable spirit of his writing; it is of all writing of its sort, probably, the most humane. Certainly, scientific denial of religious belief could not be less offensive, more tenderly considerate; and Mr. Fiske has his reward for this in the leniency, almost cordiality, with which his rejection of creeds is received by those to whom those creeds are dear. One hears, for example, something like exultation over his spare admission, at the close of his review of The Unseen Universe, that, in favorable atmospheric and social conditions, man may not be wholly unconscious of an immortal spirit, or may not altogether absurdly indulge the hope that he has something of the sort about his person. Chopin and June weather were not always necessary to this conviction; but they are now at least highly desirable; with the mercury at the freezing point and a benumbed organ-grinder under the window, one were of the brutes that perish. To tell the truth, we do not so much value Mr. Fiske's confession of faith as we like the fashion in which he shows the error of Messrs. Tait and Stewart in supposing that their Unseen Universe of quintessentially fine material is less material than ours, or that it is a more fitting habitation for undying spirits. If the spirit lives after death, it lives in a spiritual world, Mr. Fiske rightly argues, and that he refuses to grope through ether in search of some undiscovered country that we may hereafter materially colonize ought to count much more in his favor with believers than his susceptibility to blue skies and Beethoven. The first of these two essays is a magnificently solid, succinct, and lucid statement of the nebular theory of the origin and destiny of the universe, and is perhaps the author's best literary expression. It is a spacious style, in which the necessarily many-syllabled diction moves with a large, unhindered freedom, and presents the thoughts and ideas with an unsurpassed distinctness and orderliness. Through all you feel the perfect sincerity of the writer, his generous conception of his own office, and his steadfast devotion to his convictions of truth. He gives the preference to science where science can prove; where science merely asserts, he declines to affirm, and he indicates its limitations as an answer and a consolation in the frankest terms. These characteristics mark all his criticism, on literary as well as metaphysical subjects, and give value to his most occasional work. The review of Longfellow's Dante is less good than several others could have written, and the papers on the United Netherlands and the Bengal Famine seem not to have the strongest reasons for re-publication; but such essays as those on The Unseen World and that on Athenian and American Life we could not have had but for the wide culture, the comprehensive thought, and the delightful manner of this author. He is one of the American writers of whom we may be glad even at his second-best, as in some of these papers. At his best he has already achieved a place as wholly his own as it is eminent.

— According to reports in the daily papers there are soon to be established in Japan colleges for instruction in the fine arts, and if this be true, it is only fair to suppose that this swift adoption of the customs of other nations will bring to an untimely end all that is characteristic in Japanese art. Its decay has already been clearly marked; the last dozen years, while they have seen very rich stores of the oldest and best works of that country brought into the American and European market, have also led to the deterioration of the former methods of working in order to supply a very great demand, and to the manufacture of poor material to satisfy defective taste. Under these circumstances we cannot help being grateful to a writer who gives us a careful

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study of so remarkable and so evanescent a form of beauty as is the art of this singular country.

In the first place, it is but just to state that the author is well prepared for the discussion of the subject he has set himself, not only by his own study of the best Japanese work, but also by his familiarity with the art of other countries, which he has made the subject of previous books. This volume is justly entitled A Glimpse at the Art of Japan,[1] for it could hardly be more without a very thorough study of Japanese history, political and social, and of the language and literature of the country, such as lies beyond the reach of any foreigner. Mr. Jarves gives a brief synopsis of Japanese history and mythology, and bestows a few words on Japanese literature; all of these pages have their bearing on the main subject of the book, for the art of a country is, so to speak, only one limb of a complicated body, and for its proper comprehension it demands full knowledge of all the rest. He has noticed many of the qualities which go to the making of the Japanese mind, and combine to form that *concinnity* which is the especial charm of everything Japanese. Those distinctive traits which fascinate the rest of the world, Mr. Jarves points out with a most hearty enthusiasm, and this enthusiasm is perhaps the best thing in the book. Exact definition of artistic excellence will always baffle a writer, who might almost as well undertake to paint a symphony as to tell his readers exactly what is good in any work of art, and why it is good. Hence the unfortunate writer is reduced to seeking to express his meaning or rather his feeling by all sorts of comparisons, and the ardor he feels is communicated by sympathy to the reader. In that way Mr. Jarves's enthusiasm is efficient; he enjoys Japanese art thoroughly, he distinguishes the good from the bad, and he communicates a good deal of information about this singular people, whom he really loves. This is what is needed in a book of this sort, which makes no pretense of concerning itself with the statistics of art, but rather preaches its attractiveness. The author shows us the simplicity underlying all the life of this people, their absolute lack of hypocrisy, which enables them to look at everything in the heavens above and on the earth beneath directly, without awe, diffidence, or prejudice. This is perhaps their most marked trait; it distinguishes them from other races, who all have more or less of reverence, while some, as, for instance, the Anglo-Saxon, are not devoid of hypocrisy. The Japanese directness of view is the cause of their grace, as well as the absence of grandeur in their work. They express what they see clearly, and not vague, silent feelings. The Germans may be called their antipodes, and the French are nearest to them in their love of truth and beauty. In one or two respects they might be called a nation of Voltaires, if it were not that a general expression like that, which tries to condense all the truth into a single line, only succeeds in leaving out a vast amount of what is necessary for a complete definition. In this case what would be omitted is the great delicacy of the Japanese, their wonderful, unmorbid sensitiveness to beauty and pathos. In their literature there are little poems so full of meaning that to find their like we have to go back to the Greek anthology, to the few fragments of Sappho, or to Omar Khayyam; there is certainly nothing of this sort in Voltaire.

While Mr. Jarves points out intelligently and entertainingly what is good in Japanese art, he is hardly just to the rest of the world, and he is very fond of giving raps over the shoulders of the Japanese at those races which consider themselves more civilized. At times this grows wearisome. The illustrations, thirty in number, which decorate the book are well chosen, but the method of reproducing them, photolithography, has proved unsatisfactory, and on looking at some of them one feels as if blindness were suddenly attacking him, so dim and faint are the outlines. With others this does not hold true. Many of our readers, however, will have Japanese books of their own and will not need to be embarrassed by this defect. The book is well printed.

— It is perhaps a fair conjecture that this novel[2] is a first attempt on the part of its author, and if this is the case it would seem to give promise of a fair amount of success, to judge from the good qualities this volume contains. There are certain merits in Davault's Mills which, while they do not place this novel in the highest class, yet bring it into the category of those which

[1] *A Glimpse at the Art of Japan.* By James Jackson Jarves, author of Art Studies, Art Idea, etc. With Illustrations. New York: Hurd and Houghton: Cambridge; The Riverside Press. 1876.

[2] *Davault's Mills.* A Novel. By Charles Henry Jones. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1876.

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deserve kind treatment on the part of even the most truculent critic. The author's style is agreeable and free from faults, if we except the local peculiarity of using *will* and *would* where exacter care requires *shall* and *should;* but apart from this trifling fault, the book is well written. There is a pleasant humor in the bits of description, the conversations are full, life-like, and generally of service in carrying on the story. The characters, too, are distinctly drawn, although their number is great; too great, perhaps, for the concentration of the reader's interest, which runs the risk of being divided among a multitude of claimants. The plot of the novel is not remarkably new, and it would have been none the worse for some condensation. At times it seems as if the course of true love ran too smoothly for the pleasure of the reader, who is taught by his experience to expect more harrowing of his soul than he will find here. But however this may be, Davault's Mills, although far from being a sensational story, is a pleasing record of simple events told with good taste, and the occasional languidness of the narration is more than compensated by the pleasing *tone* the writer unfailingly maintains. We hope Mr. Jones will give us another novel in which he will keep what is good in this, and add a more soul-stirring plot.

— Mr. Mills's enthusiastic book on Buddhism[1] shows what a fascination that religion has for a certain number of Europeans and Americans, both those who have visited countries where it still holds sway, and those who have merely read its sacred books and the reports of travelers. It is to this last class alone, apparently, that Mr. Mills belongs. He has evidently read a good deal of the Buddhist literature, and he gives the public, in a brief form, the result of his reading and reflection. All his thought upon the subject is strongly tinged with admiration, and he draws a very rose-colored picture of the virtues of the Buddhists. Doubtless Mr. Mills can quote authorities corroborating his warm praise of the virtues of those who profess this religion, but quite as surely there is another side to the picture; the Buddhist monasteries in Japan, for instance, were not always filled with persons void of all guile. In general, however, he is right; there can be no doubt that Buddhism encourages much of what is noblest in men, and that its influence over ignorant, half-civilized races, as well as over those higher in the intellectual scale, is one of the most interesting phenomena in religious history. It may be a strange thing to say, but it is perhaps worthy of consideration, that it owes its great success to its very simple logical character. (1.) There is pain, sorrow in the world. (2.) This comes of the desires, of lack, and of sin. (3.) This pain may cease by Nirvâna. (4.) There is a way that leads thither. Upon these statements is built the whole theory of Buddhism. It is plain to every one that, to use other words, man is prone to sin. As to what is meant by Nirvâna, commentators differ. Before taking up that point, however, it should be said that Buddha accepted as part of his religion the belief, widespread among his followers, in the transmigration of the soul. The good were rewarded, not in an eternal life, but in a subsequent transmigration; the wicked were punished in the same way. There was an endless chain of existences, the separate links, so to speak, varying in happiness according to the deserts of the being in question. Every one kept a debtor and creditor account, not with heaven nor with any deity, but with the law presiding over the universe. The lusts and appetites produced crime, crime sure punishment in this life or another; piety and virtue brought their reward. What the Buddhist tried to attain was Nirvâna. Now, what was this Nirvâna? Mr. Mills claims that it was not annihilation. "No man," he says, "who laid such emphasis on the royal virtues, who was himself so devoted, with a lover's enthusiasm, to humanity, who had a heart so tender and warm, could be absorbed and lost in nihilism. This belongs to renunciants, to withdrawn dreamy speculators, and not to great doers." This doctrine, he says, has been considered "fit only for madmen." But the arguments in defense of this abused interpretation are deserving the attention of the sane. In the first place, if there is any weight in the argument from authority, respectful consideration is demanded for a theory upheld by Burnout, Stanislas Julien, Bishop Bigandet (who says, however, "The question . . . is philosophically little left open to discussion, though it will probably ever remain without a perfect solution. But the logical inferences from the principles of genuine Buddhism inevitably lead to the dark, cold, and horrifying abyss

[1] *The Indian Saint; or, Buddha and Buddhism.* A Sketch, Historical and Critical. By CHARLES D. B. MILLS. Northampton, Mass.: Journal and Free Press Co. 1876.

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of annihilation"), the Rev. Spence Hardy, the Rev. D. J. Gogerly, and Mr. James d'Alwis, who certainly outweigh in knowledge of the subject Max Müller, with whom Mr. Mills agrees. But of course a mere array of distinguished names will not settle any point in dispute in the minds of those who really care for it, and it will be necessary to bring forward more cogent reasons for supposing that Nirvâna meant annihilation. Not only is it so stated in the Buddhistic books, but the force of all the doctrines points to that same opinion. Our aversion to annihilation has nothing to do with the matter; it is, to be sure, not a view that commends itself to us, but it is the only logical consequence of their belief. It was to them their only escape from the horrors of existence; since everything in life was bad, cessation from life could alone bring relief. We in our day cling to life, but they, on the other hand, saw no way of escape from its dreary round except through this Nirvâna. There is no place for a heaven in their cosmogony, and there is no reason to suppose that Buddha ever taught that there was one. There is not one of the sentences quoted by Mr. Mills, page 139, which contradicts this explanation of Nirvâna. It is true that later authorities point towards understanding by Nirvâna some sort of heaven, but the older books do not allow this interpretation.

Mr. Mills's argument against this view is the *à priori* one that a man like Buddha could not have held it; perhaps he could not, if he had been born a European and bred a Christian, but a native of the East, believing in the wretchedness of life and in the transmigration of the soul, is not to be judged wholly from the nineteenth-century point of view.

This modern, Christian interpretation of Buddhism is perhaps the most serious fault to be found with this book. It shows a strong yearning towards the higher side of that religion, but it is all seen through modern glasses, and somewhat darkly. The life of Buddha, with which the book opens, is made up of a number of myths, collected from various sources, and not treated by the most rigid laws of critical analysis. But to find the exact facts of his life would be, if not an impossible task, one certainly beyond the powers of any writer who has command of only second-hand material. Mr. Mills has collected a good deal of information about Buddha and his religion, and his book states fairly and attractively what is best in them.

— A manual of English literature cannot fail to be of service if it is properly used and too much is not demanded of it. The call for such books will probably be very great, so long as it is supposed that it will be possible in time to find one which shall so cunningly condense and arrange the information it contains that there will be no further need of studying those books which make English literature, when one can read through, and if necessary learn by heart, a volume telling all about it. With most books of this sort we have no patience. They give half-page extracts from Paradise Lost to enable the fortunate reader to talk glibly about Milton for the rest of his life, or they burden the memory with bits of petrified criticism, which seem to have been made by the incompetent for the delight of the superficial. As a book of reference, however, or as a guide in studying, a manual like this of Mr. Arnold's[1] may be of great service. He goes over the ground from the earliest beginnings of English literature down to the year 1850 with satisfactory thoroughness. The small size of the book and the number of names that must be mentioned in it naturally tend to crowd out some of the less famous though deserving writers, for whom the curious will have to consult completer works. The first part of the manual is simply descriptive; three hundred and forty pages are devoted to the enumeration of the different authors, with brief but accurate descriptions of their more important writings. The last two hundred pages contain critical matter, consisting of intelligent discussion of the more important works of English literature, with such notes, comments, illustrations, and examples as serve to throw light upon the subjects treated. It is easy to see how this part of the book might attract a studious boy, and incline him to a really thorough reading of the original books, instead of filling him with false pride in the cheap acquisition of dates and trivial information. For, it must be remembered, the only way this book can be of real service to a student is as a guide through literature, which does not take the place of original study, but directs and aids it. For this purpose, and for this alone,

[1] *A Manual of English Literature, Historical and Critical.* With an Appendix on English Metres. By THOMAS ARNOLD, M. A., of University College, Oxford. American Edition, revised. Boston: Ginn Brothers. 1876.

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the manual deserves favorable mention. The most noticeably curious passage in it is that in which Mr. Arnold disproves the possible assertion that "Peter Pindar" was a sort of English Beaumarchais; men of straw might be left to combat this statement. It reminds one of our numerous American Popes, and Lambs, and Boston Juniuses, etc., of brief note.

— The American readers of General Burgoyne's life[1] will turn with most interest to those passages which offer an illustration of the events in the war for independence, which serve as a background upon which to write Burgoyne's generalship. His statesmanship and dramatic powers found no special field for exhibition here, though he tried hard to persuade the ministry at the outbreak of the conflict that his proper place was that of general pacificator in New York, and though he sought to enliven the dullness of the winter of the blockade with his farce to be performed at Faneuil Hall. One turns, therefore, to the account of his part in the siege of Boston, and to the narrative of events attending his descent from Canada and surrender to General Gates at Saratoga, with curiosity to learn if his biographer has produced any letters or papers not hitherto published which can add to the history of the struggle.

Burgoyne accepted with reluctance the post assigned him as one of the three major-generals sent over with the reënforcements for Governor Gage, and seems to have done his best to get back to England again as soon as possible. His judgment upon the conduct of the war strikes us at this date as accurate, and the letters from his pen add fresh evidence to the fatuity of the counsels which controlled the British ministry. He was very proud of his pen, and Governor Gage seems to have regarded him as an excellent ally at a time when his own wits were sorely pressed by the embarrassments of his situation. The somewhat famous proclamation by Governor Gage, of June 12, 1775, excepting Hancock and Adams from amnesty, now proves to have been written by Burgoyne, who had been in Boston only a week or two, and whose literary truculence must have excited the admiration of the commonplace governor. The correspondence with Washington, also, when complaint was made of the treatment of prisoners by the British, was conducted by Burgoyne, under cover of Gage's name. But the most notable paper is a letter from Burgoyne to Lord North respecting the correspondence which had passed between himself and General Charles Lee. Lee had written an intemperate letter to his old comrade, with whom he had seen service in Portugal, warning him against the influences which had misled Governor Gage as to the principles, temper, disposition, and force of the colonies. Burgoyne's reply was conciliatory, and has received considerable praise for its moderation and general civility of tone. He proposed in it that Lee should meet him within the British lines on Boston Neck, both for the sake of friendship and in order that explanations might be made which would tend to lessen the bitter feeling growing up between the two countries. The proposition excited some discussion, and Lee submitted the correspondence to Congress, which declined to permit the interview. So far history had already recorded, but now we have an additional document in this letter of Burgoyne's to Lord North, which suggests speculation as to what would have been the result had the interview taken place; for with elaborateness of phrase and in studied detail Burgoyne lays down the series of approaches which he intended against Lee's honor. He appears to have been a little afraid of the effect which Lee's expressions of friendship might have on his own reputation. "He served under me in Portugal," he says, "and owed me obligations which in the very overflow of his misanthropy he has since constantly acknowledged, and we have usually conversed upon a certain style of friendship. Soon after this gentleman's arrival in the enemy's camp, I received the first of the inclosed letters from him. It was my intention to have sent your lordship only extracts, leaving out those virulent apostrophes which stand, like oaths at Billingsgate, for expletives when reason fails; but finding it was printed in the New York Gazetteer even before I received it, that it has been reprinted in all the American papers, and probably, by the same pains to circulate it, will find its way into the English ones, I send the letter entire, persuaded that the terms applied to your

[1] *Political and Military Episodes in the Latter Half of the Eighteenth Century.* Derived from the Life and Correspondence of the Right Hon. John Burgoyne, General, Statesman, Dramatist. By EDWARD BARRINGTON DE FONBLANQUE. With portrait, illustrations, and maps. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

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lordship will make about the same impression upon you in point of pain that I found, when he warns me of your offenses towards me, in point of resentment. . . . The great object I proposed to myself in my answer to Lee was to obtain an interview; and had I succeeded I would have cut him short in that paltry jargon of invective alluded to above, and with which the infatuation of the vulgar is supported, and, laying ministers aside, would have pressed upon him, to conviction if possible, the sentiments of the nation at large in support of government." He then proceeds to unwind the coil with which he had provided himself to entrap Lee in his vanity and avarice, confident that his diplomacy would have resulted in winning Lee over to a dishonorable return to the British service. "Were he secretly brought over," he concludes, "the services he might do are great; and very great, I confess, they ought to be, to atone for his offenses."

It is not impossible that Burgoyne's labored scheme for corrupting Lee's integrity may have been a little more solid after the interview was refused, and he was at liberty to make full use of it in recommending himself to government, but the conception and hypothetical execution are a commentary upon the honor which Burgoyne so frequently took occasion to claim as a fundamental part of his character. He refers in this letter to another letter from Lee which he incloses, but a foot-note adds that it is not forthcoming; he speaks of it as "perhaps of much more importance," but the slight reference which he makes to its contents does not intimate anything more than a continuation of the line taken up by Lee in his first letter.

The account of the campaign which resulted in Burgoyne's defeat at Saratoga is given with great clearness, both from the statement already published by Burgoyne and from additional letters and documents. The fairness with which the editor of the volume treats the whole subject of the Revolutionary War justifies one in siding with him in the condemnation which he gives to the dilatoriness of Congress in carrying out the terms of the convention of Saratoga. Burgoyne's character and achievements are impartially and clearly stated in the volume, and the whole temper in which the work is executed deserves praise. Burgoyne was not a great man, but a little more success would have thrown him over upon the side of men about whom history busies itself; his defeat at Saratoga, momentous from its consequences rather than from the magnitude of the action, lay like a cloud upon him during the remainder of his life, and has continued to obscure the ability which he possessed.

French and German.[1]

The fourth volume of Brandes' lectures on the literature of the nineteenth century[2] is of special value to us, because it treats of those great English poets who made the early part of this century so important to the student and so interesting to the reader. We have already spoken of the first volume of this important work,[3] and the second and third, which carry further the investigation of French and German literature, deserve equal praise. But here we have the writer on ground where we can observe him more carefully, where we at least are at home, and have already stored up a good supply of opinions or at any rate of prejudices. We can perhaps come to the discussion of the claims of these rival poets with more coolness than did our forefathers, not from any greater virtue of our own, but simply because we have less at stake.

The poets of whom Brandes treats are Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Scott, Keats, Moore, Landor, Shelley, and Byron. At the beginning he makes the following announcement: "It is my intention to portray that profound and important tendency in the English literature of the first years of the century, which, breaking free from classical forms and traditions, produces a love of nature which inspires their whole literature, leads from naturalism to radicalism, and rises from a revolt against old-fashioned literary models to a mighty protest against the religious and political reaction, and plants the seed of all the free-thinking ideas and liberal deeds which since that time have marked European culture." This, it will be noticed, is a wider generalization from the works of

[1] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

[2] *Die Hauptströmungen der Literatur des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts.* Vorlesungen gehalten an der Kopenhagener Universität. Von G. Brandes. Uebersetzt und eingeleitet von Adolf Strodtmann. Vierter Band: Der Naturalismus in England. Berlin. Duncker. 1876.

[3] The Atlantic Monthly, 115 (January, 1875).

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these writers than the one commonly taken by critics, who are apt to overlook the connection between different writers in matters of what may be called social principle, and to devote their attention more exclusively to literary matters. There is the same difference between Brandes' book, which shows the correspondence of ideas in separate countries, and a manual of English literature, that there is between a volume on the science of language and an English grammar. In a word, literary criticism feels the same impulses as every other object of study, — prehistoric antiquities, ancient and modern history, geology, theology even, sociology, and antiquities, — and wheels into line to endure examination from a great many points of view.

The feeling of nationality, according to Brandes awoke, when Napoleon threatened Europe with the prospect of turning it into one huge universal state. What this produced in Germany he has already shown in the second volume of his lectures. In England Wordsworth gave it "the form of patriotism capable of poetical descriptions," and Southey, "a wholly or half official glorification of the royal family and of the national victories, while Scott and Moore appeared as poetical incarnations of the two other kingdoms." All these poets had in common a strong love of nature. Another important peculiarity which they shared was a keen love of justice. "Wordsworth inherits this from Milton; with Shelley and Byron it is an innate feeling which they long to have the world share with them. It has place neither in Byron's great predecessor, Goethe, nor in his richly endowed French successor, De Musset. Neither of these has ever, like him, summoned kings and governments before the throne of justice. Peculiarly English is it that this justice, of which the English dream, is not, like that of Schiller, an *à priori* idea, but the child of utility."

It is not with generalities like these, however, that this brilliant author is contented; after making his statements of what he is going to show and prove, he sets about proving it with the utmost care. He devotes considerable space to each of the above-mentioned poets, giving a tolerably full description of their life and works. He keeps a happy mean, when speaking of Wordsworth, between the ardor of some of his admirers and mere contempt; he points out Wordsworth's weaker sides without excessive zeal, and he is open to what is fine in his poetry. Coleridge he treats in the same way. Southey he takes next, and he shows that he has done what not every reader can boast of doing, namely, that he has read all of this quickly forgotten poet's writings. Brandes always has a pleasant vein of humor, and here it crops out clearly in his description of Thalaba. Scott comes next, who is treated with fairness. These words may be quoted: "In this century an author who keeps himself aloof from the whole development of modern culture is swiftly punished. If he has not the power, like Byron, to know by intuition everything which science examines and establishes, his works slip from the hands of cultivated people to be taken up by those who read only for entertainment, or else they are preserved by the cultivated and are bound up for birthday presents for their sons and daughters, and nephews and nieces. This is the fate which Scott has in great measure met with. The author who in the second and third decades of this century ruled the literary market, whose influence extended throughout Europe, who in France had imitators like Mérimée, Hugo, and Dumas (Les Mosquetaires), in Italy a youth like Manzoni, in Germany disciples like Fouqué and Alexis, in Denmark admirers and scholars like Paul Möller, Ingemann, and Hauch, has in our day, by the silent but instructive criticism of the times, become the favorite author of boys and girls of fourteen, a poet whom every grown-up person has read, but never reads now."

Of Keats he speaks with admiration, showing this poet's wonderful feeling for plastic form. He says that while Wordsworth takes us out into a real flower garden, Keats leads us into a hot-house, filled with warm air, sweet scents, and delicious fruits. Brandes seizes very clearly Keats's distinguishing traits. Then follows a long account of Moore, disproportionately long in comparison with the faintness of the mark that poet and satirist has left upon English literature. There is a full description of the troubles in Ireland just at the end of the last century, which would of course present more novelty to the original hearers of these lectures, delivered in Copenhagen, than they do to us, but even with allowance made for that, Moore seems to get much more space than he deserves, and more praise than he generally receives from those who speak his language and have passed the age of seventeen.

After Moore comes Landor, whose name would surely not be found in every English

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book that pretended to go over the same ground as this. "Coming from Moore to Landor," he says, "is like leaving the dancing waves and stepping on the firm ground." He commends Pericles and Aspasia to the reader, and that fine one of the Imaginary Conversations in which Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa are the speakers. He points out how transparent is the veil which hides Landor himself here. Brandes' comments are throughout very much to the point; he writes of Landor in terms of praise, but without in the least hiding the faults which marred this distinguished man, while on the other hand he says hardly a word about his poetry, which is surely a serious omission.

The last two hundred pages of the book are devoted to Shelley and Byron, who have earned this position by their great influence upon the world at large. In speaking of Shelley, Brandes is really eloquent; he describes with warm feeling the persecution which followed Shelley, and he gives an admirable picture of the attractive side of his character, his kindness, his zealous love of liberty, as well as his intellectual readiness. That Shelley suffered unjustly can hardly be denied now by any one, but in his answers to his antagonists he gave no sign of an attractive character or gentle temper. His Peter Bell the Third, or Œdipus Tyrannus, when read now seems made up of nothing but virulence. The merely mechanical part of the poetry is dull and uninteresting, and the satire is heavy-handed and, what is bad, wholly unamusing. For the Prometheus, The Cenci, and Shelley's better work, Brandes has only the warmest praise. The Witch of Atlas, which to many readers presents difficulties in the way of comprehension, he unfolds and interprets without hesitation, and so with the rest. In a word, Brandes sympathizes heartily with Shelley and writes of him as many of his admirers would; he agrees with a large number of readers in setting him high, but, it is also true, he does not discriminate between what is good and what is unworthy of praise.

Byron has not yet won a position of respect; there are now few who would denounce him as he was denounced in his life-time, but there are still many who would not be prepared to agree with the hearty praise he has won from Brandes. This author brings convincingly the charge of hypocrisy against the British nation, and paints a picture of Byron as a lover of liberty such as would have puzzled those who used to abuse him, and it is confusing even now. In Shelley, Brandes has already seen the hater of tyrants, the poet who has learned to detest conventionality, and who breaks out into violent reactionary outcry against the smooth, easy ways of society. He was a leader who was too far in advance of his followers; but "Byron was the poet of individuality, unlike any of his predecessors, and as such he was to a marked degree egotistical; his prejudices and vanity could not be eradicated without harm to his nobler traits. Shelley, on the other hand, appears in his ideals; he unfolded himself until he embraced the universe." Byron lacked that devotion to a lofty, imaginative ideal, but he had the practical sense which made of him a successful leader. He stands, according to Brandes, at the end of the list of revolutionary poets who began with war against the Alexandrine verse and the practice of personification, and who at last revolted against society. That a reaction is beginning in English opinion concerning Byron it would be hard to deny. He was hooted out of court, but now people are working over the former harsh judgment and are treating him with real consideration. An appeal like this by Brandes cannot fail to be of service; but although it is earnest and eloquent, it would seem to be inaccurate because it takes no account of what was one of the prominent traits of Byron, as it has been of two other leading men of this century, Lamartine and Victor Hugo, and that trait is affectation. Now, that Byron was affected, or that Victor Hugo is not wholly without self-consciousness, cannot be made clear to those who think the contrary. Any who, like Mr. Pater, for instance, regard Hugo as a genius akin to Michael Angelo, can never be convinced of the opposite, can of course never feel as if the French writer were anything but the sincerest of mortals. And so with Byron; some people think that besides his egotism, there was a tendency to ungenuine, theatrical posing in his character and conduct which was less worthy of admiration than some other of his qualities. They may be wrong; it may be that the fault lies merely in their interpretation of what he says. But so long as they imagine that they perceive this defect, their enjoyment of Byron's works will be lessened, and his fame will have to suffer from the suspicion. Many will read his life and feel convinced of the

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existence of this fault, and all the eloquence of Brandes will not remove the thought of it, and will not keep it from poisoning their enjoyment of Byron's poetry. Byron doubtless has never received proper treatment from the English, but it may be questioned whether in their endeavor to do him justice and to make up for their previous unfairness they ever go so far as Brandes has here gone. In many ways what he says is admirable; he differs from Taine in giving Manfred only moderate praise, and in setting Cain very high. He gives us full particulars about Byron's life, without neglecting anything of importance, but with an amusing effort to prove Byron an innocent, much-abused man. A few words of his summing up may not be amiss: "The *naturalism* in English intellectual life begins in Wordsworth as rustic love for external nature, as a saving up of impressions of nature, and as kindness towards the dumb beasts, children, peasants, and the meek in heart. It sinks with him into a dull imitation of nature. In Coleridge and still more in Southey it approaches contemporary German romanticism. . . . In Scott it deals with history and the peculiarities of different nations, and in vivid colors he paints man as belonging to a certain people, and to a definite time. In Keats . . . it remains neutral between calm contemplation of nature and preaching the gospel of nature and of natural rights. . . . With Landor it stands forth as free, pagan humanity, too proud and too alarming to charm Europe. In Shelley it turns into pantheistic enthusiasm for nature, and poetic radicalism, which rises above all poetic means." And then comes Byron, singing the song of freedom, and announcing happier days for Europe. Such is Brandes' notion of the literary development of English poetry during the first forty years of the century. However one may be inclined to disagree with him, and there is hardly a page without something to call forth a quarrel, it will be impossible not to be fascinated by his wit and moved by his eloquence. He certainly makes his mark on the literary thought of his time. And when at this late day the English are collecting money for a statue to Byron, which is a sure sign of a change in public opinion, this volume cannot fail to find readers and admirers, though, perhaps, those who best know English literature will not follow him, clever as he is, too closely.

ART.

THE fifty-first annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design at New York is a step ahead of the exhibition of any previous year. This advance is not measured solely by the general character of the display, although there is a much larger number than usual of pictures which may be pronounced good, but it is marked by proofs of a broader feeling on the part of those who have had the management of the exhibition, shown in the generous reception of the works of the younger artists and in a desire to treat their contributions with the consideration due them. We believe the causes which have led to this change of spirit are generally known; at all events it is hardly worth the while to discuss them here. Every one at all devoted to the interests of art in this country will welcome even the slightest progress in the direction of breaking down the barriers between artists of different cities or of different circles in any city. There could be nothing more directly calculated to exert a vitalizing influence on the production of works of art than the establishment of an annual exhibition which should be national, cosmopolitan, and conducted for the benefit of the artists of the whole country. The stimulating influence of the *salons* of France, Belgium, and Germany, and the Royal Academy of England, cannot be overestimated. Especially are these exhibitions beneficial to the younger men, who have a reputation to make or a fortune to gain. There is no reason why the exhibition of the Academy of Design should not do like service for this country; indeed, in the exhibition of this spring we see signs promising much for the future. It depends only on a continuance of the present progressive spirit in the managers of the institution to make the National

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Academy justify its title. When it becomes the open tilting-ground for artists of every school, and the yearly event in our art world looked forward to and talked of and worked for, then it will have accomplished its highest purpose.

There is certainly enough distinctively American art in the exhibition to gratify the most patriotic citizen. Couture has never ceased to cry that the present age has never been painted, but is full of pictorial possibilities. Everybody says yes, and no artist takes the hint. There is a constant cry here — and with good reason, too — that American artists should paint characteristic American subjects. Thus far there has been no one of eminence in the profession who has been inspired by the picturesqueness found here to immortalize types and scenes in the same way that Millet, Breton, Israels, and other men have been called to perpetuate certain characteristics of their countrymen. We are not yet advanced enough in art to expect much, perhaps, but there are already noteworthy attempts made in this direction which demand consideration even if they deserve condemnation. John Mulvany's Preliminary Trial of a Horse-Thief is described in its title. It only remains to say that the types of Americans gathered in the shanty are of that worst possible class of Western ruffians whose small virtues have been extolled by Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller, whose vices are even plainer in paint than in print, and whose brutal faces would put to shame the most villainous heads ever drawn upon canvas. It is a scene that is tolerated because it is a necessity of our Western civilization, and the sooner it is forgotten the better for public morals. Jan Steen and David Teniers hit off the Dutch character with a nobility of expression that exalted the most brutal and revolting scenes. In their tavern brawls there is little that is vicious, there is always something to sympathize with. Mr. Mulvany has given us cut-throats and thieves and desperadoes steeped in vice and without a redeeming trait. His lesson is the triumph of villainy, his picturesqueness the distortion and the brutalizing of the human face. The artist's training in Antwerp has given him just the touch for the illustration of the subject, and there is some good painting in the picture if one can endure the inspection long enough to discover it.

L. E. Wilmarth has sought his principal subjects in a walk of life but little higher than Mr. Mulvany has chosen to represent. Practical Joke on the Pioneer: An Incident on the Morning of a Target Excursion, is the title of his picture. A party of red-shirted men drinking beer in a room more curious and unaccountable in form than picturesque. One of their number, the central figure of the composition, starts back horrified at the sight of a great green spider hanging before his nose. Two half-naked bakers are crouching in a doorway behind the pioneer and holding a fishing-rod from the line of which dangles the huge insect, — this is the solution of the joke. Some excellent finish in detail and occasional bits of fair drawing are the only elements of a picture that can be conceded to the painting. Subject apart, the artist's second and smaller work is superior. A negro filing a saw in the presence of a musician, who holds both hands to his ears in agony, is named There is Music in all Things if Men had Ears. It is less pretentious and more complete as a composition than the first one, and in other respects is very much like it.

Several quiet canvases by E. Wood Perry represent a great deal of conscientious work somewhat narrowly directed. One of the best of them is called Waiting for a Spark, a young woman seated by a quaint fireplace striking fire in an old-fashioned tinder-box. There is not much of the conventional picture-making skill shown in any of Mr. Perry's works. Their *naïveté* of expression and labored execution stamp them as strongly individual efforts inspired by American country life and unhampered by too many traditions of foreign schools. One may forgive the hardness of outline, but he cannot make friends with the figures, for they have no human interest. Their quaintness may amuse one, and the details of costume of the last century satisfy his curiosity, but all the while he is sure that the figures are models posed to paint and conscious of their position. We cannot believe that Mr. Perry takes any interest in the subjects other than from their aspect as so much still-life to be imitated with exactness and religious care.

Eastman Johnson has, on the other hand, given us a representation of a scene in which he has taken a sincere delight. It is a husking-bee, with a crowd of men and women husking the yellow corn, seated in two rows, facing one another, on a broad carpet of stalks. The landscape is simple and well subordinated to the figures, the light is

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skillfully concentrated, and the composition is artistically arranged. The frank, firm touch, the unobtrusive strength of color, and the well-expressed bustle and busy movement make it welcome as a contrast to a wooly interior with figures, that hangs beside it, so different in every respect that one can scarcely believe them to be both by the same hand. The Husking-Bee is no insignificant step in the right direction.

Winslow Homer's contributions, however full of life they may be, leave the spectator always unsatisfied. The most prominent fault of his pictures has always been their baldness. In the examples before us this quality is less evident than usual in the execution, but the subjects are still without interest. If we except one, A Fair Wind, the study of a fishing-boat dashing along through the rough sea with a stiff breeze on the quarter, the pictures compel a query as to the reasons for the choice of subject. If there is anything worth illustrating in a Zouave struggling with a frisky calf, Mr. Homer has found it out and put it on canvas. With his positive touch and truth of opposition he has done more with such bald subjects than any one we could name, but with the same skill more wisely employed better results might follow.

The very opposite of Mr. Homer's work are the Liliputian figure pictures by A. Wordsworth Thompson. The largest is from a motive found in the history of the Revolution, a body of cavalry in the streets of Annapolis in July, 1776, about departing to join General Washington's army on Long Island. The tiny figures are painted with remarkable skill, but the artist is seen more at home in several smaller canvases where the figures are fewer in number and the expression is more marked.

William Magrath's small figures are almost beyond reproach. If they have any fault it is that they have just that degree of excellence that raises a doubt, before the signature is seen, as to whether they are moderately representative examples of some well-known master, or very good pictures by one who has yet something to gain from experience.

The two most noticeable life-sized studies are William Morgan's Song without Words, and Miss M. R. Oakey's Woman Serving. The former, an Italian girl leaning on a tambourine, is painted with such a serious purpose that it calls for and receives quick recognition. The latter is a most creditable production, just short, in fact, of a masterpiece. The figure is full of grace, but there is grace without strength. The hands support the heavy salver without apparent effort, and the body leans forward as if it were not overbalanced by the weight, but in natural free motion. Titian gave a similar figure the privilege of leaning back to support the weight. But the execution is so admirable that one hesitates to admit any fault in the pose. In the painting there is a little anxiety about the flesh, compensated, however, by the ease with which the rich brocades are handled, and the satisfaction with which the artist has placed certain oppositions of color. The picture has, best of all, the charm of dignity and refinement.

The landscapes, by themselves, would scarcely carry the exhibition. There is quite the usual proportion of many square feet of canvas to a grain of merit. There are few landscapes that would not be better if the artists were limited to the size of their color-boxes. The sole contribution of John La Farge is a landscape which he calls New England Pasture-Land. It is a broad, simple slope reaching to the sea, dotted here and there by the accidents of the ground, pasture walls, distant trees, and sheep feeding. The far-off sea shimmers in the flood of strong light, its opal tones in delicate contrast with the green fields that meet the water. The picture, apparently, is simplicity itself, for its complex construction is successfully concealed. Mr. La Farge brings us to a land where it is always afternoon, and no one can fail to receive the conviction that he painted what has impressed him with religious love and ever fresh zeal. In placing his horizon very high, Mr. La Farge has taken it for granted that this will add to the effect of a vast distance seen from an eminence. It is easier to deny this than to prove the truth of the opposite, but the landscape would have doubtless gained in effect if a broader expanse of simple sky had been given. The Wilds of the Adirondacks, by A. H. Wyant, is an interpretation of nature more in the ordinary way, but still quite as earnest and loving. It is a nook in the forest, with a brook tumbling into a pool in the foreground and a distant passage of warm sunlight with a repeated note on the cool gray of the rocks in front. It suggests an intimacy with nature, a love of her minutest forms, and a long and painstaking study of them. The execution is pushed just far enough, for without being trivial it is care-

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ful and conscientious. The picture represents a distinct impression of nature, as strong in its own way as the broader and more frank interpretations — such as we find, for example, in the landscape by Robert C. Minor, Afternoon on the Moosup River, a strongly realistic gray study of a rushing stream with wooded banks, distinguished for solid painting and good color. The three pictures above spoken of, with others by the two latter artists, are distinctively original in conception and well out of the ordinary rut of landscape work. W. Whittredge has a pleasant domestic view with meadows and mountains; Jervis McEntee several autumn scenes, all of them excellent; Edward Moran and M. F. H. De Haas marines which repeat without addition the favorable testimony of former exhibitions, and Charles H. Miller a number of landscapes — eclectic landscapes we had almost said — interesting and complete as pictures. The action of the hanging committee in grouping together the works of each artist has in almost every case proved unfavorable to the appearance of the pictures so assembled.

That portrait-painting is an occupation pursued more as a trade than a profession is witnessed by a large list of portraits, the majority of them indifferent, and very few having any merit beside a certain conventional, easily expressed resemblance to the sitter. The elements of agreeable arrangement of accessories and picturesque management of light, which give value to the work as a picture distinct from the personal interest in the subject, are noticeably absent in almost every portrait. Page's President Eliot makes up in dignity and earnestness what it lacks in execution. In style it is impressive, and as a portrait it has strong character and a great personal presence. It has one quality, too, which is a welcome one. It does not pall on long acquaintance, but rather increases in interest. Alexander Lawrie's portrait of a lady in black velvet is gracefully posed and an attractive picture in spite of the doubtful taste of covering both hands with deforming yellow gloves. Daniel Huntington's portraits are all up to a standard of excellence that is high enough to lift them above commonplace without placing them in the first rank of portraiture. They are all good, but in rather a mild way. Of the contributions by younger men the list of the most remarkable comprises a small head by Francis Lathrop, distinguished for strength of color and vigorous handling, a strongly realistic half-length of a lady by George W. Maynard, a portrait study head by Oliver J. Lay, and two full-length portraits by F. D. Millet, of Boston.

The pictures sent by the artists abroad deserve consideration apart, because they naturally form a class by themselves. Produced under circumstances most favorable to picture-making, and selected from the best works of each artist, they represent most satisfactorily the relative position of their authors as compared with those who are working at home. It is not always safe to make a prediction for the future of an artist at home which should be based on the promise of the works executed during his stay abroad. Every artist knows the difficulties of practicing his profession in America with any singleness of purpose or religious devotion. The reasons for this are found in the conditions of our civilization and are well understood. We can say confidently of most of the young artists abroad who have exhibited at home, that they paint quite well enough to return and give their fellow-workers the benefit of their experience and acquirements. Expatriation for a time seems to be a necessity of the study of art, but the tendency to settle abroad and remain there is contagious. We have Whistler, Boughton, Wyllie, Neal, Rosenthal, Bridgman, Bacon, and a host of others who are Americans only by birth. It is bad for our art at home that this is so, and the only immediate remedy is a more generous appreciation of talent without regard to name. The day of the cheap imported trash is nearly over, and with the decline of this trade must increase the patronage of our own artists. The history of the picture auctions in Boston, this season, shows a wonderfully increased general interest in home productions. In the Academy exhibition, the best piece of flesh painting we have seen for a long time, and certainly the best in the display, is by William Sartain, of Philadelphia, now a student under Bonnat in Paris. It is the head of an Italian girl, with a strong effect of light. In color, texture, modeling, and refinement of drawing it is exceptional, and the type of the face is beautiful withal. T. Hovenden and Edgar M. Ward both find their motives among the peasants of Brittany, and both paint with great facility. Yan and Aline, by the former, is a pastoral love scene reproduced with fidelity. In fact, one turns from admiring the expres-

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sion of the peasant girl as she smiles archly at her lover, to wonder at the skill with which the drapery is painted and the foreground managed. The tendency of this style, still more marked in Mr. Ward's work, is to reduce everything to the grade of still-life study, like the Munich heads, where all is skillful imitation of texture, color, and form, and choice of motive is secondary, and meaning of the subject last. D. R. Knight's French Washerwomen, shown at the last Paris *salon*, is capitally painted in parts. The picturesque figures of the women on the river bank are charmingly drawn, and if it were not that they are in a landscape much too large and weak and uninteresting, the picture would be complete. William S. Macy sends from Munich four landscapes of a great deal of strength, but quite German in character. A farm-yard scene is perhaps the best of them, although all are almost equally good.

In the line of sculpture a vigorous bronze bust by William R. O'Donoven, J. S. Hartley's small plaster figures and bas-reliefs, and Page's portrait of Shakespeare from the death mask of Darmstadt are the only remarkable works. The latter has too few artistic qualities to make it a success, but is interesting, nevertheless.

—Not content with producing three or four books every year, Mr. Hamerton shows the alertness and activity of his intelligence in the monthly numbers of The Portfolio,[1] which he succeeds in making one of the most interesting of the journals devoted to the popularizing of art. Its interest, as is very suitable, lies, however, more in its illustrations than in its literary contents. The annual volume makes a very handsome drawing-room picture-book, and contains some work worthy of preservation after it has served its immediate purpose of entertainment. The illustrations are in the main of two classes. Each number of the volume for 1875 gives an etching, and what, by an inexact rendering of the more correct French term, *photogravure*, is called a fac-simile engraving. The etchings have a wide range of artist and of subject, while the photogravures represent exclusively works by recent, mostly living, French painters. As works of engraving proper they have slight value, but they render sufficiently some of the most popular designs of the present Parisian school. One gets from them a good impression of the skill and cleverness of execution displayed in recent French work, and not less of the common lack of poetic imagination, of distinct perception of beauty, and of definite motive of expression. Such pictures as those represented in this volume of Breton, of Billet, of Bouguereau, of Corot, of Jacques, of Gérôme, betray the externality of their art in their scenic effectiveness quite as much as in their falsity of aim. One recognizes that the pictures are painted for a dainty public of the salon. The sentiment is artificial, the idyl lacks simplicity, and the romance is unreal. The figures pose, waiting for applause, and nature is turned into a stage with foot-lights and drop-scene.

The etchings in The Portfolio afford excellent specimens of the present practice of the art which Mr. Hamerton has for years taken under his patronage, but there is a wide difference in their merit. No other form of engraving is so delusive as etching; it looks so easy and it is so difficult. Though it tax the powers of Turner or Van Dyck, it is yet the favorite resort of careless and untrained draughtsmen, whose wretched scribblings, mistaken sometimes by the amiable public for works of art, are in fact but exhibitions of ignorance or idleness. Such an etching as that by Le Rat, in this volume, of the Doge Leonardo Loredano, from Bellini's portrait, is a true masterpiece, excellent in firmness and delicacy of line, in truth of drawing, in skillful rendering of light and shade and of quality of texture. Flamery's etching from Masaccio and Rajon's Knight in Armor, from Giorgione's little picture, are both good, but inferior to Le Rat's work. The Drawing Lesson, by Lalauze is brilliant, but in a style that easily runs to extravagance of tone, and leads to that common defect of second-rate etching, the want of gradation of light and harmony of light and shade. These etchings in The Portfolio form a good supplement of illustrations to Mr. Hamerton's Treatise on Etching. The beginner in the art will find here examples of the work of some of the most accomplished masters, as well as of work which may teach him what to avoid, for Mr. Hamerton is so liberal as not to insist on uniformity of excellence. The circulation of The Portfolio ought to be large among us. The price is moderate.

[1] *The Portfolio.* An Artistic Periodical. Edited by PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON. With numerous Illustrations. London. 1875.

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MUSIC.

LOOKING back over the past season, rich as it has been in good music, we may safely pronounce the most important and interesting event to have been the production of Mr. Paine's symphony by Mr. Theodore Thomas. Great pianists we have heard before Bülow, and great singers before Titiens, though few so great as either of these; but now we have for the first time listened to a noble composition, classic in dimensions as well as in form, in the highest department of instrumental music, coming directly from Cambridge and from the pen of a Harvard professor. Some feeling of local as well as national pride is, under such circumstances, more than pardonable. It is in every way right that a prophet should get sympathy and due appreciation in his own country; and the rapt attentiveness of the great audience at the Music Hall, on the evening of January 26th, was very good to witness. Whatever anxiety or lack of entire faith any one may have felt beforehand must have been removed by the very first phrase, which with its rushing bass and powerful stroke of chords (as if with some resistless hammer of Thor) proclaims at once the technical skill and boldness of design that belong only to masters of symphonic writing. The feelings of the listeners, taken captive at the outset by this vigorous attack, grew more and more excited throughout the whole of the first movement, the rollicking but exquisitely refined and tender scherzo which came next in order, the glorious adagio, and the brilliant finale with its rich instrumentation and its weighty plagal cadence. The pauses between the movements were made unduly long by the applause in which this excitement sought to vent itself; and at the end there burst forth such a storm of delighted approval as, during many years of concert-going, we had never before witnessed. Seldom has a composer obtained a more splendid triumph; seldom, too, have original genius and untiring diligence more thoroughly deserved such success.

Our space will not admit of a detailed analysis of Mr. Paine's symphony, nor are we sure that any such analysis is required, for verbal descriptions of instrumental music usually give but little information to the reader. A diminished chord from a band of violins may bring tears to our eyes, but the same diminished chord on paper is apt to be a very uninteresting if not unintelligible affair. A few points, however, may not come amiss to those who are seriously interested in music.

The first movement, "allegro con brio," begins with a powerful utterance of C by the whole orchestra in unison, except the trombones, which are reserved for later effects. The opening theme in C minor immediately follows like the rush of a mighty wind, the strings carrying on the main current of harmony, while the wood and brass add richness of coloring, and assist the melodic development, until after a lull of the violins to pianissimo, supporting a cadence for clarinets and flutes, the second theme enters in E-flat major. In strong contrast to the weighty polyphony of the first part, this second motive, of bright and playful character, is eminently song-like, and in its full-voiced flow of melody is one of the most charming bits in the whole work. The orchestration is here especially striking, and we are introduced to a series of horn effects of surpassing loveliness, which are recalled in the second movement, and again more distinctly in the adagio. At a first hearing, perhaps nothing solicits the attention more forcibly than this masterly use of the horns. According to strict sonata-form, the first and second themes are repeated, and followed by a modulatory interlude, after which they again appear in new keys and with fresh elaboration, ending in a jubilant coda which recalls the polyphonic rush of the opening theme.

The second movement is a delicately playful scherzo in C major, the principal theme starting at once, without introduction, in a pianissimo of strings. After this has been repeated, the mellow note of the horn continuing into the second part introduces a beautiful melody for clarinet in F major, which is worked up by the whole orchestra in trio form and in somewhat retarded tempo. A slight shade of seriousness characterizes this clear and flowing melody, which in its cadence has a moment of pathos, forewarning us of the coming adagio The horn again, in pianissimo, holds its

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open note, and through this "golden gate" (as one of our musical critics describes it) the frolicsome theme of the scherzo makes its final entry.

The climax of effect is reached in the third movement, the magnificent adagio in A-flat major. As in many of Beethoven's works, a tender and quiet adagio in major is most effectively contrasted with a stirring allegro in minor. Only here the intervening humorous movement in major seems to enhance the effect, while the intensity of emotion wrought into the adagio makes it seem especially right that it should be the third movement, rather than the second, according to the more general custom. After listening, with bated breath, to the infinite tenderness, the sublime yearning, of this marvelous adagio, the brief blaze of glory which we get in the finale is just what is required to relieve the tension at which our minds have been kept; and more than this we do not need. It is therefore with the same sound musical instinct that has presided over the composition of every part of this work, that the adagio movement is preceded rather than followed by the scherzo. Hinted at, as we think, in the F-major clarinet motive of the second movement, the adagio begins with a divine melody for violoncello on the A string; one of those simple melodies which betray the master-hand, in which there is no self-conscious attempt at "fine writing," as with second-rate composers, but in which every note goes straight to our heart of hearts, and sings itself over and over again in our memory till it becomes a part of the permanent furniture of our minds. This opening theme is wrought out by the orchestra in effects of surpassing richness, until, when the long-drawn notes of the horn in F announce the counter-theme, the sensuous beauty becomes quite overpowering. Through strange and wild modulations we enter upon a vigorous motive which recalls the sweeping theme of the first movement, and when this is exhausted the climax is reached with the original melody in long-sustained pianissimo in the highest range of the violins, colored here and there by exquisite notes from the horns and wood-instruments, until the whole volume of tone dies away in a prolonged murmur.

After this the final movement comes in bold contrast, with inspiring blare of brass and rush of strings, and with noble fugal effects, although carrying in its counter-theme a reminiscence of the adagio just ended. The splendid plagal cadence, in which the utmost resources of the orchestra are called into play, is a most satisfactory termination to this very original and majestic work.

In reflecting at leisure upon this new symphony, one knows not whether most to admire the wonderful beauty of every detail, or the comprehensive thought which has assigned to each of these specific beauties its legitimate place in one thoroughly consistent whole. On summing up the matter, it seems unquestionable that in this work Mr. Paine has shown himself strong in all the qualities which one expects to find in a great composer. In his easy mastery of the minutest details of counterpoint we recognize the devoted student of Bach. His work is distinguished by a clearness and conciseness of form which Mendelssohn has hardly surpassed, while it has much of that virile strength in which Mendelssohn fell short of Schumann. If there could be anything more noteworthy in the work than this strong grasp of musical form, it would be the consummate knowledge of orchestral effects which not seldom suggests new capabilities of expression. Of melodic inventiveness, too, there is no lack. We have, indeed, much reason to congratulate ourselves on the rise of a new composer, whose fertility of thought is equaled only by the profound knowledge and good taste which enable him to make well-established classical forms the vehicle for new revelations of the hidden soul which underlies all musical expression.

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